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PHILIP AND HIS WIFE.

VIII.

EVERYBODY watched little Lyssie's romance with approval and interest, for Old Chester loved her. It had been recognized as a romance the moment it was known that Mr. Carey's two weeks' visit was to be prolonged to three, and then to four.

"Oh, thank you very much," he said eagerly, when Mrs. Shore first proposed that he should stay another week; "I'll be delighted to." And then he added, rather ruefully, "I might just as well, since you are good enough to ask me; for the fact is, I haven't anything on hand just now." That a client might knock at his door in his absence did not seem to trouble him, and Cecil, smiling to herself at the confession of his prompt acceptance, did not remind him of it. Indeed, his visit had done so much to relieve the intolerable dullness of Old Chester that she was glad he was going to stay. "Even his impudence is refreshing," she thought; for she had winced once or twice under some blunt expression of his opinion.

Still, such rudeness showed itself only at the beginning of any conversation they might have; at the end, admiration would, for the time, thrust out the dislike which was, oddly enough, his real, sober feeling for Miss Drayton's sister. He felt this dislike more keenly when he saw them together; indeed, he did not like to see them together. Alicia seemed just a little childish, in

the presence of this strong, clever woman. Nevertheless, Roger Carey was too glad to talk to little Miss Drayton to slight any chance of seeing her, whether it was in Mrs. Shore's presence or not; and he certainly would not have taken Eric out for a run on the hills, one charming morning, had he known that Lyssie was coming up to her sister's at that very hour. He had left Mrs. Shore struggling to make up her mind to pay the inevitable calls which were the price of a visit to Old Chester, and he had advised her, gayly, to find out when people were to be away from home; then, whistling to Eric, he had tramped off into the sunshine, thinking with satisfaction how incapable Miss Lyssie Drayton would be of any such forethought.

Mrs. Shore, however, had scarcely required his instruction.

"Tell me, Lys," she said, as, with Molly clinging to her hand, she walked down the path to meet her sister, "when does the next sewing society meet?" And then she put her finger under the girl's chin and kissed her. "Mr. Carey has gone off to exercise Eric," she returned significantly.

"I'm sure I hope he will do it properly," Alicia returned, her head high; but she laughed and blushed. "What do you want to know about the sewing society for? Do you mean to go?" She slipped her arm about her sister's waist, and brushed her cheek against her shoulder. Lyssie smiled readily in those summer days; it seemed such happiness

to be alive; she had recognized no other cause for happiness, either in herself or in Roger Carey. It is generally so with a girl; the spoken word has to fall like some subtle chemical into the luminous nebula of bliss, to crystallize it into a jewel that she can recognize as her own. Alicia's joyous bubble of laughter at her sister's interest in the sewing society was only this vague happiness seeking expression.

"I go? Lyssie! I must make my manners to all the old ladies, and I wanted to know when I could call with safety."

"Oh, Ceci!" Alicia remonstrated. "Indeed, I won't tell you when it's going to be; you shall find them all at home."

"But mamma does n't want to see them, aunt Lyssie; that's why she goes when they are out," Molly explained, astonished at her aunt's dullness.

Cecil laughed. "Intelligent Molly!" she said.

The two sisters and the child had come along the flagged walk below the terrace to the pool, which was almost hidden now by water-plants. The flags ended in three mossy steps leading down to the water's edge. Two ancient Lombardy poplars stood here, with gnarled trunks, and mournful breaks of dead branches through their dark foliage. They made a spot of shade on the sunny, faintly undulating expanse of shimmering lily leaves. A frog splashed from the bank at the sound of footsteps, and made for a moment a widening, rocking circle on the still surface. Molly was instantly desirous of catching him, but her mother said peremptorily, "No. Now don't bother me, precious, or you'll have to go into the nursery. Sit down here beside mamma. Lyssie, is there anything so important in one's domestics as health? The honest, temperate, capable young woman amounts to nothing compared to the robust one! Molly's Rosa is ill, and I, in one of those moments of rash good nature that we all have at times, and on which we look back with

such astonishment, — I said I'd take Molly to walk this morning. Did n't I, you nuisance?" And she drew the child's head down upon her lap and mumbled her little neck with kisses.

They were sitting on an old stone seat between the two poplars; the sunshine, sifting down, touched Cecil's head, and flecked Lyssie's cotton gown, and shone into Molly's eyes, until she said she did not like it, and wished mamma would go to walk. "Anywhere, — down to the village," Molly urged. "You said you would!"

"It's too hot, Polly. Yes, Rosa has been creeping about with a white face for two days. So annoying to see her!"

Lyssie was full of sympathy for Rosa. Had Dr. King seen her? What was the matter?

"Oh, nothing," Cecil answered impatiently; "a little feverish, perhaps. Of course I have n't sent for the doctor. One might as well start a hospital at once as keep five or six women. They always have something the matter with them, — or they think they have." And then she began to tease and cuddle Molly, until the clang of the iron gate broke in upon the child's laughing cries, and Cecil, leaning backwards, glanced through the shrubbery. "'Good Lord, deliver us!'" she said, under her breath, "it's Mrs. Dale. She has come to tell me her opinion of young women who don't call upon their elders and betters, — I know she has! But I was going; you'll bear witness to that, Lys?"

"Yes, when she was at the sewing society," Alicia returned, with malice.

Cecil slipped Molly down on her feet. "Molly, my angel, run! Say to that lady that mamma is not at home; say I've gone down to the village. Run! She has n't seen us, and you can meet her at the front door."

Molly went, with the matter-of-fact obedience that found such a command no surprise.

"Why, Cecil!" cried Alicia Drayton.

"What? 'Not at home'? Oh, Lys-sie, what a funny little thing you are!"

"But Molly?" Alicia protested, her eyes widening with dismay.

"Oh, you really are delightful," Cecil said, much amused, looking at her with kind eyes. "How very far from the madding crowd you have lived!"

"But, Ceci, I'm — horrified! To tell Molly" —

Cecil put her hand suddenly, softly, over her sister's lips. "Fault-finding is the wind that blows to the Place-we-don't-believe-in, and it sends more people there than anything else. Do be quiet. Look! there is Mr. Carey."

Philip and Roger, with Eric at their heels, were crossing the meadow on the further side of the pool. Lyssie's face was so serious, when the two men reached the stone seat under the poplars, that Roger Carey looked blank.

"I wonder if she's offended?" he thought, frowning. "I wonder if Mrs. Shore has been saying nasty things about me? Why, she's hardly smiled!" And he himself hardly smiled, while Cecil told him how Molly had come to the rescue and dismissed Mrs. Dale.

"But I wish you could have seen my sister's horror," she ended gayly.

Roger sat down on the grass, and Eric squatted behind him, leaning his chin on the young man's shoulder, and blinking his honest yellow eyes at Philip, who was talking to Alicia. Philip did not look at his wife until she said, breaking into something she was telling Mr. Carey, "There, Polly, don't lean on mamma. Come! run and tell Rosa she really must take you out to walk."

"No, you take me; you promised," Molly teased. "Rosa's sick; she says she feels" —

But Mrs. Shore was not interested in Rosa's feelings. "My little Polly, I adore you, — you are an angel; but don't bore me. Run along, like a good child."

"I will take you to walk, Molly," said Philip over his shoulder.

Cecil leaned her head back and laughed. "Philip never surprises one. *Of course* he'll take Molly to walk!"

"Is Rosa really ill?" her husband asked. "Shall I send King up to see her?"

"Oh, if you want to. I suppose we ought to make sure it is nothing contagious," Mrs. Shore said indolently.

Roger Carey looked as though about to whistle, but checked himself, and eased his mind by pulling Eric's ears until the amiable dog squealed, and then licked his hand, as if apologizing for having allowed his emotions to overcome him.

Philip was indifferent, apparently, to the nature of his wife's consent. "Very well, I'll tell him to come up. Come along, Molly." And he whistled to Eric, and started toward the village.

"Philip's goodness leaves nothing to the imagination," murmured Cecil.

"I have known people who left it all to the imagination," Mr. Carey observed.

"If you are going to be epigrammatic, I shall leave you," his hostess assured him.

"Oh, are you going in?" Roger said cheerfully, rising as she rose, but instantly sitting down again to talk to Miss Drayton.

Cecil laughed, but the color came into her face as she went back alone to the house.

As for Philip, he walked along with Molly, his face grim with the restraint he had put upon himself in the talk by the pool.

"To deliberately tell the child to lie!" he was thinking; and then he told Molly that he was going to take her into the woods. "You'll like that, won't you, old lady?" he asked absently.

"Oh yes," cried Molly, "let's go to the woods! Mamma promised she would take me last week, but she did n't. And can I pick some flowers for her? And shall we watch the ants carry their babies into the sun to keep them warm? Oh, and father, will you tell me the story you

told me when I had the measles, about the man who rode to the moon on a wooden horse? And father" — Her little, bubbling flood of questions caressed his ear.

"Yes; yes; yes," Philip answered blindly, as she seemed to expect. His indignation at Cecil's carelessness about Molly's truth-telling deepened into a bitter sense of his own helplessness to protect the child. This sort of thing was always going on. So far as Cecil was concerned, Molly knew, nothing of the sacredness of a promise; the duty and grace of kindliness to inferiors she had never seen; truthfulness, according to her mother, was always secondary to good manners, and, in consequence, a matter of expediency. Cecil caressed or punished the child with the most absolute selfishness, and lived her own life without a thought of the responsibility of example. Any protest from the unloving husband to the unloving wife only made matters worse, by adding to carelessness the deliberateness of antagonism. The effect of all this upon Molly was, of course, deplorable.

The child of unloving parents, illegitimate in a deep and terrible sense, — for love is the fulfilling of the law, — suffers, as whatever is in opposition to law, human or divine, must always suffer.

Philip said to himself that this little human soul, this little child of his, had wandered into a home polluted by the presence of the dreadful dead body of Love; and if a man fears corruption and its train of disease for his child physically, what must he feel for a corruption which may taint her spiritually? He held Molly's hand in his in a rigid grasp.

"Oh, father, you hurt my hand!" she cried, pulling it away from him, and dancing on in front of him, across the upland meadow towards the woods; then she ran back to adorn the lapel of his coat with a stalk of early golden-rod. "Tell me the wooden-horse story now!"

"Oh, not now," Philip objected. "I'll tell you what will be nice: let's sit down here, and father'll smoke, and you shall tell him a story."

"That would be nice for father," Molly said, pushing out her lips, "but it would n't be *very* interesting for me."

"Oh, but to entertain me? You did n't think of that," he reminded her.

Such confidence in her amiability could have only the desired effect, though she qualified her consent by the condition that they should tell the story together; for collaboration was a frequent amusement of these two friends.

Philip scratched a match on a stone, shielding the spurt of flame with a curving hand; then he lighted a cigar, and stretched himself out on his back, his hands under his head and his hat pulled over his eyes. "All right," he said. "Go ahead."

"No! You begin," Molly insisted anxiously. And with a little sigh Philip resigned himself to fiction.

It was a still July morning: the leaves overhead moved slightly back and forth across a sky that was deeply blue and cloudless; there was a flickering play of shadows on the grass and moss. Down in the valley lay Old Chester: here and there a gable showed through the thick foliage, or a chimney-stack rose well above it; beyond, on the opposite hillside, was the house from which they had just come, — "Cecil's house." Philip, staring out from under his hat brim at that house, and telling the story of a green-haired banshee, was reflecting upon that extraordinary folly of sentiment which, when love, which constitutes the home, has died, holds a husband and wife together, lest the "home be broken up." "As though the family idea meant the mere living together of the father and mother!" he said to himself.

Molly, cuddled against his side, with one arm thrown across his breast, watched him as he began his tale, her round, serious eyes full of profound interest; the

more so as her father's stories were not apt to end with a moral, or to contain those indirect insinuations of virtue which children find as personal and as disagreeable as do their elders.

"Well, this green-haired banshee," Philip declared, after having described a banshee suitable for the infant mind, "went down to the seashore, and she saw a sea serpent. He had a mane all about his head, and it was covered with barnacles and little pink shells, and they rattled and clashed; and his sides were all wet and shining, and they were blue and green and gold; and he had diamond eyes" —

"Oh, draw him, father, draw him!"

So Philip hunted in his pocket for a pencil and an old envelope, and proceeded to sketch a strange beast unknown to natural history; on its back, clinging with bony fingers to its mane, he put a banshee, with wild hair and eyes, and a dreadful mouth full of sharp and jagged teeth.

"The banshee waded out and got on the back of the sea serpent, and he began to career around. She thought it was pretty nice at first; but sometimes the sea serpent would go under the water for an hour or so, and that made her wet, you know" —

"Why, she'd get drowned, father!" Molly broke in, with some sternness.

"Oh, she was a land-and-water lady," Philip explained.

But Molly frowned. "She was n't a lady; she was a creature," she informed him.

Her father looked at her admiringly. "Your distinction is fine, Molly. I've known 'creatures.' Well, anyhow, once when the sea serpent came up to the surface of the water, the banshee looked up into the air, and away up in the air, about nine hundred miles, she saw two rocs fighting."

"Rocks?" said Molly, following him breathlessly.

"I mean birds. Don't you remember

the rocs in Sindbad? They were fighting up there eight hundred miles, and" —

"You said nine hundred," Molly interrupted threateningly.

"Why, yes, it *was* nine hundred. What am I thinking of? Their great wings were like four gray clouds, and they covered the sun. And just then a feather from one of their wings floated down into the sea, and lay rocking up and down on the waves like a boat. So the banshee climbed on to it."

"You did n't draw her with any legs, father," Molly objected.

"Oh, we must give her some legs," Philip said gravely, and, putting his cigar down on a flat stone, he indicated, among the voluminous folds of flying drapery, the very thin legs proper to a banshee. "Well, she climbed up on this great gray feather, and pulled up the big end for a sort of sail, you know, and then she went sailing and sailing and sailing; and after a while she came to a desert island."

Molly sighed deeply, and nestled close up to her father, her chin on his breast, and her eyes watching his lips.

"She came bump up against this island, and the great gray feather grated against the pebbles on the beach, and she got off and ran up on the shore. It was a very rocky island; there was n't a single green thing anywhere on it, — not a tree, nor a bush, nor a blade of grass."

"Nor any goats?" Molly asked anxiously. "Robinson had goats."

"No, no goats. But right in the middle of the island was a great white roc's egg that looked like the Mormons' Temple. No, you never saw the Mormons' Temple, Molly, but never mind. That's what it looked like. And what do you suppose the banshee did? She knocked a hole at either end of the roc's egg, — just as if she were going to suck it, you know; and then the wind blew right straight through it, and there it was, empty! a beautiful, white, shining house for the banshee, who immediately turned

into a beautiful princess; for it seems a wicked magician had enchanted her and turned her into a — a creature. Oh, and the inside of the egg, the part we eat, I mean” —

“Do we eat roc’s eggs?”

“I never have, Molly,” Philip admitted, “but I should like to. Well, anyhow, it all ran out on a rock where the sun had been beating for a thousand years, so it was very hot, and of course it cooked the egg into omelets; so you see the beautiful princess had plenty to eat. Now finish it; it’s your turn.”

Molly gasped. “Oh, father, not yet?”

“Yes, it’s your turn. What are you going to do with the princess?”

But he did not follow her adventures. His thoughts went back to the old question: “What is my duty?” He said to himself again, as he had said so many times in these last few years, “Molly?” He knew, of course, that if he ended what he believed to be an ignoble and a lying relation, if he and his wife separated, the court would take no cognizance of his subtleties, and Molly would unquestionably be given to her mother; that is, if the matter were pushed to any legal decision. And if it were not made a legal question, he knew equally well that Cecil would never consent to give the child to him; the only possible arrangement would be a division of Molly’s time, — that arrangement fatal to the father and mother idea in a child’s mind. All the embarrassment and pain of such a plan to the growing girl came before his mind: she would have no fixed home; she would have to make explanations; she would be surrounded by the horrible atmosphere of antagonism in which each parent must live in regard to the other, who, in so many months or so many weeks, would steal the child away again. On the other hand, suppose that he were to give up his desire for integrity, his passionate belief in the honor of marriage, and continue this miserable life, so that Molly’s little existence be kept unruffled: what would

be the result to her? What would be the effect upon her of the incessant contradiction and bickering between her father and mother, the teaching of each denying the teaching of the other; and, more subtle and deadly possibility, what would be the effect upon her of the lie which the father and mother lived? Was not the truth safer? Was it not to be trusted? There was surely less danger to her from the sad, outspoken acknowledgment that because love was the supreme thing, because they honored marriage, her father and mother had parted! Again and again he had argued this with himself; again and again he had answered, “Yes, the truth is best!” And yet, how could he give her up, how could he trust her to Cecil even for half the time? — *Molly!* It was as though upon the fine and delicate and admirable machinery of his theories this little unconscious hand was laid, and everything jarred and snapped and broke. Ah, we take a great deal upon us, we men and women, when, all uncertain of ourselves and of each other, we dare to bring a child’s soul into the strife and confusion and cruelty which any lack of love between us will create out of marriage!

Philip was not listening to Molly’s story, — it was something about Indians and sponges, — when suddenly she broke it off with a question: —

“Father, why does n’t God kill the devil?”

“Well,” said Philip, knocking off the ashes of his cigar with a careful finger, “candidly, I don’t know.”

“Why, father!” cried Molly. “You ought to know,” she said severely.

“I don’t,” Philip confessed meekly.

Molly sighed. “I don’t know why He does n’t, either. He’s the biggest.”

“What do you know about God and the devil?” her father inquired.

“Oh, I know everything.”

“Really? Do impart your information, Polly.”

"Well, God lives in a garden. I think the stars are the bushes growing in it. And He hides somewhere in the bushes, 'cause we never see Him, you know."

"Yes," Philip said, "it does seem sometimes as if He hid Himself."

"There is a river in the garden, and a gold house for Him to live in. And He keeps crowns in a box under the bed, and gives 'em to the angels, an' the angels keep throwing them down in front of Him. I don't see why."

"It does seem singular," her father agreed.

"Well, and the — Other. He has ears like a cow, and hoofs. He makes people bad. He makes 'em say — 'damn'!"

"Oh, dear!"

"Yes, he does; he's awfully wicked. And God does n't like him. So why does n't He kill him? I would." She dropped her head on her father's breast, so that her soft, straight hair touched his lips. "I really don't understand it, father?"

"I've known others who are confused by it, Polly. But if I were you, I would n't bother about it. If God knows, why, that's enough."

"Well," returned Molly reluctantly. Then she looked up and said, "Mamma laughs and laughs, but I think it is a good deal better to say a prayer to both of 'em. If God is n't quite big enough to kill him, why, it's safer to say a prayer to him, too. Then he won't be mad."

Philip's hand, holding his cigar, hid his face for a moment, but when he spoke his voice was very serious. It was better to think of what was good than of what was bad, he told her. "And so," he ended, "I would n't pray to the devil, darling."

"Well," said Molly doubtfully; "but it seems to me — *just as well!* Mamma said my devil prayer was naughty, — oh, she thought it was real wicked, father," she said, with some pride, — "but it made her laugh and laugh; she made me say it to Mr. Carey. Want me to

say it to you, father? It will make you laugh like everything. 'Dear Dev—'"

"No!"

At the change in his voice, Molly's little face puckered into excuses and defense. "Why, mamma laughed, she" —

"No," Philip said again, but gently. "You must not make an exhibition of your prayers, Mary."

"A what, father?"

"An exhibition. Let's see if you can understand. Your prayer is only for the One to whom you speak. If it is only one word, 'God,' it is a prayer; and if you say it to make father laugh" — He stopped and set his lips; how was he to spare the mother to the child? "Your prayers must be reverent, dear," he ended lamely; "will you remember? Whether it is a devil prayer or a God prayer, you must not think of any one else. Do you understand, Molly?"

"Yes," Molly answered. "Oh, father, quick! look at the ant walking around your hat!"

Philip let her chatter on, with a word now and then to keep her happy. Once the look in his face called out her rebuke: "Don't wrinkle your forehead so, father. It is n't pretty. What makes you hold your lip in your teeth that way? Father, you look cross."

He kissed her and soothed her, but he was angry. "I will see her to-night," he was saying to himself. "I must speak to her. This sort of thing has got to stop! Oh, the child!"

IX.

But Philip had no opportunity to speak to Cecil that evening.

Alicia came to dinner, and, watching the pretty drama being enacted under his eyes, his harsh and silent thought of his wife seemed to him a sort of sacrilege. No shy inflection of the girl's voice, no humid look from the undeclared lover's eyes, no meaningless badi-

nage that hid all meanings, escaped his reverent appreciation. He was like a man struggling and drowning in the mire, yet seeing, far off, firm sunlit uplands. He had not attained them, but he was still able to believe in them. There are the lowest deeps, where a man ceases to believe in what he has missed; but Philip Shore believed in love with all his soul.

Cecil watched the lovers, too; and when Lyssie went home, with Philip and Mr. Carey as escorts, she thought tenderly of her little sister, but with half-bitter amusement of the situation. "She takes it seriously!" she thought. She was distinctly interested, however, and checked Molly's persistent chatter that she might follow her own thoughts undisturbed; but the child's teasing questions annoyed her, and she sent her into the house for some candy. "You can have all you want, if you'll only keep quiet; but if you bother mamma, you must go to bed."

Molly, delighted to find herself possessed of a whole box of candy, was very obedient, until Rosa, looking pallid, came to take her to bed. Then she cried, and Cecil kissed her, and promised her a present if she would be good, — a bribe which left the mother to the peace and quiet she desired.

Yes, they were interesting, those two. "He's charmed because she's so good, but I don't believe he's in love," she said to herself; "he's not the kind of man to go mad over goodness; and Lys is good, bless her little heart!"

Cecil had a small silver flask in her hand, full of some thick golden perfume, and she opened it slowly. "To think it should be Lys! What a pity Philip is married; he would be so much more appropriate for her." The natural sequence of this statement occurred to her, and she meditated upon it with some interest.

Cecil Shore was a singularly clear-sighted woman, and she was in the habit of observing herself as truthfully and

intelligently as she did other people. But truthfulness of this sort is in no sense spiritual; it is only a calm, material dealing with facts. Hence she felt no shock or shrinking at the tendency of her thoughts, or her serious admission that it was a pity things could not be more appropriately arranged; she only sighed a little, and began to plan how she might make this sweet, unreal, fleeting time still sweeter for Lyssie. "I must have her here oftener," she thought. Then she remembered Mrs. Drayton, and half laughed and groaned. "I'll have to step into the breach and be agreeable to her, so that she'll let Lys off. I'll have to go and sit with her sometimes, and talk about her soul, — Heaven help me!" Then she started, and said sharply, "Who's that?" for a figure moved down among the shadows at the foot of the steps, and then stood still.

"Me, ma'am," a frightened voice answered.

Cecil, still feeling her heart beating, sat up, and said, "Well! who are you? Eliza Todd? What do you want, Eliza? You should n't come creeping about this way; you frightened me to death!"

The little gray figure came out into the faint light from the house. "I — I thought Miss Lyssie was here, ma'am. I'm sure I did n't mean to frighten you, Mrs. Shore. I thought Miss Lyssie was here."

"She has gone home."

"Oh, has she, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"Well, it don't matter. 'T ain't no great odds. I'm sorry I disturbed you, I'm sure."

Eliza was creeping back into the shadows, but stopped as Cecil asked, "Why did you want to see Miss Lyssie, Eliza? Anything wrong?"

"No, 'm; oh no, 'm. I just thought she was here; I thought I'd — I'd get her," said Eliza, her voice breaking; and

then she lifted the skirt of her calico dress and wiped her eyes. "I'm all shook up, Mrs. Shore. I'm sure I beg your pardon for giving way before a lady like you. But I thought Miss Lyssie was here."

"Oh, don't cry, whatever you do!" Mrs. Shore said cheerfully. "Tell me what troubles you. I think I'll do as well as Miss Lyssie. Is it the rent?"

Cecil could see, in the half light, Mrs. Todd's pallid face, and her worn, thin hand which she laid across her mouth, as though to steady the nervous tremor of her lips. "I've been doin' your windows to-day, Mrs. Shore, and the girls said Miss Lyssie was here to dinner, and was out setting on the porch with you; and so I come round from the back of the house to see if I could get her. That's all."

"But what do you want Miss Lyssie for, at this hour of the night? Oh, come, Eliza, you mustn't cry! I never can do anything for people that cry." And then, after a moment's pause, seeing the little, crouching, crying figure at the foot of the steps, Cecil added kindly, "Come up here; then I can talk to you better."

Eliza came, slowly, catching her breath as she tried to stop crying. She sat down on the steps, and Cecil, stretched out in her long chair, could see all the details of work and poverty in her face.

"'T ain't anything, ma'am, only I was afraid to go home. I thought maybe Miss Lyssie would go with me. She can do anything with *him*."

"Miss Lyssie!" cried Lyssie's sister, resentment and amusement in her face. "Why, my sister could n't go home with you at this time of night, Eliza. I suppose you mean that you and Todd have quarreled; but Miss Lyssie can't do anything."

"Oh no, ma'am, we 'ain't quarreled," Eliza explained eagerly. "Only your Rosa said that Mr. Shore's John told her he seen Todd going home, full. Well, I expect my baby in six weeks,

ma'am, and I ain't real smart; an' when he's full, he's just as like as not to jaw at me. And I thought I'd just get Miss Lyssie to speak to him. She'd get him pleasant, if he was n't real drunk. If he's real drunk, he sleeps, and then I don't mind. But Rosa said John said that he were n't more 'an half. So I thought I'd get Miss Lyssie."

"Is Miss Lyssie in the habit of going around at night to pacify Todd?" said Cecil curiously.

"Ma'am?"

"Does she often come and talk to your husband? She ought not to go at night, Eliza."

"Well, yes, 'm, she comes sometimes. There's nobody can do anything with him but Miss Lyssie,—the nasty brute!"

"Oh," said Cecil, surprised, "is that the way you feel about him? Well, I'm sure I should think you would. It would be very disagreeable to live with a man who 'jawed' at one."

"Well, that's just what he does," Eliza said resentfully. "My! nobody knows what I've put up with in that man. An' he's just a worthless brute; I've told him so a hundred times. I've told him the Lord only knew why I demeaned myself to marry him."

"That must have been encouraging to him," Cecil observed.

But Mrs. Todd went on passionately: "Me, that was well brought up! I had my music lessons, Mrs. Shore, when I was a girl, and I had an instrument; I could play 'See the dewdrop.' I suppose you know that piece, ma'am?"

"I don't recall it," Mrs. Shore confessed.

"And then to think I married that—that—that—*carpenter*!" ended Eliza, at a loss for an adjective.

"Well, you were very foolish to marry a man who drank," Cecil said, yawning.

"Oh, but he signed the pledge," Eliza excused herself,— "he signed it as many as six times before we was finally mar-

ried. And now look at him! And look at me, *slavin'*! I never thought I'd come down to washing people's windows, Mrs. Shore. My father was a respectable man. He was never took up for anything, and he never kept company with them that was took up. So I had advantages; course, now, I feel it. We 'ain't got any instrument. My goodness! we 'ain't got anything. Oh, it's no good talking; it makes me real put out. But to-night I thought I just could n't stand him if he got to jawing; so I came round to get Miss Lyssie to speak to him."

"Well, Eliza," Mrs. Shore assured her, "I think, considering your powers of invective, there may be something to be said for Job. However, never mind that. I wish you'd tell me one thing: why in the world do you go on living with Job? I should think the simplest way out of it all would be to leave him?"

"My! I've threatened to do that a hundred times. But then, when he ain't drinking he gets good wages. I suppose I'm more comfortable, ma'am, takin' it all together, than if I had n't his wages coming in sometimes? And then, Mrs. Shore, I've got a tongue."

"I've noticed that," Cecil murmured.

"An' I can give it back to him! It's only when he licks me — well, he's only done that three times. I could have had him took up, but then there would n't 'a' been any wages, you see; so I just content myself by telling him that he's a brute. An' he is! — my baby coming, and me afraid to go home for fear he'll get me in a tremble! I thought Miss Lyssie would make him pleasant," she ended, and whimpered, and wiped her eyes on her skirt again, and rose. "Oh, I'm that scared of him!" She stood there, her poor gaunt little face full of the frightened resentment of selfishness, but with no gleam of pity for the sinfulness of the poor sinner who was her husband.

"You are a very foolish woman to live with him," Cecil said impatiently.

"As for to-night, I can send John home with you — But no, that would n't do any good. Oh, well, you poor silly little creature, come, I'll go home with you myself." She got up lazily. "Run into the hall and bring me that white wrap that is on the sofa. Yes, yes; I'll walk home with you," she insisted good naturedly in answer to Eliza's tremulous protest.

They were outside the gates before Cecil remembered that she should have had John follow her, that she might not have to come back alone. Still, in Old Chester one does not mind being out after dark by one's self. So she said one or two kind things to Eliza, promised her some baby clothes, told her she might come up to the barn every night and get milk for the children, and then, silently, walked along in the starlight down to the village, to the miserable little house where the Todds lived. There, Eliza slipped behind her, while she knocked gayly, and then instantly pushed the door open and entered.

There was a moment's pause on the threshold of the squalid room. Job, who was sitting with his head on his arms, at a table on which were some unwashed plates with scraps of meat upon them, and a pitcher of tea, and a sugar bowl black with flies, lifted his head, and looked at her with dull eyes; a child, wailing fretfully on a bed still unmade, stopped, open-mouthed. Cecil, with a quick glance, took in the scene. Job Todd's jaw dropped in blank and sheepish astonishment as she came toward him.

"Oh, Mr. Todd," she said graciously, "I'm so glad you're at home. You're just the man I want to see. Can you do a piece of work for me to-morrow, in my stable? Ah, Eliza, that little woman on the bed wants her supper! Mr. Todd, I'm afraid I kept your wife very late, but she is such a capital cleaner I really could n't let her go sooner."

Job had gotten on his feet, and was grinning in a silly way, but at Eliza's

name his heavy red face darkened. "I had to get my own supper," he began threateningly.

Cecil, with a charming smile, broke in: "I have heard people say that men are better cooks than women! But you've had your supper, Mr. Todd? I'm not interrupting you?"

"Oh no, 'm; not at all, I'm sure," Job said, jerking his head up and down in a bow.

"I just wanted to ask you about this piece of work," Cecil went on, aware that Eliza was slipping the children away to an inner room, and clearing the table, and turning down the lamp which was smoking on the mantelpiece above the untidy stove. "I know what a good carpenter you are; I remember hearing some one say what good work you did."

Job shook his head, with a pleased look, and thrust out his weak lips. "Well, I don't know. Used to be." And then the drunken anger came back into his face. "*She* wastes all my money, an' I have to get my own supper; no good in being first-rate in your trade, if" — He glared at Eliza, and Cecil was in despair. Well, there was nothing for it but to take him away. She shivered a little, but she said, courteously, that she wondered if he would be so good as to walk up the hill with her?

"I forgot to tell my man to come for me; but if you will walk home with me, Mr. Todd, that will be better, because I can tell you about the work."

That Job was flattered was so evident that Cecil could hardly keep the gravity of countenance which was essential; he came stumbling out into the street with her, murmuring, "Yes, 'm, yes, 'm," to everything she said. And she said much, and always with "Mr. Todd?" at the end of her sentences, spoken in that enchanting voice which made the poor fellow straighten himself, and feel more like a man than he had in many a year, — far more than Dr. Lavendar's invectives, and Miss Susan's sensible re-

proaches, and Miss Lyssie's entreaties had ever made him feel. Cecil did not refer to the work again, and she devoutly hoped he would not. "What *shall* I say, if he asks what it is?" she thought nervously. She spoke of the weather, and was "so glad" Mr. Todd thought it was going to be fine; she asked him about his politics with all the gravity in the world, and took him to task for not voting. "American men ought to vote, and not leave the ballot to aliens, don't you think so, Mr. Todd?" And Job, who had not paid his poll tax since he was twenty-one, said, "Yes, 'm, yes, 'm. Yer right, 'm. We had ought to vote; yer right, 'm." It seemed to Job that she had forgotten that he was a drunkard, as Dr. Lavendar and the others had assured him he was, over and over. A glow came about his heart. He was so elated that he did not notice the relief in her tone, when, halfway up the hill, she interrupted herself suddenly by saying, "Oh, there's Mr. Carey, — there's Mr. Shore and Mr. Carey, Mr. Todd. I shall not have to trouble you to go on up the hill with me. Philip!" she called out sharply, and the two men turned, astonished to see her and her companion. When they were beside her, she laughed a little at her own relief, but she said, still with that gracious politeness that stirred Job as nothing but flattery can stir a fool, "I had to go down to the village, and Mr. Todd was so kind as to walk up the hill with me. Good-night, Mr. Todd. Thank you so much."

And Job Todd made a jerky bow, promised to attend to the stable job, and went off with a brisk step that surprised himself.

As for Cecil, she drew her wrap about her, with a shiver and a laugh. It seemed as though she still felt his heavy presence, and the smell of liquor near her. "*Oh*, what a beast he is!" she said. "How glad I am I met you! Mr. Carey, that is one of my sister's pro-

tégés. Philip, find something for him to do to-morrow, will you? I've told him I had some work for him. Can't you break down a stall, or something? I told him the work was in the stable." And then she shook her head and laughed. "No, no! please don't talk about him, — horrible creature!"

She was plainly nervous, and yet full of the drollery of the situation.

It was useless, Philip saw, to think of having any talk with her about Molly that night.

X.

The next morning, in accordance with her plan of being agreeable to Mrs. Drayton, so that Lyssie might have a little more freedom, Cecil went to see her step-mother; and she was agreeable, though the repression she had to put upon herself in her conversation with this foolish little woman made her tired and cross, — so cross that when, at noon, Rosa came to ask what work Mrs. Shore wished Job Todd to do in the stable, Cecil replied impatiently, "I don't know, I'm sure! Don't bother me about it, Rosa. Just tell John to find something for him to do. Anything; I don't care what. Let him build a kennel for Eric."

"Eric has a very good kennel, Mrs. Shore," Rosa said hesitatingly.

"Well, let him tear it down and make a bigger one," Cecil said, relieved to have the matter decided; and then she called the woman back. "Oh, I suppose I must go myself," she remarked crossly, with that impatience which we all feel when we would do evil, but find good present with us. So she went out across the hot sunshine of the courtyard, said a dozen pretty words to Job, and then came back again, touched and amused by the poor stupid fellow's slavish admiration.

She had a delicious nap that afternoon, Rosa fanning her softly until she fell asleep, and when she awakened,

warm and flushed, bringing her a sangaree so cold that the goblet was frosted with beads of mist. Cecil was very comfortable by that time, and very good natured: she had planned an unusual salad for dinner (tomatoes set in aspic, with a delicious accompaniment of stuffed eggs), and she had arranged with Mrs. Drayton that Lyssie should have a whole day off, and two such successes could not fail to make her good natured. She intended that Lyssie's day should be charmingly spent with Philip and Mr. Carey on the river. For her part, she would go and sit with her stepmother, and then have her nap as usual in the afternoon. Cecil very frankly hated excursions, — they involved too much exertion, and the sun was generally hot; but, provided she could stay at home, she was willing to arrange them for other people. In fact, she liked the pleasure, which in some natures is almost sensuous, of giving pleasure to others.

When she announced her plan to Mr. Carey, that evening, his quick look of delight annoyed her. She did not know why. "One would think he would be a little bored by a whole day of it," she thought; and when Philip, who had been walking restlessly up and down the porch, turned to go into his library, she stopped him rather curtly, and told him what she had arranged.

"That will be very nice," he said absently. "To-morrow, you say? I'm glad of that; I must be away the next day, unfortunately." And then he explained to Mr. Carey that he had been called up to town. "I've just had a letter from Woodhouse," he said, "saying that he can go over Miller's work with me on Thursday."

"Miller is Philip's little artist," Cecil said. "You know Philip keeps an artist as some people support missionaries. He thinks he can create genius by encouraging ability. Now, Philip, I hope you are not going to be hard on him?"

"I hope not," Philip returned briefly.

"I'm sorry, Carey, to clear out in this way, but I have to take Woodhouse when I can get him. Miller is his missionary as well as mine. Poor Miller sent the pictures over six weeks ago, and I suppose he is beside himself with anxiety to know what his chances are. We withdraw the money, you know, if the excellence of the work does n't warrant it."

"What are his chances? Has he the real stuff in him?" Roger asked. He knew all about this plan of Philip Shore's for lending a young artist money for three years' study abroad. One man had already profited by this arrangement, and now Philip was watching with some anxiety the progress of the second.

"Well," he said doubtfully, "I don't know. This examination will settle it. He does not seem to me to stick as he should."

"Sure you're not holding too tight a rein?" Roger suggested. "He's young, you know."

"Indeed he is holding too tight a rein!" Cecil broke in. "Philip's idea of the artistic passion is to die in an attic. Now, I think one can be an artist, and yet not die in an attic. Here's Philip himself," she ended, with a droll glance.

Her reference to the life which he had put aside because he had recognized his limitations, put aside with agony and truth, stung like a lash across his face; but he said, carelessly enough, "Oh, very likely I was n't capable of dying at such an altitude," and would have gone away, but Cecil detained him by a gesture and a laugh.

"You did n't sell your pictures; that was the real reason. Come, now, Philip, was n't it?"

"Of course it was. If they had been good, they would have sold; and fortunately for me, no misguided friends purchased what was n't good, to encourage me in devoting myself to mediocrity."

"It's a pity your view is n't more general," Roger Carey observed. "Misguided friendship and weak-kneed bene-

faction are harder on art than hunger and cold ever were. I'm glad you won't support your man unless he has the real stuff in him. But, poor devil, I'm sorry for him, if his work does n't come up to the scratch."

"So am I," said Philip Shore; and there was something in his voice which told that he was acquainted with that grief.

"Ah, well," Cecil said lightly, "somebody may die and leave him some money, or he may marry a rich wife; that will destroy any passion for dying in attics. But really, it would be very hard on him to have to give up, now, without such compensation. If you decide against him, I'll send him the money to go on with his work."

Naturally the conversation ended with this remark. Roger Carey looked at his hostess with a wonder at her possibilities which was almost admiration. As for Philip, he excused himself to his guest because he had some letters to write, and went into his library, setting his teeth hard, and closing the door behind him with a vicious bang. As he did so, he heard Cecil's voice saying, "Has she talked religion to you yet? She has it in its most malignant form"—and he knew that poor Mrs. Drayton was serving as a stalking-horse for his wife's wit.

He did not hear Roger Carey's blunt rejoinder: "Oh, now, look here, Mrs. Shore, I like Mrs. Drayton! You must n't abuse her to me."

Cecil laughed. "My dear Mr. Carey, what has liking to do with it? You don't suppose that I am not deeply attached to my stepmother? But I can't help seeing that she is amusing."

"You would see something amusing at a funeral!"

"Ah, well, you have n't experienced her religion," Cecil defended herself. "She has n't told you how intimate she is with her Creator, and you've never heard her purring on about infinity by

the hour! I assure you, Mr. Carey, she empties her soul of its emotions just as a boy pulls his pocket wrong side out to show you that there's nothing in it. And to think that I am going to sit with her to-morrow morning, so that my sister can have a little spree, poor child!"

Roger felt the reproach for his somewhat aggressive goodness, as she meant he should.

"You're very good, awfully good, to sit with her instead of coming out on the river. But is she too sick to be left alone?"

Cecil laughed. "Sick? She is the most robustly delicate person I know!"

"Well, then, why does she object to being left alone?"

"But don't you know?" said Cecil, surprised — "there is never any '*why*' in Mrs. Drayton's objections!"

Again Roger Carey frowned, and said that at any rate Mrs. Drayton spared Miss Lyssie to do lots of charitable work; and for his part, he thought there was nothing more attractive in a woman than just that sort of thing.

"Oh, nothing!" Cecil agreed, smiling.

But Mr. Carey had nothing more to say of little Lyssie. Indeed, he did not like to talk about her to this strangely different woman; to discuss her with Cecil Shore was like analyzing a violet upon a gaming table. Instead, he took her to task for having told Molly to fib, the day before. "I should think it was awfully important to teach children to tell the truth," he said. "'I speak as a fool,' for I don't know much about 'em, but don't they take to lying pretty easily, anyhow? You instructed Molly so gracefully, the young one will think fibbing is a fine art."

This led to a discussion upon truth, in which Mr. Carey aired very noble sentiments, and Cecil insisted that truth was governed by the law of benefit. "And I consider that I was a benefactor to you all by saving you from the old lady," she said, with some earnestness. Mr.

Carey's carelessly frank astonishment at what she had done annoyed her to the point of self-defense. "Besides, the child discriminates, you know."

"Yes, against Mrs. Dales, no doubt," Roger said, but was so little interested in her explanations that he hardly waited for her to finish another excuse before he began to talk about Job Todd; his admiration of what he called in his own mind her "sand" in walking at night with an intoxicated man spoke plainly in his voice.

"Do tell me how you happened to do it," he said, scratching a match upon the sole of his boot, and lighting his cigar.

And she told him; commenting, when she ended, upon the absurdity of the situation. "Here they are, living a cat-and-dog life; and we have to support their miserable little children! I told her she was a great goose not to leave him."

"She was a goose to marry him, but she ought to stick to her bargain. I hope your dangerous views didn't strike in?"

"Marriages are queer things, are n't they?" Cecil returned thoughtfully. "Did you ever notice how we say of all our friends, 'Why in the world did *he* marry *her*?' or, 'What possessed *her* to marry *him*?'"

"Yes, I — I've noticed it," said Roger Carey, looking at the tip of his cigar.

"Ah, well, there's a mistake somewhere in this idea of marriage," Cecil informed him gayly. "Talk about matches being made in heaven! If they are, they light the fires of — the other place very successfully."

"Well, you help to light the fires with bad advice," Roger Carey insisted dogmatically, but with that good-humored contempt of a woman's opinion which does not condescend to argument; and then he moved his chair so that he might see her face as she talked. His first repulsion always faded after he had been

with her a little while. Perhaps it was her repose which charmed him, — a repose so absolute that to see her eyes when she lifted her white lids he had thus to move his chair, for she would not turn her head when she spoke. Her voice, between her melodious silences, was deep, for a woman, and soft, and it had in it the delicious clearness and color of dark wine; she spoke slowly, too, so that he could feel the caress of sound without the tension to catch the sense. He heard her excuse Job Todd because of the fatality of his environment; he heard her advocate the irresponsibility of temperament. She talked well and cleverly, touching, with the conventional unconventionality of our day, on subjects which a generation ago were tabooed between men and women, but which now we see fit to discuss, declaring that there can be no consciousness in the commonplace — though every man and woman of us knows better! Once he contradicted her sharply, and once he laughed; but he was not listening closely. “Oh, now, look here!” he said vaguely, with the intonation with which, to a man, he would have said, “Bosh!” He was following — for her sleeve was of some sheer muslin — the line of her arm from the shoulder to the finger tip: he saw the exquisite curves, unmarred by any ornament, he saw the faint color of her relaxed palm, and it came into his mind, with that primitive ferocity which lurks below the product of civilization which is named a gentleman, that a man might grasp the satin smoothness of the round flesh, above and below the elbow, and kiss the blue vein on that warm curve of the inner arm, — kiss it, and kiss it, until —

Roger Carey rose hastily. “I must go in; I have some letters to write. Beg pardon for interrupting you, but I must go in. I just remembered.” He dropped her hand carelessly when he said “Good-night,” and then went hastily to his own room, where for a long time he

stood before the open window frowning out into the darkness. But after a while his face cleared, and he smiled and drew a deep breath. “She *is* a dear little thing!” he said.

Roger, capable of forgetting himself, was also capable of forgetting Cecil; but she did not readily forget him. When she went upstairs there was some annoyance in her face. “How unpleasant he is!” she thought, and sat down in front of her mirror, looking absently into its shadowy depths. “Very unpleasant, but” — Then she half laughed and sighed, and, leaning her elbow on the table, looked long and deeply into the glass.

The room was lighted only by the candles on the dressing table, for the night was warm and still. Cecil, moving about, stopped to trim the wicks, and then stood, the snuffers in her hand, absorbed in thought. Some one knocked, and she answered absently, without turning her head, “Come in;” then, with a start, she saw her husband’s face in the mirror.

“What, you?”

“Yes; can you spare me a few moments?” said Philip; but, involuntarily, he stood still on the threshold, in the quick delight of the artist at that sumptuous figure, standing there in the faint dusk of the candlelight. Somehow, the beauty of it, and the sense of his absolute ownership, took him by the throat for one bad moment that sent the blood into his face. All this beauty which enchanted and invited him, this length of shining hair, the white column of the stately throat, was his; for was she not his wife?

But the soul of the man knew better.

“Of course I can spare you a few moments,” Cecil answered, smiling, and sitting down, one white bare arm along the back of her chair, and the other on the dressing table.

“I am afraid it is late,” he said, “but I saw your light, and I was anxious to

speak to you. I won't detain you very long."

"I don't see why you should be apologetic," she interposed good naturedly. "Sit down, won't you?"

There was a certain intent look in Philip's face that did not escape Cecil. "I have attacks of nerves," she had once said, "but Philip has attacks of soul!" Such attacks were not agreeable to her, though she bore them with remarkable patience. She thought now, watching him with amused, critical eyes, that such an attack was imminent. "I suppose," she reflected, "that this sort of thing attracted me at first, because it was odd. Yes, and there is an intellectual value, too; Philip is no fool."

"I hope nothing has bothered you?" she said, aloud.

"I want to speak to you about Molly."

"Molly! Why, what is the matter? Is she ill? What about Molly?" Her face changed sharply, and she half rose.

"No; nothing, nothing; she is quite well."

Cecil sank back in her chair, with a quick breath of relief. "Oh, you startled me so!" she said, her color coming again. Her hair, falling over her shoulders, was pulled sideways by her change of position; she caught it and twisted it in a rope, and wrapped it about one bare arm; a faint gleam touched a gilt thread here and there in the soft coil, as the flames of the candles behind her bent and flared in a sudden light draught. "I wish you would n't come in and frighten me this way," she told him irritably. "Well, what is it? What do you want?"

"I want to ask you" — he spoke slowly, and his manner was guardedly polite — "I want to call your attention to the danger of giving Molly an idea that truth is not important. I noticed yesterday morning" —

"Yesterday morning?" she broke in. "Oh, you mean 'not at home'? Oh, now, really, Philip, do you think it worth while to discuss a social form?

I'm pretty patient with your ideas generally, but really!"

"I'm not talking about a social form; I'm talking about the spirit of truth. We debauch a child's soul when we allow it to sink its directness in what we call a social form. Molly can't discriminate. She tells what she thinks is a lie, and finds it indorsed, in fact suggested, by us!"

"Us!" Cecil repeated, and laughed. "Philip, your politeness leads you dangerously near this same debauchery yourself. Pray don't consider my feelings. Tell the truth, and shame — me. Oh, I'll not send any more such messages by her, if it distresses you so much. But don't, don't, at midnight, begin about the 'spirit of truth'! Must you, Philip?"

All her good nature had come back again, for she was sleepy.

Philip Shore made no appeal for any deeper motive in her acquiescence than this mere contemptuous consideration of his wishes; the time for such appeals seemed to him long gone by. "Thank you," he said. "And there's one other thing. Molly happened to speak about that prayer of hers — to the devil, you know?"

"Yes, well? What of it? It was very funny. Did she repeat it to you?"

"Repeat it? Of course not. Do you suppose I'd let the child think her prayer could be amusing? That is what I wanted to speak to you about; it was outrageous to make a jest of the child's prayer!"

Cecil dropped her arm on her dressing table with a soft crash. "Oh, dear me!" she said, and then swallowed a yawn which brought the water into her eyes and made her smile. "(I beg your pardon.) Philip, if you had the slightest sense of humor, you would be spared much. The idea of being harrowed because I laughed at Molly's prayer! And really, I must protest; I can't have my child praying to the devil, — if that is what you want. I mean that Molly

shall have some religious teaching, and know that one does n't pray to the devil."

"Certainly. Check it, by all means. But the point I make is this: when you treated her prayer, which according to your theology was bad, as a joke, you robbed the child of reverence."

"Your ideas of reverence are interesting. Reverence, and a prayer to the devil!"

"It is the prayer which I revere. The name 'God' or 'devil' is nothing, the instinct of prayer is everything; and you laughed at it, and made the child repeat it; you turned it into a show. It was shocking!" His anger with her grew as he put it into words. "I know you have no reverence yourself, but, for Heaven's sake, don't rob the child of it!"

Cecil sighed. It was nearly a year since Philip's last attack of "soul;" she felt that she owed him a hearing for so long a holiday, but she wished he would hurry. "Go on," she said resignedly; but could not help adding, "It is interesting to hear you advocating religious teaching, — you, a skeptic. Oh, Philip, there! I did n't mean to call down a statement of your faith!"

"Don't be alarmed," he said dryly. "I should n't make such a statement to you."

"There's one thing that always interests me about you good people," returned Cecil, yawning: "not your certainty that the rest of us are swine, — no doubt we are, — but your certainty that your opinions are pearls."

"My only certainty is that there is no skepticism so dreadful as that which finds no seriousness in life," he answered significantly.

"If you mean that for me," she protested, "my dear friend, no one finds life more serious than I; especially on such occasions."

"You don't know what it means, even," he said angrily. "If you did,

you would be incapable of treating lightly the instinct of worship in a child's soul!"

It seemed that his words had some effect, for she sat without speaking, tapping one foot upon the floor, and pulling with a restless finger at her red lip. But her flippancy was so intolerable to him that he turned to leave the room. "I don't often interfere," he said, pausing on the threshold, for her continued silence restrained him like some spoken word, — "I don't often interfere about Molly, but in a thing of such vital importance as" —

"Look here, Philip," she interrupted. "You and I will never agree about Molly, so what is the use of talking about it? I will never allow her to be taught your dreadful agnostic ideas; I'd rather have her pray to the devil upon the housetops, to the amusement of everybody. No, we'll never agree about her; but oh, life would be so much more comfortable if you would just make up your mind to that fact. You go your way, and I'll go mine."

"What?"

"I mean, you teach her your ideas, and I'll teach her mine."

"Oh, I — I misunderstood you!" he exclaimed, his voice suddenly harsh; and then he was silent a moment until he said, "Of course that is perfectly absurd; it would be as though you said a thing was white, and I said it was black. She would end by not believing either of us. No, I sha'n't contradict your religious teaching; but you must not ignore moral teaching, — that I shall insist upon. I sha'n't say that this or that doctrine seems to me ridiculous; but I do insist that while your teaching is, as I think, intellectually crooked, it is not also morally crooked."

Cecil's face had grown slowly white. "This is — insufferable!" she said, in a low voice. She turned her back upon him, and, shaking her hair loose, began to braid it with trembling fingers.

"Philip, I shall do exactly as I please. You can make up your mind to that. Good-night. Please go. You are perfectly impossible. Please go." Anger vibrated in her scantily civil words. She

saw him, in the mirror, hesitate, and then turn away.

As the door closed behind him, she said, violently, under her breath, "You fool!"

Margaret Deland.

TALK AT A COUNTRY HOUSE.

ASSYRIAN ARROWHEADS AND JEWISH BOOKS.

I KNEW that the squire took much interest in the Arrowheaded Inscriptions, so one morning I got him to talk on the subject.

Foster. Do you read the Arrowheaded Inscriptions of which I see so many volumes?

Squire. No; I content myself with enjoying the fruits of other men's labors; hoping, however, that I may occasionally get from these learned men some new light on questions which may not have attracted their own attention.

Foster. Scholars now quote the records of Rameses and Sennacherib as much of course as they do the Commentaries of Cæsar; but the discovery of the key to the decipherment of the Egyptian hieroglyphics and the arrowheaded inscriptions must have seemed very wonderful at first, as indeed it was.

Squire. Yes. These keys, like photography, with the silver plate of Daguerre followed by the paper-printing of Talbot; the electric telegraph, with its development of the telephone and the phonograph; and I may add, the uses of steam by sea and land, — all these are now seen by us in the light of common day. Yet I can recollect something of the sense of the marvelous which fell upon some of us on their first discovery. It seemed a happiness only to have lived in those days, to borrow a phrase from Wordsworth about the early days of the French Revolution; only we, hap-

pily, have not had to repent, as he had to do.

Foster. The reading of the Egyptian hieroglyphics seems comparatively easy, if I rightly remember the account of the process. Was it not that the French, in 1799, found at Rosetta a stone with an inscription of Ptolemy Euergetes in Greek and in the demotic or common Egyptian writing of the period, as well as in hieroglyphics? And then, by assuming that the vernacular Egyptian of the time of the inscription did not differ materially from the Coptic of the present day, it was found that Coptic equivalents for the several words of the Greek could be made out and read in the demotic version, so that finally the hieroglyphic inscription itself could be read. But then Ptolemy, like Pharaoh, had told his dream to the wise men, who had to interpret it. Nebuchadnezzar needed to be told his dream as well as the interpretation thereof. There was no inscription, in Greek or any other known language, was there, at Persepolis or Behistun?

Squire. On the contrary: Diodorus said the Behistun inscription was by Semiramis, and Rawlinson found it to be by Darius. You are right in the main as to the comparative easiness of the hieroglyphic decipherment, I think, but in both cases the discoverers must have possessed and exercised no small amount of the powers of criticism and divination, which Niebuhr calls the means by which

history supplies the deficiencies of its sources. But the decipherment of the arrowheaded inscriptions was no doubt by far the more difficult; and its results have, in my opinion, far surpassed the other in their interest and historical importance.

Foster. I know less about the arrow-headed than about the hieroglyphic inscriptions, and shall be glad if you will tell me something about them.

Squire. The subject is a vast one, and it continues to increase. I will show you the few pebbles I have picked up on the shore; but if I exhaust your patience, it will not be by the knowledge of the learned Dr. Dryasdust who has recorded all that has been done or written on the subject. I have only the odds and ends which I have gathered up through many years from journals of learned societies, books of translations, monographs on fresh discoveries of lions and bulls and bricks and slabs, and so on in infinite variety.

Foster. It is a pleasant way of getting knowledge, if only a man's memory can keep all that he so collects; but

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion."

Squire. No: I will, like Time, in this case quote the general at the siege of the impregnable fortress of Bhurtapore, when he had ordered a gun up to a particular position. The officer came back, after some time, and reported that it was impossible. "Impossible, sir! Why, I have the order in my pocket!" So the gun was brought up, and the fort was taken. There, at Persepolis, for two thousand years had stood that rock, rising four hundred feet above the plain, with its scarped face covered with writing which no man could read, and so looking foolishly enough, as Carlyle said of the Pyramids. The imaginative inhabitants of the land, forgetting that their own fathers had written and read those words, believed them to be the work of jins, telling of hidden hoards of

gold and jewels never to be discovered, while some wise skeptic from the West pronounced them to be merely the work of worms. But there, age after age, still stood the old General Time, with the order in his pocket, waiting for the hour and the man. The beginnings of the discovery were humble and its progress was slow, but we may say that the critic and the diviner were there from the first with Philology, Archæology, and History for their tools to work with. Increasing intelligence and accuracy in copying the inscription were followed by increasing recognition of the arrangements, repetitions, and variations of the still unknown characters. They were in three columns, of which there were in one only forty-two of the little groups of arrowheads or wedges, each of which groups might be assumed to be a letter; in another column there were four hundred of such groups, which therefore must have been ideographic: and these characters and signs, for which ample space was taken at one end of the line, were crowded together at the other, thus showing that the writing was from left to right. From each of these facts was derived an hypothesis, which, when verified, became the law of a new hypothesis, to be verified and expanded again in like manner. If these columns were used for a proclamation by a king ruling over the country in which they stood as a centre, the three columns were probably the same proclamation in the three principal languages of the monarchy, like those which the Sultan of Constantinople or the Shah of Persia still issues in Turkish, Arabic, and Persian. It might be taken that, being at Persepolis, this proclamation was by some king of the once great Persian Empire; that the language of one of its columns would be the Persian of the time; and that, with the unchanging customs and habits of the East, the style of his proclamation would most likely be the same as that used by the Sassanian dynasty which reigned in Persia till the

Muhammadian conquest. The languages of the columns with the letters or signs counted by hundreds were clearly what we call ideographic, like those of the Chinese or the Egyptians, in which each character represents a mental image; while the writing of the column with only forty-two variations of character was as plainly phonetic, in which each sign was merely a letter of an alphabet, as with ourselves. By these steps, Grotefend, in 1802, reached his position: the right-hand column is in alphabetical writing, and, assuming it to be a proclamation in the Sassanian form, beginning with the name of a king who calls himself king of kings, and son of a king with another name and the same title. Now, as to the inscription beginning with three words differing from one another, but combined with three other words, these repeated twice, the third being the same as the second, with an additional letter or letters,—I cannot put my hand on Grotefend's paper, but I understand his reasoning to be something of this kind: Call the three first-mentioned words A, B, and C, and the sentence will run thus: A, king of kings, son of B, king of kings, son of C. The word read as *king* is repeated with an addition which indicates the genitive plural, while the other repeated word stands for *son*. But C is not called "king of kings," like the other two. Then the three names are Xerxes, Darius, and Hystaspes; for the last, though father of Darius, was not a king. But to say that certain words meant *son* or *king* was not to read the words themselves, or to say to what language they belonged. Now, however, the Zend, or ancient Persian, began to be studied, and it became possible to say what those words would be if all the other assumptions were true. The other letters were hypothetically added to those which made up the names of the three kings. If Zend were the language in which the inscription was written, the words for *son* and *king* of

kings would be *putra* and *kshayathiya*, and more letters of the alphabet would be added to those in the three kings' names. So the inscription was gradually read, found to agree with the story of Herodotus, and took its place among the records of ancient Persia.

Foster. And so a key was found, like that of the Greek version on the Rosetta stone, for reading the other Persepolis inscriptions, one of which was, I suppose, Assyrian?

Squire. The actual course of things was somewhat different. Colonel (afterwards Sir Henry) Rawlinson, containing in himself, in no common degree and in very various kinds, the qualifications of a man of action and letters, had become so familiar with arrowheaded writing, which he had studied at Persepolis, that it seems as if it had been a sort of mother tongue to him, when he says that he cannot remember and trace back the steps by which he arrived at his knowledge. On visiting Behistun, he was able to read the Persian column of the trilingual inscription there found, and to tell the world that it was a proclamation, not of Semiramis, as Diodorus had supposed, but of Darius. A copy of the text with a translation was sent to England by Rawlinson, and published in the Journal of the Asiatic Society in 1847. To employ this deciphered inscription for the purpose of reading the other inscriptions side by side with it might have been interesting to Rawlinson in any case, but a new motive for such work had arisen. Botta in 1847, and Layard in 1845, had discovered, by actual excavation, the vast remains of the palaces of Nineveh and other cities of Assyria, the existence of which, under great earth mounds, had been conjectured by King in 1818. These excavations were the beginning of a work which is still going on; of the discovery not only of the remains of magnificent buildings, but of an almost infinite variety of written records in the arrowheaded characters. There were

not only monumental inscriptions on colossal bulls and lions, and on alabaster slabs which had lined the walls of the palaces, but also on clay tablets of every size, which had been baked after the arrowheads had been impressed on them, and which tablets were eventually (as I will explain directly) found to be books of all sorts. The characters in which all these were written were recognized as those of one of the trilingual inscriptions of Persepolis and Behistun; the genius which had read the Persian inscription of Behistun must have found it comparatively easy to read the Assyrian column, while employing Hebrew, just as Zend had been employed in the previous case, at each step of hypothesis and verification. And in 1852 Rawlinson was able to send home from Nineveh, from the Assyrian, annals of Sargon and Sennacherib themselves, whom we had till then known of only from the Hebrew history, and the still scantier Greek records. There were at first many failures and hitches, and learned men looked more or less doubtfully on the popular enthusiasm at a discovery which came home to every one who had read the Bible. Some years later a challenge was given, and accepted by Rawlinson, Hincks, Talbot, and Oppert, to translate independently of one another an inscription of which the untranslated original had been published by the British Museum; and to submit this to the judgment of Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Dean Milman, and Mr. Grote. The versions substantially agreed, except as to the proper names; but, if I remember rightly, Sir George Lewis remained incredulous, and Mr. Grote not quite satisfied. The key to the special mystery of these and other proper names was eventually found; and I suppose that no one now has doubts that those who are at the trouble may learn to read Assyrian as they do Greek or Sanskrit.

Foster. A library of brickbats for books sounds funny: it must have re-

quired some courage to begin reading in it.

Squire. Yes; and especially when the books lay in heaps by the thousand, having, as Mr. George Smith conjectured, fallen with the ruins of the building, from an upper floor.

Foster. You alluded to other special difficulties in the way of decipherment; what were they?

Squire. If I have rightly read the earlier work in the fuller light of the later knowledge, the story is something of this kind: The Assyrians were in the main a Semitic people; their language, like their race, was allied to that of the Hebrews, and their writing, like the Hebrew, was alphabetical. But the older civilization of Babylon, from which Assyria derived much of its own, was Turanian, and its method of writing was not alphabetic, but ideographic, like that of the Chinese and several other peoples. The Assyrians, very oddly, as it seems to us, combined the two methods, using dictionaries for the purpose, some of which have been actually found in what you call the library of brickbats.

Foster. Can you give me an example?

Squire. Here is one which I made many years ago. The Roman letter and numeral X is for many purposes an English ideograph, or character, used to express, in writing, not a mere sound, but a mental image. In a date we read it *ten*; after a king's name, *the tenth*; between two figures, as 3×3 , we read it indifferently as *times*, *into*, or *multiplied by*; the mathematician uses it as *an unknown quantity*; and the stockbroker reads $X \text{ div.}$ as *without the dividend*. No one hesitates to read $X \text{ way}$ as *crossway*; and though X only represents a syllable in $X \text{ mas}$, $X \text{ tian}$, and like words, here, too, it may be called an ideograph. But now suppose that, in addition to all these uses of X in writing, we employed it also to express the sound of *ten* without attaching any mental image to it, and in any word in which that sound occurred

as one of its joints, as in *tenant, tender, tent*, we indifferently wrote the full word in alphabetic letters, or substituted X for t-e-n, and so with Xant, Xder, Xt. Imagine this double method of expressing what I call a point, or points, in a word employed habitually, and with every variety of ideographic sign drawn from the Babylonian ideographic writing, and you have the usual Assyrian method of writing. This may serve as an illustration, though it is of course only a small and fragmentary one, of what was a very complicated business, though no doubt it was easy to those accustomed to it. But, as I have said, they used dictionaries or lists of ideographic characters with their equivalents in Assyrian letters.

Foster. Was it from these dictionaries that the way to read the strange forms embodied in half-spelt words was found out?

Squire. No. I think the first discovery was by help of one of those happy accidents which come to men of genius, and which they know how to seize and make their own. An inscription was found in duplicate. In one copy Rawlinson came to a word which, if read phonetically and as if the language were Hebrew, gave good sense; in the other copy, this word was expressed by one which, if so read, would give no sense, and was in fact no word. This, then, was the ideographic equivalent of the real word. The clue was followed, and the labyrinth was traversed in and out. But, as I said just now, these are only the pretty pebbles I have picked up on the shore of the great sea. If you would explore the sea itself, you must put yourself under the guidance of Rawlinson, Schrader, Sayce, and George Smith; and indeed I might easily add other names.

Foster. It is curious that while the Hebrews were using leather and the Egyptians papyrus to write on, the Assyrians should have used clay.

Squire. It is fortunate that they did so. They did, however, also use some

perishable material, no doubt leather; for seals have been found with the holes for the strings which fastened them to the scrolls, and even the remains of the strings themselves. These seals are of clay, often with two impressions, one of which has Phœnician characters, showing them to belong to contracts between two parties. Some of these deeds of sale between Phœnician and Assyrian traders have also been found, and have helped to throw light on the question of language. But the most interesting of all the seals is one which bears the Egyptian hieroglyphics which had been already read by Egyptologists as the name Sabaco II., king of Egypt, and also an Assyrian device of a priest ministering before the king, which is reasonably supposed to be the royal signet of Sennacherib, the contemporary of Sabaco. It is manifestly the seal of a treaty between these two monarchs, whom we know to have met in battle not many miles from Jerusalem.

Foster. Has the discovery of the Egyptian and Assyrian records given much help in the study of Hebrew history and literature?

Squire. A good many facts, more or less important, and much general light, in which the old facts may be seen more plainly than before. A second history, especially if it be a contemporary history, always gives a greater sense of reality to the first one. One of the uses of two eyes is that each eye sees a little more of one side of the object than does the other; and thus the object is seen to be, what it is, a solid, and not a flat object. A photograph represents an object as seen with one eye; and when two such photographs are brought together into one picture by the stereoscope, we immediately perceive an effect of roundness instead of flatness. We may and do know that an object is solid, though we look at it with only one eye, but we only *see* it to be so when we look at it with both. Critics with the historical imagination of

Grotius and Gesenius could infer and make out from the discourses of Isaiah the military and political position of Jerusalem when its little territory was becoming the battlefield on which the rival monarchies of Egypt and Assyria met to fight for empire. But the picture is made still more lifelike when, alongside of the actual speeches by which Isaiah sustained and directed the energies of his king and countrymen in the supreme hour, are read the annals in which Sennacherib tells what he and his army were doing at the same time, within the sight of the men who, from the walls of the city, could see the valleys and plains full of Assyrian horsemen.

Foster. And besides these military and political annals, are there not some considerable remains of literature of the kind which reflects the general moral and intellectual culture of a nation?

Squire. Yes, and this too throws much light on the history and literature of the Jews. Now that we know that the people of Israel, at the period to which they carried back the life of their national ancestor Abraham, were in the midst of nations which had not only reached a high degree of civilization, but knew how to record that civilization in writing, we should be wholly unreasonable if we doubted the claim of the Jews to the possession of equally early written records. The old orthodox belief that Moses was miraculously enabled to write the Pentateuch, and the preposterous modern adaptation of the old rabbinical legend that it was the work of Ezra after his return from the exile, are equally unnecessary.

Foster. Are you not rather unfair to these modern critics? I recollect a J and E as well as a P C in the list of what I suppose you would call their imaginary documents. And then, is not "preposterous" rather a strong, or, as Jeremy Bentham would have said, "dyslogistic" word?

Squire. When Burke was called to order for using the word "preposterous"

in one of his speeches in the Warren Hastings trial, he justified himself by observing that the word only meant putting the cart before the horse. I cannot but think that this is a common habit of mind in our modern Biblical critics; though I respect the wonderful minuteness and industry of their learning, and have no doubt that it often throws new light on the subject they treat of.

Foster. Then you do not accept as conclusive the decision of Professor Wellhausen that the Old Testament, as we have it, was edited and published in the year 444 B. C.?

Squire. I know that a German professor is, like the prophet Habakkuk in the opinion of Voltaire, and the father of a family according to Napoleon, "*capable de tout*." Yet I have looked at that date again and again, and wondered how any one could believe it possible to evolve out of his inner consciousness the exact year, more than twenty-three centuries ago, of an event of which there is no record that it happened at all; and why that odd number of 4, or even 44, when dealing with so many hundreds, and even thousands? I can only compare this conscientious accuracy to that of the man who refused to imperil his immortal soul by saying that he had killed the round number of an hundred canvas-back ducks when in fact it was only ninety-nine.

Foster. But, squire, you just now quoted with approval Niebuhr's two qualifications for the historian, — criticism and divination. Will you not allow his countrymen and their English followers the use of these things in the study of Hebrew literature?

Squire. If they only would use them more than they do! The true critic is a judge. His business is to bring all the ascertainable facts of the case into clear light and order, and then either to pronounce a judgment, or to declare that no judgment is possible for want of sufficient evidence. He is not, in the latter case, to make up the deficiency by fancies

drawn from his inner consciousness to supply the lack of facts.

Foster. Is not this the divination of Niebuhr?

Squire. No, no. I believe Niebuhr himself may have sometimes mistaken the one for the other, but they are not the same thing. Divination in history is seeing into the life of things, not the dissection of a dead body and the labeling of the several parts. But there is another saying of Niebuhr's which is more to the point. He says that, when in Rome, you may often see existing walls with marble fragments of columns and cornices built into them; and it is equally certain that these are the portions of some older buildings, temples or palaces perhaps, but it is impossible to say what those buildings were. A like illustration might be drawn from some of our old churches and manor houses; and we know what woeful work our own learned modern architects have made of their so-called restoration of these. The churchwardens' whitewash has done far less harm. I have no difficulty in seeing, with Astruc, the plain marks in Genesis of two records, marked by the names of Elohim and Jehovah respectively; but I cannot follow Wellhausen in the ideal reconstruction of his so-called prophetic and priestly documents elaborated out of the early books, and duly docketed J E and P C.

Foster. I see your shelves full of the commentators you so scoff at.

Squire. I not only respect, but profit by their learning and industry, which are very great. I gladly use their books, though I do not like to wear their chains. There are some words of Grote on a like question in Greek literature which deserve to be written in letters of gold, and to be ever before the eyes of the student of the Old Testament. He says: "The lesson must be learnt, hard and painful though it be, that no imaginable reach of critical acumen will of itself enable us to discriminate fancy from reality in the absence of a tolerable stock of evidence. . . . In

truth, our means of knowledge are so limited that no man can produce arguments sufficiently cogent to contend against opposing preconceptions, and it creates a painful sentiment of diffidence when we use expressions of equal and absolute persuasion with which the two opposite conclusions have been advanced."

Foster.

"And art thou nothing? Such thou art as when

The woodman winding westward up the glen
At wintry dawn, where o'er the sheep-track's
maze

The viewless snow-mist weaves a glist'ning
haze,

Sees all before him, gliding without tread,
An image with a glory round its head.

The enamored rustic worships its fair hues,
Nor knows he makes the shadow he pursues."

It seems a pity; is nothing left for us but this luminous mist?

Squire. The books themselves; read the commentaries with them. You will not understand the books without their help. Only, read the commentaries for the sake of the books, and not the books for the sake of the commentaries, as has been always, and still is, the habit of too many, from the days of the Talmud and before down to our own.

Foster. You remind me of Bacon's advice: "Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."

Squire. You can have no better instruction for the use of the commentaries. And for the books themselves, the more you read them for their own sake, the more you will find worth reading in them. People often think it clever to say that the Bible should be treated like other books. I wish it got a little more such treatment. Those who believe that it really differs in some respects from other books ought to be the most convinced that the more clearly you bring out the resemblances, the more distinctly will the differences come out, too.

Read the books as they are, and let the likenesses and the unlikenesses come out as they may.

Foster. Will you give me some illustration of your method? I will ask no questions as to the authorship of the book of Genesis, but what do you say of its account of the Creation, when the modern sciences of astronomy, geology, and ethnology have shown us that the beginnings of all things are lost in infinite distances of time and place?

Squire. Whatever discoveries the mind of man has made in all these directions,—and I do not question their reality or their importance,—they have neither ascertained nor satisfied man's demand for some ideal of a Creation, the work of a Creator. And this is just what the Hebrew story of the Creation supplies. David Hume, lifting his eyes to the sky on a starry night, said to Adam Ferguson, "Oh, Adam, how can a man look at that and not believe in a God!" Some three thousand years before, the same faith was perhaps awakened by the same sight in the mind of the Hebrew, whoever he was. The institutions of his country had accustomed him to think of work and duty with the rules of law and order as the highest and noblest forms of life, and therefore those ideals in which his belief in a Creator must centre itself. It must be work and it must be good, worthy of the highest workman. But there are method, law, and order in all the higher kinds of work. One of the most ancient of his national institutions, held to have been given to his people by the Divine King himself, was that work was regulated by the week,—the division of time into six days of work and one of rest.

Foster. Then do you go on to discuss such questions as whether these days in Genesis are actual days or geological periods; and if the latter, whether they have any claim to represent accurately those periods in our modern science?

Squire. I repeat that I certainly like

to read such disquisitions, but not either to contradict and confute, nor to believe and follow. I prefer the treatment of Seneca and Cicero, of Addison and Wordsworth, as well as that of the Hebrew psalmists and prophets themselves. There is, too, if I remember rightly, a fine passage in Luther's Commentary on Genesis to the like effect. The concrete forms of the imagination are not less natural than our logical or scientific abstractions, and are much more needful to our moral life. And when you show me that Hebrew imagination and modern science and logic do not run together exactly on all fours, and that there has been no miraculous interposition to give the first the same kind of accuracy as belongs to the others, I say, so much the better. Logical skepticism, like that of Hume and John Mill, recognizes the conceivableness of a miracle where there is a reasonable ground for expecting it; but here the account of Creation is all the more human because it in no way anticipates Newton's *Principia* or Lyell's *Principles of Geology*. Nor is any claim it may have to be held to be superhuman affected by the showing that it is not preter- or non-human.

Foster. Do not the readers of the arrowheaded inscriptions find that the Assyrians divided the lunar month into four weeks, with days of rest named the Sabbath, and an account of the Creation in six days?

Squire. We are told so, with other things of a like kind. If they were confirmed, they suggest the question whether the Hebrew traditions, which are so infinitely nobler in moral and intellectual as well as literary character, are developments of the ruder and coarser beliefs, or are themselves the older, and were afterwards degraded from their earlier simplicity. The Hebrew account of the migration of their traditional ancestor, Abraham, will fall in with either supposition. The germs of national life, civil and religious, which he brought with

him, and which eventually grew into so great a tree, may have been mere germs, or they may have already grown up somewhat, though in very inferior forms, in Babylon and Assyria. The question is interesting, yet it is perhaps incapable of any answer but what the individual habit of mind of the inquirer may give it.

Foster. I understand you, then, to hold that there is so little evidence as to the early or late date of the Hebrew books, and so much probable, at least plausible argument on either side, that the reasonable course is to keep the mind in suspense on the subject. I like to hear both sides; and yet when I have heard one, I always feel like the judge who, when he had heard the plaintiff, stopped the case, because he said he saw it very clearly as it was, and should only be puzzled if he heard more.

Squire. So do I; but there is no help for it. Anyhow, these prose epics of the Hebrews keep their ground, age after age, in all lands: and that because, for simplicity, pathos, grandeur, and, in a word, humanity, there is nothing equal to them. They, and not Latin and Greek, are the *literæ humaniores* of the world. Milton was a competent judge, for he knew all alike, and he expressed his preference for the Hebrew above all other literature. Of its lyric poetry, after speaking, in the preface to his second book on the Reason of Church Government, of "those magnificent odes wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in most things worthy," he says, "But those frequent songs throughout the law and the prophets, beyond all these, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made to appear, over all the kinds of lyric poetry, to be incomparable."

Foster. Does Milton anywhere speak of the book of Job?

Squire. I do not remember that he does. He calls the Song of Solomon a pastoral drama; and no one would have

gainsaid him if he had declared that the book of Job embodies in the purest poetry the true idea of the tragic drama,—the riddle of the Sphinx of Greek tragedy. And then you know as well as I do his comparison of the Hebrew poets and prophets with the Greek and Roman poets and orators. But let me hear you read what one can never be tired of.

Foster (reads).

"Or, if I would delight my private hours
With music or with poem, where so soon
As in our native language can I find
That solace? All our law and story strew'd
With hymns, our psalms with artful terms
inscrib'd,
Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon
That pleased so well our victor's ear, declare
That rather Greece from us these arts derived;
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
The vices of their deities, and their own
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past
shame.
Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid
As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With Sion's songs, to all true taste excelling,
Where God is praised aright, and godlike
men,
The Holiest of Holies, and his saints;
Such are from God inspir'd, not such from
thee,
Unless where moral virtue is express'd
By light of nature not in all quite lost.
Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those
The top of eloquence; statist indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may seem;
But herein to our prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of civil government
In their majestic, unaffected style,
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,
What ruins kingdoms and lays cities flat;
These only with our law best form a king."

Do you think that their political philosophy was so instructive and important as he says?

Squire. I have written a volume to try to answer the question, Yes, as to one of the prophets, Isaiah. But still I continue to ask it of myself. My doubt

is less whether it is true than how and when it can and will be shown to be true. Our political morality is not very high; yet we live and move, if only half consciously, in a religious atmosphere unknown to the Greeks and Romans, but without which we could not breathe. And this atmosphere is the belief in the God made known to the Hebrews in the plain of Mamre and the Temple of Jerusalem.

Foster. I suppose the differences and contrasts between the Jewish and the Assyrian religions are greater than their resemblances?

Squire. Infinitely greater. There is much simplicity in the Jewish ritual, notwithstanding the daily Temple services, which stands in marked contrast to the swarms of gods, devils and spirits of all kinds, good and bad, with the rites and ceremonies appropriate to them all. It is indeed a puzzle how great military conquerors like Tiglath-Pileser, Sargon, and Sennacherib could have found time for them.

Foster. I suppose it was chiefly a mechanical work which their priests could do for them, — a sort of live praying-machine, not essentially different from the Tibet praying-machines, which they work, as travelers tell us, by hand or by water-power, for private or public worship, as the case may be. But Isaiah speaks of these conquerors as if they had no religion at all, but were mere atheists.

Squire. Not unnaturally, though a nineteenth-century philosopher like yourself may know better. But I am reminded of a curious parallel between the language in which Sennacherib describes his treatment of Merodach-Baladan, king of Babylon, and that of Isaiah as to the fashion of the conquest of one of Sennacherib's predecessors. The Assyrian king says, "All his broad country I swept like a mighty whirlwind. Over their cornfields I sowed thistles." "He himself — for the fury of my attack overwhelmed him — lost heart, and like

a bird fled away alone, and his place of refuge could not be found." And the Jewish prophet, I might almost say rejoins, though his words are a little earlier in date, "For he saith, By the strength of my hand I have done it, and by my wisdom; for I am prudent: and I have removed the bounds of the people; . . . and as one gathereth eggs that are left, have I gathered all the earth; and there was none that moved the wing, or opened the mouth, or peeped."

Foster. Should you say that the Assyrians had much civilization, in an ordinary use of the word?

Squire. Possibly as much as the Romans had before they conquered Greece. Like the Romans, they loved great public works; and the remains of their buildings amply confirm us in supposing that Sennacherib said truly, "Of all the kings of former days, . . . though the central palace was too small to be their royal residence, none had the knowledge nor the wish to improve it. . . . Then I, Sennacherib, . . . by command of the gods resolved in my heart to complete this work." From this and other passages it is evident that Sennacherib was what the Romans called a great *ædile*. Then the Assyrians kept historical Annals of the Empire, the truth of which is proved by their records of eclipses, which have been verified by modern astronomers.

Foster. But, granting without reserve that our Assyriologists have really recovered the language and read the inscriptions, are we bound to believe all they tell us of the poetry, religion, and literature of this ancient country as fluently as if they were giving us an account of modern China or Japan?

Squire. Hafiz says that the leader of the caravan cannot be without information about the road and the customs of the wayside halting-places; and these learned men must know much more than we, and be able, as we are not, to look at things with eyes trained to use in twi-

light. On the other hand, it is not unreasonable to suppose that they may a little overrate what has been in fact a very wonderful discovery, or series of discoveries. I confess that when reading in good modern English the Assyrian story of the Creation or the Deluge, I have felt a certain relief, a sense of having a bit of firm ground under my

feet, when I have come to the statement that from here the tablets are missing, or some lines of the writing are so mutilated as to defy decipherment.

Foster. Like Sydney Smith's admiration for Macaulay's occasional flashes of silence. But I am sure you will be glad of more than a flash of silence after all this long talk.

Edward Strachey.

THE FORE-ROOM RUG.

DIADEMA, wife of Jot Bascom, was sitting at the window of the village watch-tower, so called because it commanded a view of nearly everything that happened in Pleasant River; those details escaping the physical eye being supplied by faith and imagination working in the light of past experience. She sat in the chair of honor, the chair of choice, the high-backed rocker by the southern window, in which her husband's mother, old Mrs. Bascom, had sat for thirty years, applying a still more powerful intellectual telescope to the doings of her neighbors. Diadema's seat had formerly been on the less desirable side of the little light-stand, where Priscilla Hollis was now installed.

Mrs. Bascom was at work on a new fore-room rug, the former one having been transferred to Miss Hollis's chamber; for, as the teacher at the brick schoolhouse, a graduate of a Massachusetts normal school, and the daughter of a deceased judge, she was a boarder of considerable consequence. It was a rainy Saturday afternoon, and the two women were alone. It was a pleasant, peaceful sitting-room, as neat as wax in every part. The floor was covered by a cheerful patriotic rag carpet woven entirely of red, white, and blue rags, and protected in various exposed localities by button rugs, — red, white, and blue disks superimposed one on the other.

Diadema Bascom was a person of some sentiment. When her old father, Captain Dennett, was dying, he drew a wallet from under his pillow, and handed her a twenty-dollar bill to get something to remember him by. This unwonted occurrence burned itself into the daughter's imagination, and when she came as a bride to the Bascom house she refurnished the sitting-room, as a kind of monument to the departed soldier, whose sword and musket were now tied to the wall with neatly hemmed bows of Turkey red cotton.

The chair cushions were of red-and-white glazed patch, the turkey wings that served as hearth brushes were hung against the white-painted chimney-piece with blue skirt braid, and the white shades were finished with home-made "scarlit tossels." A little whatnot in one corner was laden with the trophies of battle. The warrior's brass buttons were strung on a red picture cord and hung over his daguerreotype on the upper shelf; there was a tarnished shoulder strap, and a flattened bullet that the captain's jealous contemporaries swore *he* never stopped, unless he got it in the rear when he was flying from the foe. There was also a little tin canister in which a charge of powder had been sacredly preserved. The scoffers, again, said that "the cap'n put it in his musket

when he went into the war, and kep' it there till he come out." These objects were tastefully decorated with the national colors. In fact, no modern æsthete could have arranged a symbolic symphony of grief and glory with any more fidelity to an ideal than Diadema Bascom had felt in working out her scheme of red, white, and blue.

Rows of ripening tomatoes lay along the ledges of the windows, and a tortoiseshell cat snoozed on one of the broad sills. The tall clock in the corner ticked peacefully. Priscilla Hollis never tired of looking at the jolly red-cheeked moon, the group of stars on a blue ground, the trig little ship, the old house, and the jolly moon again, creeping one after another across the open space at the top.

Jot Bascom was out, as usual, gathering statistics of the last horse trade; little Jot was building "stickin'" houses in the barn; Priscilla was sewing long strips for braiding; while Diadema sat at the drawing-in frame, hook in hand, and a large basket of cut rags by her side.

Not many weeks before she had paid one of her periodical visits to the attic. No housekeeper in Pleasant River save Mrs. Jonathan Bascom would have thought of dusting a garret, washing the window and sweeping down the cobwebs once a month, and renewing the camphor bags in the chests twice a year; but notwithstanding this zealous care the moths had made their way into one of her treasure-houses, the most precious of all, — the old hair trunk that had belonged to her sister Lovice. Once ensconced there, they had eaten through its hoarded relics, and reduced the faded finery to a state best described by Diadema as "reg'lar riddlin' sieves." She had brought the tattered pile down into the kitchen, and had spent a tearful afternoon in cutting the good pieces from the perforated garments. Three heaped-up baskets and a full dish-pan were the result; and as she had snipped and cut and sorted, one of her sentimental projects

had entered her mind and taken complete possession there.

"I declare," she said, as she drew her hooking-needle in and out, "I would n't set in the room with some folks and work on these pieces; for every time I draw in a scrap of cloth Lovice comes up to me for all the world as if she was settin' on the sofy there. I 'ain't told you my plan, Miss Hollis, and there ain't many I shall tell; but this rug is going to be a kind of a hist'ry of my life and Lovey's wrought in together, just as we was bound up in one another when she was alive. Her things and mine was laid in one trunk, and the moths sha'n't cheat me out of 'em altogether. If I can't look at 'em wet Sundays, and shake 'em out, and have a good cry over 'em, I'll make 'em up into a kind of dumb show that will mean something to me, if it don't to anybody else.

"We was the youngest of thirteen, Lovey and I, and we was twins. There's never been more 'n half o' me left sence she died. We was born together, played and went to school together, got engaged and married together, and we all but died together, yet we war n't a mite alike. There was an old lady come to our house once that used to say, 'There's sister Nabby, now: she 'n' I ain't no more alike 'n if we war n't two; she's jest as dif'rent as I am t'other way.' Well, I know what I want to put into my rag story, Miss Hollis, but I don't hardly know how to begin."

Priscilla dropped her needle, and bent over the frame with interest.

"A spray of two roses in the centre, — there's the beginning; why, don't you see, dear Mrs. Bascom?"

"Course I do," said Diadema, diving to the bottom of the dish-pan. "I've got my start now, and don't you say a word for a minute. The two roses grow out of one stalk; they'll be Lovey and me, though I'm consid'able more like a potato blossom. The stalk's got to be green, and here is the very green silk

mother walked bride in, and Lovey and I had roundabouts of it afterwards. She had the chicken-pox when we was about four years old, and one of the first things I can remember is climbing up and looking over mother's footboard at Lovey, all speckled. Mother had let her slip on her new green roundabout over her nightgown, just to pacify her, and there she set playing with the kitten Reuben Granger had brought her. He was only ten years old then, but he'd begun courting Lovice.

"The Grangers' farm joined ours. They had eleven children, and mother and father had thirteen, and we was always playing together. Mother used to tell a funny story about that. We were all little young ones and looked pretty much alike, so she did n't take much notice of us in the daytime when we was running out 'n' in; but at night, when the turn-up bedstead in the kitchen was taken down and the trundle beds were full, she used to count us over, to see if we were all there. One night, when she'd counted thirteen and set down to her sewing, father come in and asked if Moses was all right, for one of the neighbors had seen him playing side of the river about supper time. Mother knew she'd counted us straight, but she went round with a candle to make sure. Now, Mr. Granger had a head as red as a shumach bush; and when she carried the candle close to the beds to take another tally, there was thirteen children, sure enough, but if there war n't a red-headed Granger right in amongst our little boys in the turn-up bedstead! While father set out on a hunt for our Moses, mother yanked the sleepy little red-headed Granger out o' the middle and took him home, and father found Moses asleep on a pile of shavings under the joiner's bench.

"They don't have such families nowadays. One time when measles went all over the village, they never came to us, and Jabe Slocum said there war n't enough measles to go through the Den-

nett family, so they did n't start in on 'em. There, I ain't going to finish the stalk; I'm going to draw in a little here and there all over the rug, while I'm in the sperit of plannin' it, and then it will be plain work of matching colors and filling out.

"You see the stalk is mother's dress, and the outside green of the moss roses is the same goods, only it's our roundabouts. I meant to make 'em red, when I marked the pattern, and then fill out round 'em with a light color; but now I ain't satisfied with anything but white, for nothing will do in the middle of the rug but our white wedding dresses. I shall have to fill in dark, then, or mixed. Well, that won't be out of the way, if it's going to be a true rag story; for Lovey's life went out altogether, and mine has n't been any too gay.

"I'll begin Lovey's rose first. She was the prettiest and the liveliest girl in the village, and she had more beaux than you could shake a stick at. I generally had to take what she left over. Reuben Granger was crazy about her from the time she was knee-high; but when he went away to Bangor to study for the ministry, the others had it all their own way. She was only seventeen; she had n't ever experienced religion, and she was mischeevous as a kitten.

"You remember you laughed, this morning, when Mr. Bascom told about Hogshead Jowett? Well, he used to want to keep company with Lovey; but she could n't abide him, and whenever he come to court her she clin' into a hog's-head, and hid till after he'd gone. The boys found it out, and used to call him 'Hogshead Jowett.' He was the biggest fool in Foxboro' Four Corners; and that's saying consid'able, for Foxboro' is famous for its fools, and always has been. There was thirteen of 'em there one year. They say a man come out from Portland, and when he got as fur as Foxboro' he kep' inquiring the way to Dunstan; and I declare if he did n't meet them thirteen

fools, one after another, standing in their front dooryards ready to answer questions. When he got to Dunstan, says he, 'For the Lord's sake, what kind of a village is it that I've just went through? Be they *all* fools there?'

"Hogshead was scairt to death whenever he come to see Lovice. One night, when he'd been there once, and she'd hid, as she always done, he come back a second time, and she went to the door, not mistrusting it was him. 'Did you forget anything?' says she, sparkling out at him through a little crack. He was all taken aback by seeing her, and he stammered out, 'Yes, I forgot my han'-k'chief; but it don't make no odds, for I did n't pay out but fifteen cents for it two year ago, and I don't make no use of it 'ceptins to wipe my nose on.' How we did laugh over that! Well, he had a conviction of sin pretty soon afterwards, and p'raps it helped his head some; at any rate, he quit farming, and become a Bullockite preacher.

"It seems odd, when Lovice war n't a perfessor herself, she should have drawed the most pious young men in the village, but she did: she had good Orthodox beaux, Free and Close Baptists, Millerites and Adventists, all on her string together; she even had one Cochranite, though the sect had mostly died out. But when Reuben Granger come home, a full-feathered-out minister, he seemed to strike her fancy as he never had before, though they were always good friends from children. He had light hair and blue eyes and fair skin (his business being under cover kep' him bleached out), and he and Lovey made the prettiest couple you ever see; for she was dark complected, and her cheeks no otherways than scarlit the whole durin' time. She had a change of heart that winter; in fact, she had two of 'em, for she changed hers for Reuben's, and found a hope at the same time. 'T was a good honest conversion, too, though she did say to me she was afraid that if Reuben had n't taught

her what love was or might be, she'd never have found out enough about it to love God as she'd ought to.

"There, I've begun both roses, and hers is 'bout finished. I sha'n't have more'n enough white alapaca. It's lucky the moths spared one breadth of the wedding dresses; we was married on the same day, you know, and dressed just alike. Jot war n't quite ready to be married, for he war n't any more forehanded 'bout that than he was 'bout other things; but I told him Lovey and I had kept up with each other from the start, and he'd got to fall into line or drop out o' the percession. Now what next?"

"Was n't there anybody at the wedding but you and Lovice?" asked Priscilla, with an amused smile.

"Land, yes! The meeting-house was cram jam full. Oh, to be sure! I know what you're driving at! Well, I have to laugh to think I should have forgot the husbands! They'll have to be worked into the story, certain; but it'll be consid'able of a chore, for I can't make flowers out of coat and pants stuff, and there ain't any more flowers on this branch, anyway."

Diadema sat for a few minutes in rapt thought, and then made a sudden inspired dash upstairs, where Miss Hollis presently heard her rummaging in an old chest. She soon came down, triumphant.

"War n't it a providence I saved Jot's and Reuben's wedding ties! And here they are, — one yellow and green mixed, and one brown. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to draw in a butterfly hovering over them two roses, and make it out of the neckties, — green with brown spots. That'll bring in the husbands; and land! I would n't have either of 'em know it for the world. I'll take a pattern of that lunar moth you pinned on the curtain yesterday."

Miss Hollis smiled in spite of herself. "You have some very ingenious ideas and some very pretty thoughts, Mrs. Bascom, do you know it?"

"It's the first time I ever heard tell of it," said Diadema cheerfully. "Lovey was the pretty-spoken, pretty-appearing one; I was always plain and practical. While I think of it, I'll draw in a little mite of this red into my carnation pink. It was a red scarf Reuben brought Lovey from Portland. It was the first thing he ever give her, and aunt Hitty said if one of the Abel Grangers give away anything that cost money, it meant business. That was all fol-de-rol, for there never was a more liberal husband, though he was a poor minister; but then they always *are* poor, without they're rich; there don't seem to be any halfway in ministers.

"We was both lucky that way. There ain't a stingy bone in Jot Bascom's body. He don't make much money, but what he does make goes into the bureau drawer, and the one that needs it most takes it out. He never asks me what I done with the last five cents he give me. You've never been married, Miss Hollis, and you ain't engaged, so you don't know much about it; but I tell you there's a heap o' foolishness talked about husbands. If you get the one you like yourself, I don't know as it matters if all the other women folks in town don't happen to like him as well as you do; they ain't called on to do that. They see the face he turns to them, not the one he turns to you. Jot ain't a very good provider, nor he ain't a man that's much use round a farm, but he's such a fav'rite I can't blame him. There's one thing: when he does come home he's got something to say, and he's always as lively as a cricket, and smiling as a basket of chips. I like a man that's good comp'ny, even if he ain't so forehanded. There ain't anything specially lovable about forehandedness, when you come to that. I should n't ever feel drawed to a man because he was on time with his work. He's got such pleasant ways, Jot has! The other afternoon he did n't get home early enough to milk; and after I done the two cows, I split

the kindling and brought in the wood, for I knew he'd want to go to the tavern and tell the boys 'bout the robbery up to Boylston. There ain't anybody but Jot in this village that has wit enough to find out what's going on, and tell it in an int'resting way round the tavern fire. And he can do it without being full of cider, too; he don't need any apple juice to limber *his* tongue!

"Well, when he come in, he see the pails of milk, and the full wood-box, and the supper laid out under the screen cloth on the kitchen table, and he come up to me at the sink, and says he, 'Diademy, you're the best wife in this county, and the brightest jewel in my crown,—that's what *you* are!' (He got that sentence out of a duet he sings with Almiry Berry.) Now I'd like to know whether that ain't pleasanter than 't is to have a man do all the shed 'n' barn work up smart, and then set round the stove looking as doleful as a last year's bird's-nest? Take my advice, Miss Hollis: get a good provider if you can, but anyhow try to find you a husband that'll keep on courting a little now and then, when he ain't too busy; it smooths things consid'able round the house.

"There, I got so int'rested in what I was saying, I've went on and finished the carnation, and some of the stem, too. Now what comes next? Why, the thing that happened next, of course, and that was little Jot.

"I'll work in a bud on my rose and one on Lovey's, and my bud'll be made of Jot's first trousers. The goods ain't very appropriate for a rosebud, but it'll be mostly covered with green on the outside, and it'll have to do, for the idee is the most important thing in this rug. When I put him into pants, I had n't any cloth in the house, and it was such bad going Jot could n't get to Wareham to buy me anything; so I made 'em out of an old gray cashmere skirt, and lined 'em with flannel."

"Buds are generally the same color

as the roses, are n't they?" ventured Priscilla.

"I don't care if they be," said Diadema obstinately. "What's to hender this bud's bein' grafted on? Mrs. Granger was as black as an Injun, but the little Granger children were all red-headed, for they took after their father. But I don't know; you've kind o' got me out o' conceit with it. I s'pose I could have taken a piece of his baby blanket; but the moths never et a mite o' that, and it's too good to cut up. There's one thing I can do: I can make the bud with a long stem, and have it growing right up alongside of mine, — would you?"

"No, it must be stalk of your stalk, bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh, so to speak. I agree with you, the idea is the first thing. Besides, the gray is a very light shade, and I dare say it will look like a bluish white."

"I'll try it and see; but I wish to the land the moths *had* et the pinning-blanket, and then I could have used it. Lovey worked the scallops on the aidge for me. My grief! what int'rest she took in my baby clothes! Little Jot was born at Thanksgiving time, and she come over from Skowhegan, where Reuben was settled pastor of his first church. I shall never forget them two weeks to the last day of my life. There was deep snow on the ground. I had that chamber there, with the door opening into this setting-room. Mother and father Bascom kep' out in the dining-room and kitchen, where the work was going on, and Lovey and the baby and me had the front part of the house to ourselves, with Jot coming in on tiptoe, heaping up wood in the fireplaces so 't he 'most roasted us out. (He don't forget his chores in time o' sickness.)

"I never took so much comfort in all my days. Jot got one of the Billings girls to come over and help in the housework, so 't I could lay easy's long as I wanted to; and I never had such a rest, before nor since. There ain't any

heaven in the book o' Revelations that's any better than them two weeks was. I used to lay quiet in my good feather bed, fingering the pattern of my best crochet quilt, and looking at the firelight shining on Lovey and the baby. She'd hardly leave him in the cradle a minute. When I did n't want him in bed with me, she'd have him in her lap. Babies are common enough to most folks, but Lovey was dif'rent. She'd never had any experience with children, either, for we was the youngest in our family; and it war n't long before we come near being the oldest, too, for mother buried seven of us before she went herself. Anyway, I never saw nobody else look as she done when she held my baby. I don't mean nothing blasphemious when I say 't was for all the world like your photograph of Mary, the mother of Jesus.

"The nights come in early, so it was 'most dark at four o'clock. The little chamber was so peaceful! I could hear Jot rattling the milk-pails, but I'd draw a deep breath o' comfort, for I knew the milk would be strained and set away without my stepping foot to the floor. Lovey used to set by the fire, with a tall candle on the light-stand behind her, and a little white knit cape over her shoulders. She had the pinkest cheeks, and the longest eyelashes, and a mouth like a little red buttonhole; and when she bent over the baby, and sung to him, — though his ears war n't open, I guess, for his eyes war n't, — the tears o' joy used to rain down my cheeks.

"'Oh, Diademy,' she'd say, 'you was always the best, and it's nothing more 'n right the baby should have come to you. P'r'aps God will think I'm good enough some time; and if he does, Diademy, I'll offer up a sacrifice every morning and every evening. But I'm afraid,' says she, 'he thinks I can't stand any more happiness, and be a faithful follower of the cross. The Bible says we've got to tread fiery ploughshares before we can enter the kingdom. I

don't hardly know how Reuben and I are going to get any to tread on; we're both so happy, they'd have to be consid'able hot before we took notice,' says she, with the dimples all breaking out in her cheeks.

"And that was true as gospel. She thought everything Reuben done was just right, and he thought everything she done was just right. There war n't nobody else; the world was all Reuben 'n' all Lovey to them. If you could have seen her when she was looking for him to come from Skowhegan! She used to watch at the attic window; and when she seen him at the foot of the hill, she'd up like a squirrel, and run down the road without stopping for anything but to throw a shawl over her head. And Reuben would ketch her up as if she was a child, and scold her for not putting a hat on, and take her under his coat coming up the hill. They was a sight for the neighbors, I must confess, but it war n't one you could hardly disapprove of, neither. Aunt Hitty said it was tempting Providence and could n't last, and God would visit his wrath on 'em for making idols of sinful human flesh.

"She was right one way, — it did n't last; but nobody can tell me God was punishing of 'em for being too happy. I guess he 'ain't got no objection to folks being happy here below, if they don't forget it ain't the whole story.

"Well, I must mark in a bud on Lovey's stalk now, and I'm going to make it of her baby's long white cloak. I earned the money for it myself, making coats, and put four yards of the finest cashmere into it; for three years after little Jot was born I went over to Skowhegan to help Lovey through her time o' trial. Time o' trial! I thought I was happy, but I did n't know how to be as happy as Lovey did; I war n't made on that pattern.

"When I first showed her the baby (it was a boy, same as mine), her eyes

shone like two evening stars. She held up her weak arms, and gathered the little bundle o' warm flannel into 'em; and when she got it close she shut her eyes and moved her lips, and I knew she was taking her lamb to the altar and off'ring it up as a sacrifice. Then Reuben come in. I seen him give one look at the two dark heads laying close together, and then go down on his knees by the side of the bed. 'T war n't no place for me; I went off, and left 'em together. We did n't mistrust it then, but they only had three days more of happiness, and I'm glad I give 'em every minute."

The room grew dusky as twilight stole gently over the hills of Pleasant River. Priscilla's lip trembled; Diadema's tears fell thick and fast on the white rosebud, and she had to keep wiping her eyes as she followed the pattern.

"I ain't said as much as this about it for five years," she went on, with a tell-tale quiver in her voice, "but now I've got going I can't stop. I'll have to get the weight out o' my heart somehow.

"Three days after I put Lovey's baby into her arms the Lord called her home. 'When I prayed so hard for this little new life, Reuben,' says she, holding the baby as if she could never let it go, 'I did n't think I'd got to give up my own in place of it; but it's the first fiery ploughshare we've had, dear, and though it burns to my feet I'll tread it as brave as I know how.'

"She did n't speak a word after that; she just faded away like a snowdrop, hour by hour. And Reuben and I stared one another in the face as if we was dead instead of her, and we went about that house o' mourning like sleep-walkers for days and days, not knowing whether we et or slept, or what we done.

"As for the baby, the poor little mite did n't live many hours after its mother, and we buried 'em together. Reuben and I knew what Lovey would have liked. She gave her life for the baby's, and it was a useless sacrifice, after all. No, it

war n't neither; it *could* n't have been! You need n't tell me God 'll let such sacrifices as that come out useless! But anyhow, we had one coffin for 'em both, and I opened Lovey's arms and laid the baby in 'em. As Reuben and I took our last look, we thought she seemed more 'n ever like Mary, the mother of Jesus. There never was another like her, and there never will be. 'Nonesuch,' Reuben used to call her."

There was silence in the room, broken only by the ticking of the old clock and the tinkle of a distant cowbell. Priscilla made an impetuous movement, flung herself down by the basket of rags, and buried her head in Diadema's gingham apron.

"Dear Mrs. Bascom, don't cry. I'm sorry, as the children say."

"No, I won't, more 'n a minute. Jot can't stand it to see me give way. You go and touch a match to the kitchen fire, so 't the kettle will be boiling, and I'll have a minute to myself. I don't know what the neighbors would think to ketch me crying over my drawing-in frame; but the spell's over now, or 'bout over, and when I can muster up courage I'll take the rest of the baby's cloak and put a border of white everlastings round the outside of the rug. It'll always mean the baby's birth and Lovey's death to me; but the flowers will remind me it's life everlasting for both of 'em, and so it's the most comforting end I can think of."

It was indeed a beautiful rug when it was finished and laid in front of the sofa in the fore-room. Diadema was very choice of it. When company was expected, she removed it from its accustomed place, and spread it in a corner of the room where no profane foot could possibly tread on it. Unexpected callers

were managed by a different method. If they seated themselves on the sofa, she would fear they did not "set easy" or "rest comfortable" there, and suggest their moving to the stuffed chair by the window. The neighbors thought this solicitude merely another sign of Diadema's "p'ison neatness," excusable in this case, as there was so much white in the new rug.

The fore-room blinds were ordinarily closed, and the chillness of death pervaded the sacred apartment; but on great occasions, when the sun was allowed to penetrate the thirty-two tiny panes of glass in each window, and a blaze was lighted in the fireplace, Miss Hollis would look in as she went upstairs, and muse a moment over the pathetic little romance of rags, the story of two lives worked into a bouquet of old-fashioned posies, whose gay tints were brought out by a setting of sombre threads. Existence had gone so quietly in this remote corner of the world that all its important events, babyhood, childhood, betrothal, marriage, motherhood, with all their mysteries of love and life and death, were chronicled in this narrow space not two yards square.

Diadema came in behind the little school-teacher one afternoon.

"I cal'late," she said, "that being kep' in a dark room, and never being tread on, it will last longer 'n I do. If it does, Priscilla, you know that white crape shawl of mine I wear to meeting hot Sundays: that would make a second row of everlastings round the border. You could piece out the linings good and smooth on the under side, draw in the white flowers, and fill 'em round with black to set 'em off. The rug would be han'somer than ever then, and the story — would be finished."

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

ON THE UPPER ST. JOHN'S.

THE city of Sanford is a beautiful and interesting place, I hope, to those who live in it. To the Florida tourist it is important as lying at the head of steamboat navigation on the St. John's River, which here expands into a lake — Lake Monroe — some five miles in width, with Sanford on one side, and Enterprise on the other; or, as a waggish traveler once expressed it, with Enterprise on the north, and Sanford and enterprise on the south.

Walking naturalists and lovers of things natural have their own point of view, individual, unconventional, whimsical, if you please, — very different, at all events, from that of clearer-witted and more serious-minded men; and the inhabitants of Sanford will doubtless take it as a compliment, and be amused rather than annoyed, when I confess that I found their city a discouragement, a widespread desolation of houses and shops. If there is a pleasant country road leading out of it in any direction, I was unlucky enough to miss it. My melancholy condition was hit off before my eyes in a parable, as it were, by a crowd of young fellows, black and white, whom I found one afternoon in a sandlot just outside the city, engaged in what was intended for a game of baseball. They were doing their best, — certainly they made noise enough; but circumstances were against them. When the ball came to the ground, from no matter what height or with what impetus, it fell dead in the sand; if it had been made of solid rubber, it could not have rebounded. "Base-running" was little better than base-walking. "Sliding" was safe, but, by the same token, impossible. Worse yet, at every "foul strike" or "wild throw" the ball was lost, and the barefooted fielders had to pick their way painfully about in the outlying saw-

palmetto scrub till they found it. I had never seen our "national game" played under conditions so untoward. None but true patriots would have the heart to try it, I thought, and I meditated writing to Washington, where the quadrennial purification of the civil service was just then in progress, — under a new broom, — to secure, if possible, a few bits of recognition ("plums" is the technical term, I believe) for men so deserving. The first baseman, certainly, who had oftenest to wade into the scrub, should have received a consulate, at the very least. Yet they were a merry crew, those national gamesters. Their patriotism was of the noblest type, — the unconscious. They had no thought of being heroes, nor dreamed of bounties or pensions. They quarreled with the umpire, of course, but not with Fate; and I hope I profited by their example. My errand in Sanford was to see something of the river in its narrower and better part; and having done that, I did not regret what otherwise might have seemed a profitless week.

First, however, I walked about the city. Here, as already at St. Augustine, and afterward at Tallahassee, I found the mocking-birds in free song. They are birds of the town. And the same is true of the loggerhead shrikes, a pair of which had built a nest in a small water-oak at the edge of the sidewalk, on a street corner, just beyond the reach of passers-by. In the roadside trees — all freshly planted, like the city — were myrtle warblers, prairie warblers, and blue yellowbacks, the two latter in song. Once, after a shower, I watched a myrtle bird bathing on a branch among the wet leaves. The street gutters were running with sulphur water, but he had waited for rain. I commended his taste, being myself one of those to whom

water and brimstone is a combination as malodorous as it seems unscriptural. Noisy boat-tailed grackles, or "jack-daws," were plentiful about the lakeside, monstrously long in the tail, and almost as large as the fish-crows, which were often there with them. Over the broad lake swept purple martins and white-breasted swallows, and nearer the shore fed peacefully a few pied-billed grebes, or dabchicks, birds that I had seen only two or three times before, and at which I looked more than once before I made out what they were. They had every appearance of passing a winter of content. At the tops of three or four stakes, which stood above the water at wide intervals, — and at long distances from the shore, — sat commonly as many cormorants, here, as everywhere, with plenty of idle time upon their hands. On the other side of the city were orange groves, large, well kept, thrifty looking; the fruit still on the trees (March 20, or thereabouts), or lying in heaps underneath, ready for the boxes. One man's house, I remember, was surrounded by a fence overrun with Cherokee rose bushes, a full quarter of a mile of white blossoms.

My best botanical stroll was along one of the railroads (Sanford is a "railway centre," so called), through a dreary sand waste. Here I picked a goodly number of novelties, including what looked like a beautiful pink chicory, only the plant itself was much prettier (*Lygodesmia*); a very curious sensitive-leaved plant (*Schrankia*), densely beset throughout with curved prickles, and bearing globes of tiny pink-purple flowers; a calopogon, quite as pretty as our Northern *pulchellus*; a clematis (*Baldwinii*), which looked more like a blue-bell than a clematis till I commenced pulling it to pieces; and a great profusion of one of the smaller papaws, or custard-apples, a low shrub, just then full of large, odd-shaped, creamy-white, heavy-scented blossoms. I was carrying a

sprig of it in my hand when I met a negro. "What is this?" I asked. "I dunno, sir." "Is n't it papaw?" "No, sir, that ain't papaw;" and then, as if he had just remembered something, he added, "That's dog banana."

Often more than anywhere else I resorted to the shore of the lake, — to the one small part of it, that is to say, which was at the same time easily reached and comparatively unfrequented. There — going one day farther than usual — I found myself in the borderland of a cypress swamp. On one side was the lake, but between me and it were cypress-trees; and on the other side was the swamp itself, a dense wood growing in stagnant black water covered here and there with duckweed or some similar growth: a frightful place it seemed, the very abode of snakes and everything evil. Stories of slaves hiding in cypress swamps came into my mind. It must have been cruel treatment that drove them to it! Buzzards flew about my head, and looked at me. "He has come here to die," I imagined them saying among themselves. "No one comes here for anything else. Wait a little, and we will pick his bones." They perched near by, and, not to lose time, employed the interval in drying their wings, for the night had been showery. Once in a while one of them shifted his perch with an ominous rustle. They were waiting for me, and were becoming impatient. "He is long about it," one said to another; and I did not wonder. The place seemed one from which none who entered it could ever go out; and there was no going farther in without plunging into that horrible mire. I stood still, and looked and listened. Some strange noise, "bird or devil," came from the depths of the wood. A flock of grackles settled in a tall cypress, and for a time made the place loud. How still it was after they were gone! I could hardly withdraw my gaze from the green water full of slimy black roots and

branches, any one of which might suddenly lift its head and open its deadly white mouth! Once a fish-hawk fell to screaming farther down the lake. I had seen him the day before, standing on the rim of his huge nest in the top of a tree, and uttering the same cries. All about me gigantic cypresses rose straight and branchless into the air. Dead trees, one might have said, — light-colored, apparently with no bark to cover them; but if I looked up, I saw that each bore at the top a scanty head of branches just now putting forth fresh green leaves. Long funeral streamers of dark Spanish moss hung thickly from every bough. All the trunks were swollen enormously at the base, and among the tall living trees was a wilderness of conical stumps, — cypress mummies.

I am not sure how long I could have stayed in such a spot, if I had not been able to look now and then through the branches of the under-woods out upon the sunny lake. Swallows innumerable were playing over the water, many of them soaring so high as to be all but invisible. Wise and happy birds, lovers of sunlight and air. *They* would never be found in a cypress swamp. Along the shore, in a weedy shallow, the peaceful dabchicks were feeding. Far off on a point toward the middle of the lake stood a cormorant. But I could not keep my eyes long at once in that direction. The dismal swamp had me under its spell, and meanwhile the patient buzzards looked at me. "It is almost time," they said; "the fever will do its work," — and I began to believe it. It was too bad to come away; the stupid town offered no attraction; but it seemed perilous to remain. Perhaps I *could* not come away. I would try it and see. It was amazing that I could; and no sooner was I out in the sunshine than I wished I had stayed where I was; for having once left the place, I was never likely to find it again. The way was plain enough, to be sure, and my

feet would no doubt serve me. But the feet cannot do the mind's part, and it is a sad fact, one of the saddest in life, that sensations cannot be repeated.

With the fascination of the swamp still upon me, I heard somewhere in the distance a musical voice, and soon came in sight of a garden where a middle-aged negro was hoeing, — hoeing and singing: a wild, minor, endless kind of tune; a hymn, as seemed likely from a word caught here and there; a true piece of natural melody, as artless as any bird's. I walked slowly to get more of it, and the happy-sad singer minded me not, but kept on with his hoe and his song. Potatoes or corn, whatever his crop may have been, — I did not notice, or, if I did, I have forgotten, — it should have prospered under his hand.

Farther along, in the highway, — a sandy track, with wastes of scrub on either side, — a boy of eight or nine, armed with a double-barreled gun, was lingering about a patch of dwarf oaks and palmettos. "Have n't got that rabbit yet, eh?" said I. (I had passed him there on my way out, and he had told me what he was after.) "No, sir," he answered. "I don't believe there's any rabbit there." "Yes, there is, sir; I saw one a little while ago, but he got away before I could get pretty near." "Good!" I thought. "Here is a grammarian. Not one boy in ten in this country but would have said 'I seen.'" A scholar like this was worth talking with. "Are there many rabbits here?" I asked. "Yes, sir, there's a good deal." And so, by easy mental stages, I was clear of the swamp and back in the town, — saved from the horrible, and delivered to the commonplace and the dreary.

My best days in Sanford were two that I spent on the river above the lake. A youthful boatman, expert alike with the oar and the gun, served me faithfully and well, impossible as it was for him to enter fully into the spirit of a man

who wanted to look at birds, but not to kill them. I think he had never before seen a customer of that breed. First he rowed me up the "creek," under promise to show me alligators, moccasins, and no lack of birds, including the especially desired purple gallinule. The snakes were somehow missing (a loss not irreparable), and so were the purple gallinules; for them, the boy thought, it was still rather early in the season, although he had killed one a few days before, and for proof had brought me a wing. But as we were skirting along the shore I suddenly called "Hist!" An alligator lay on the bank just before us. The boy turned his head, and instantly was all excitement. It was a big fellow, he said, — one of three big ones that inhabited the creek. He would get him this time. "Are you sure?" I asked. "Oh yes, I'll blow the top of his head off." He was loaded for gallinules, and I, being no sportsman, and never having seen an alligator before, was some shades less confident. But it was his game, and I left him to his way. He pulled the boat noiselessly against the bank in the shelter of tall reeds, put down the oars, with which he could almost have touched the alligator, and took up his gun. At that moment the creature got wind of us, and slipped incontinently into the water, not a little to my relief. One live alligator is worth a dozen dead ones, to my thinking. He showed his back above the surface of the stream for a moment shortly afterward, and then disappeared for good.

Ornithologically, the creek was a disappointment. We pushed into one bay after another, among the dense "bonnets," — huge leaves of the common yellow pond lily, — but found nothing that I had not seen before. Here and there a Florida gallinule put up its head among the leaves, or took flight as we pressed too closely upon it; but I saw them to no advantage, and with a single exception they were dumb. One bird,

as it dashed into the rushes, uttered two or three cries that sounded familiar. The Florida gallinule is in general pretty silent, I think; but he has a noisy season; then he is indeed noisy enough. A swamp containing a single pair might be supposed to be populous with barnyard fowls, the fellow keeps up such a clatter: now loud and terror-stricken, "like a hen whose head is just going to be cut off," as a friend once expressed it; then soft and full of content, as if the aforesaid hen had laid an egg ten minutes before, and were still felicitating herself upon the achievement. It was vexatious that here, in the very home of Florida gallinules, I should see and hear less of them than I had more than once done in Massachusetts, where they are esteemed a pretty choice rarity, and where, in spite of what I suppose must be called exceptional good luck, my acquaintance with them had been limited to perhaps half a dozen birds. But in affairs of this kind a direct chase is seldom the best rewarded. At one point the boatman pulled up to a thicket of small willows, bidding me be prepared to see birds in enormous numbers; but we found only a small company of night herons — evidently breeding there — and a green heron. The latter my boy shot before I knew what he was doing. He took my reproof in good part, protesting that he had had only a glimpse of the bird, and had taken it for a possible gallinule. In the course of the trip we saw, besides the species already named, great blue and little blue herons, pied-billed grebes, coots, cormorants, a flock of small sandpipers (on the wing), buzzards, vultures, fish-hawks, and innumerable red-winged blackbirds.

Three days afterward we went up the river. At the upper end of the lake were many white-billed coots (*Fulica americana*); so many that we did our best to count them as they rose, flock after flock, dragging their feet over the water behind them with a multitudinous

splashing noise. There were a thousand, at least. They had an air of being not so very shy, but they were nobody's fools. "See there!" my boy would exclaim, as a hundred or two of them dashed past the boat; "see how they keep just out of range!"

We were hardly on the river itself before he fell into a state of something like frenzy at the sight of an otter swimming before us, showing its head, and then diving. He made after it in hot haste, and fired I know not how many times, but all for nothing. He had killed several before now, he said, but had never been obliged to chase one in this fashion. Perhaps there was a Jonah in the ship; for though I sympathized with the boy, I sympathized also, and still more warmly, with the otter. It acted as if life were dear to it, and for aught I knew it had as good a right to live as either the boy or I.

No such qualms disturbed me a few minutes later, when, as the boat was grazing the reeds, I espied just ahead a snake lying in wait among them. I gave the alarm, and the boy looked round. "Yes," he said, "a big one, a moccasin, — a cotton-mouth; but I'll fix him." He pulled a stroke or two nearer, then lifted his oar and brought it down splash; but the reeds broke the blow, and the moccasin slipped into the water, apparently unharmed. That was a case for powder and shot. Florida people have a poor opinion of a man who meets a venomous snake, no matter where, without doing his best to kill it. How strong the feeling is my boatman gave me proof within ten minutes after his failure with the cotton-mouth. He had pulled out into the middle of the river, when I noticed a beautiful snake, short and rather stout, lying coiled up on the water. Whether it was an optical illusion I cannot say, but it seemed to me that the creature lay entirely above the surface, — as if it had been an inflated skin rather than a live snake. We

passed close by it, but it made no offer to move, only darting out its tongue as the boat slipped past. I spoke to the boy, who at once ceased rowing. "I think I must go back and kill that fellow," he said. "Why so?" I asked, with surprise, for I had looked upon it simply as a curiosity. "Oh, I don't like to see it live. It's the poisonousest snake there is." As he spoke he turned the boat; but the snake saved him further trouble, for just then it uncoiled and swam directly toward us, as if it meant to come aboard. "Oh, you're coming this way, are you?" said the boy sarcastically. "Well, come on!" The snake came on, and when it got well within range he took up his fishing-rod (with hooks at the end for drawing game out of the reeds and bonnets), and the next moment the snake lay dead upon the water. He slipped the end of the pole under it and slung it ashore. "There! how do you like that?" said he, and he headed the boat up-stream again. It was a "copper-bellied moccasin," he declared, whatever that may be, and was worse than a rattlesnake.

On the river, as in the creek, we were continually exploring bays and inlets, each with its promising patch of bonnets. Nearly every such place contained at least one Florida gallinule; but where were the "purples" about which we kept talking, — the "royal purples," concerning whose beauty my boy was so eloquent? "They are not common yet," he would say. "By and by they will be as thick as Floridas are now." "But don't they stay here all winter?" "No, sir; not the purples." "Are you certain about that?" "Oh yes, sir. I have hunted this river too much. They could n't be here in the winter without my knowing it." I wondered whether he could be right, or partly right, notwithstanding the book statements to the contrary. I notice that Mr. Chapman, writing of his experiences with this bird at Gainesville, says, "None were seen

until May 25, when, in a part of the lake before unvisited, — a mass of floating islands and 'bonnets,' — I found them not uncommon." The boy's assertions may be worth recording, at any rate.

In one place he fired suddenly, and as he put down the gun he exclaimed, "There! I'll bet I've shot a bird you never saw before. It had a bill as long as that," with one finger laid crosswise upon another. He hauled the prize into the boat, and sure enough, it was a novelty, — a king rail, new to both of us. We had gone a little farther, and were passing a prairie, on which were pools of water where the boy said he had often seen large flocks of white ibises feeding (there were none there now, alas, though we crept up with all cautiousness to peep over the bank), when all at once I descried some sharp-winged, strange-looking bird over our heads. It showed sidewise at the moment, but an instant later it turned, and I saw its long forked tail, and almost in the same breath its white head. A fork-tailed kite! and purple gallinules were for the time forgotten. It was performing the most graceful evolutions, swooping halfway to the earth from a great height, and then sweeping upward again. Another minute, and I saw a second bird, farther away. I watched the nearer one till it faded from sight, soaring and swooping by turns, — its long, scissors-shaped tail all the while fully spread, — but never coming down, as its habit is said to be, to skim over the surface of the water. There is nothing more beautiful on wings, I believe: a large hawk, with a swallow's grace of form, color, and motion. I saw it once more (four birds) over the St. Mark's River, and counted the sight one of the chief rewards of my Southern winter.

At noon we rested and ate our luncheon in the shade of three or four tall palmetto-trees standing by themselves on a broad prairie, a place brightened by beds of blue iris and stretches of golden

senecio, — homelike as well as pretty, both of them. Then we set out again. The day was intensely hot (March 24), and my oarsman was more than half sick with a sudden cold. I begged him to take things easily, but he soon experienced an almost miraculous renewal of his forces. In one of the first of our after-dinner bonnet patches, he seized his gun, fired, and began to shout, "A purple! a purple!" He drew the bird in, as proud as a prince. "There, sir!" he said; "did n't I tell you it was handsome? It has every color there is." And indeed it was handsome, worthy to be called the "Sultana;" with the most exquisite iridescent bluish-purple plumage, the legs yellow, or greenish-yellow (a point by which it may be distinguished from the Florida gallinule, as the bird flies from you), the bill red tipped with pale green, and the shield (on the forehead, like a continuation of the upper mandible) light blue, of a peculiar shade, "just as if it had been painted." From that moment the boy was a new creature. Again and again he spoke of his altered feelings. He could pull the boat now anywhere I wanted to go. He was perfectly fresh, he declared, although I thought he had already done a pretty good day's work under that scorching sun. I had not imagined how deeply his heart was set upon showing me the bird I was after. It made me twice as glad to see it, dead though it was.

Within an hour, on our way homeward, we came upon another. It sprang out of the lily pads, and sped toward the tall grass of the shore. "Look! look! a purple!" the boy cried. "See his yellow legs!" Instinctively he raised his gun, but I said No. It would be inexcusable to shoot a second one; and besides, we were at that moment approaching a bird about which I felt a stronger curiosity, — a snake-bird, or water-turkey, sitting in a willow shrub at the further end of the bay. "Pull me as near it as it will let us come," I said. "I want to see as much of it as

possible." At every rod or two I stopped the boat and put up my glasses, till we were within perhaps sixty feet of the bird. Then it took wing, but instead of flying away went sweeping about us. On getting round to the willows again it made as if it would alight, uttering at the same time some faint ejaculations, like "ah! ah! ah!" but it kept on for a second sweep of the circle. Then it perched in its old place, but faced us a little less directly, so that I could see the beautiful silver tracery of its wings, like the finest of embroidery, as I thought. After we had eyed it for some minutes we suddenly perceived a second bird, ten feet or so from it, in full sight. Where it came from, or how it got there, I have no idea. Our first bird kept his bill parted, as if in distress; a peculiar action, which probably had some connection with the other bird's presence, although the two paid no attention to each other so far as we could make out. When we had watched them as long as we pleased, I told the boy to pull the boat forward till they rose. We got within thirty feet, I think. At that point they took flight, and, side by side, went soaring into the air, now flapping their wings, now scaling in unison. It was beautiful to see. As they sat in the willows and gazed about, their long necks were sometimes twisted like corkscrews, — or so they looked, at all events.

The water-turkey is one of the very oddest of birds. I am not likely to forget the impression made upon me by the first one I saw. It was standing on a prostrate log, but rose as I drew near, and, to my surprise, mounted to a prodigious elevation, where for a long time it remained, sailing round and round with all the grace of a hen-hawk or an eagle. Its neck and head were tenuous almost beyond belief, — like a knitting-needle, I kept repeating to myself. Its tail, too, shaped like a narrow wedge, was unconscionably long; and as the bird showed against the sky, I could think of

nothing but an animated sign of addition. A better man — the Emperor Constantine, shall we say? — might have seen in it a nobler symbol.

While we were loitering down the river, later in the afternoon, an eagle made its appearance far overhead, the first one of the day. The boy, for some reason, refused to believe that it was an eagle. Nothing but a sight of its white head and tail through the glass could convince him. (The perfectly square *set* of the wings as the bird sails is a pretty strong mark, at no matter what distance.) Presently an osprey, not far from us, with a fish in his claws, set up a violent screaming. "It is because he has caught a fish," said the boy; "he is calling his mate." "No," said I, "it is because the eagle is after him. Wait a bit." In fact, the eagle was already in pursuit, and the hawk, as he always does, had begun struggling upward with all his might. That is the fish-hawk's way of appealing to Heaven against his oppressor. He was safe for that time. Three negroes, shad-fishers, were just beyond us (we had seen them there in the morning, wading about the river setting their nets), and at the sight of them and of us, I have no doubt, the eagle turned away. The boy was not peculiar in his notion about the osprey's scream. Some one else had told me that the bird always screamed after catching a fish. But I knew better, having seen him catch a hundred, more or less, without uttering a sound. The safe rule, in such cases, is to listen to all you hear, and believe it — after you have verified it for yourself.

It was while we were discussing this question, I think, that the boy opened his heart to me about my methods of study. He had looked through the glass now and then, and of course had been astonished at its power. "Why," he said finally, "I never had any idea it could be so much fun just to look at birds in the way you do!" I liked the

turn of his phrase. It seemed to say, "Yes, I begin to see through it. We are in the same boat. This that you call study is only another kind of sport." I could have shaken hands with him but that he had the oars. Who does not love to be flattered by an ingenuous boy?

All in all, the day had been one to be remembered. In addition to the birds already named — three of them new to me — we had seen great blue herons, little blue herons, Louisiana herons, night herons, cormorants, pied-billed grebes, kingfishers, red-winged blackbirds, boat-tailed grackles, redpoll and myrtle warblers, savanna sparrows, tree swallows, purple martins, a few meadow larks, and the ubiquitous turkey buzzard. The boat-tails abounded along the river banks, and, with their tameness and their ridiculous outeries, kept us amused whenever there was nothing else to absorb our attention. The prairie lands through which the river meanders proved to be surprisingly dry and passable (the water being unusually low, the boy said), with many cattle pastured upon them. Here we found the savanna sparrows; here, too, the meadow larks were singing.

It was a hard pull across the rough lake against the wind (a dangerous sheet of water for flat-bottomed rowboats, I was told afterward), but the boy was equal to it, protesting that he didn't feel tired a bit, now we had got the "purples;" and if he did not catch the fever from drinking some quarts of river water (a big bottle of coffee having proved to be only a drop in the bucket), against my urgent remonstrances and his own judgment, I am sure he looks back upon the labor as on the whole well spent. He was going North in the spring, he told me. May joy be with him wherever he is!

The next morning I took the steamer down the river to Blue Spring, a distance of some thirty miles, on my way back to New Smyrna, to a place where there were accessible woods, a beach,

and, not least, a daily sea breeze. The river in that part of its course is comfortably narrow, — a great advantage, — winding through cypress swamps, hammock woods, stretches of prairie, and in one place a pine barren; an interesting and in many ways beautiful country, but so unwholesome looking as to lose much of its attractiveness. Three or four large alligators lay sunning themselves in the most obliging manner upon the banks, here one and there one, to the vociferous delight of the passengers, who ran from one side of the deck to the other, as the captain shouted and pointed. One, he told us, was thirteen feet long, the largest in the river. Each appeared to have its own well-worn sunning-spot, and all, I believe, kept their places, as if the passing of the big steamer — almost too big for the river at some of the sharper turns — had come to seem a commonplace event. Herons in the usual variety were seen, with ospreys, an eagle, kingfishers, ground doves, Carolina doves, blackbirds (red-wings and boat-tails), tree swallows, purple martins, and a single wild turkey, the first one I had ever seen. It was near the bank of the river, on a bushy prairie, fully exposed, and crouched as the steamer passed. Blue yellow-backed warblers were singing here and there, and I retain a particular remembrance of one bluebird that warbled to us from the pine woods. The captain told me, somewhat to my surprise, that he had seen two flocks of paroquets during the winter (they had been very abundant along the river within his time, he said), but for me there was no such fortune. One bird, soaring in company with a buzzard at a most extraordinary height just over the river, greatly excited my curiosity. The captain declared that it must be a great blue heron; but he had never seen one thus engaged, nor, so far as I can learn, has any one else ever done so. Its upper parts seemed to be mostly white, and I can only sur-

mise that it may have been a sandhill crane, a bird which is said to have such a habit.

As I left the boat I had a little experience of the seamy side of Southern travel; nothing to be angry about, perhaps, but annoying, nevertheless, on a hot day. I surrendered my check to the purser of the boat, and the deck hands put my trunk upon the landing at Blue Spring. But there was no one there to receive it, and the station was locked. We had missed the noon train, with which we were advertised to connect, by so many hours that I had ceased to think about it. Finally, a negro, one of several who were fishing thereabouts, advised me to go "up to the house," which he pointed out behind some woods, and see the agent. This I did, and the agent, in turn, advised me to walk up the track to the "Junction," and be sure to tell the conductor, when the evening train arrived, as it probably would do some hours later, that I had a trunk at the landing. Otherwise the train would not run down to the river, and my baggage would lie there till Monday. He would go down presently and put it under cover. Happily, he fulfilled his promise, for it was already beginning to thunder, and soon it rained in torrents, with a cold wind that made the hot weather all at once a thing of the past.

It was a long wait in the dreary little station; or rather it would have been, had not the tedium of it been relieved by the presence of a newly married couple, whose honeymoon was just then at the full. Their delight in each other was exuberant, effervescent, beatific, — what shall I say? — quite beyond veiling or restraint. At first I bestowed upon them sidewise and cornerwise glances only, hiding bashfully behind my spectacles, as it were, and pretending to see nothing; but I soon perceived that I was to them of no more consequence than a fly on the wall. If they saw me, which sometimes seemed doubtful, — for love is blind, — they evidently thought me too sensible, or too old, to mind a little billing and cooing. And they were right in their opinion. What was I in Florida for, if not for the study of natural history? And truly, I have seldom seen birds less sophisticated, less troubled with that uncomfortable knowledge of good and evil which is commonly understood to have resulted from the eating of forbidden fruit, and which among prudish people goes by the name of modesty. It was refreshing. Charles Lamb himself would have enjoyed it, and, I should hope, would have added some qualifying footnotes to a certain unamiable essay of his concerning the behavior of married people.

Bradford Torrey.

IS THE MUSICAL IDEA MASCULINE?

SOME years ago, an American girl married a composer who at that time was known on both sides of the Atlantic, who is known to-day all over the world. A certain great mercantile man, an acquaintance of the bride, heard of her marriage with scorn bordering on disgust. "*A composer!*" said he, and shook his big business head over the hopelessness of her

lot. Had she chosen a milliner or a dress-maker, her fate could not have been worse, nor so bad; the successful ladies' tailor must have high practical qualities as well as an artist's eye. And yet this mercantile man was not all a Philistine; he could sometimes listen to music, provided it was not too modern, and he read Homer for relaxation.

In the practical business world generally music has not been reckoned one of the manly arts. The composer is only a part of a man; a very charming part, perhaps, but at the best only a poor sort of poet, a maker of empty sounds; nothing more. Music is all very well, one of the necessary luxuries of mankind, — chiefly of womankind; it must needs be that music exist, but woe unto them by whom it exists! (And truly, for the most part it has been woe to them. If the blood of martyrs was the seed of the Church, the woes of composers may be said to have been the seed of all that is great in the House of Sweet Sounds.) Yet music is acknowledged, even by our scornful merchant, to be one of the fine arts. This being so, the artists — those worthy the name — deserve consideration, if not social recognition. And who are the artists? *Men*, not women. Never women, though there is, indeed, a list of nearly fifty women who have written music of sufficient importance to deserve record. But who knows their work? A few song-writers, like Virginia Gabriel, have won a well-merited fame, yet not one of these has given us a melody, the lowest form of music, which has caught and clung, and which promises to live forever. For the rest, — composers of sonatas, concertos, operas, and overtures, — their names, if mentioned, would be unrecognized by the larger part of the musical world. Even Fanny Mendelssohn, perhaps the best known of all, who in her short day gained a certain success with songs and piano music, is not only accorded no separate mention in the musical encyclopædias, but is not spoken of therein as a composer. It is said that some of the Songs Without Words, now attributed to her brother Felix, were written by her; yet supposing that the very choicest numbers in that charming collection were proved to be hers, she could hardly on that account claim the title of great composer.

No, women have not produced great

music, not even remarkably good music. What is the reason? When it is asked, in regard to other matters, why women have accomplished so little, the question is promptly answered by saying that they have not been given the opportunity, or that opportunity has not as yet been theirs long enough to show their full capabilities. But this reply will not serve for the present case. If there is one thing, outside of household affairs, the pursuit of which has been permitted to woman in all ages, that thing is music. Whatever else was denied her, this was granted. The lute was put into her hands many centuries before the pen, and musical notation must have been familiar to her while book knowledge yet remained an unknown province.

Moreover, since music — and let it be understood that by music is here meant the musical thought or idea, not the expression of it by harmonic symbols, nor the interpretation of it by voice or instrument — since music has for its sphere the emotions, which sphere is claimed to be also especially woman's, the wonder redoubles that an art so feminine in its essence should have found in her no supereminent exponent. If ever a woman had been born with a true creative musical genius, it seems reasonable to suppose that she would have evinced it; and to those who consider the subject for the first time, the fact that she has not done so seems inexplicable. For this gift develops spontaneously, nor is a liberal education required for its highest fruition. Few of the great composers, not one of the very greatest, had any education to speak of, being born and reared in poverty and obscurity.

The musical idea is more persistent than the poetical, even: the latter is easily stunted, crushed, or blighted; the former will struggle forth and live and grow and flourish without encouragement, as the pine-tree grows strong and tall amid rock crevices, often with less earth about its roots than goes to nourish the com-

monest garden plant. Its name is precocity; it waits not for the full growth of other powers, but is born full fledged and coeval with the soul. It is, as Schopenhauer said, "itself the idea of the world; not an image of the ideas, as the other arts are, but an image of the will itself." Hence it needs no help from phenomena; outward knowledges are not its models; "Godlike, it sees the heart only."

What did the baby Mozart know when, at five years, he brought to his amazed father a concerto "too difficult to be played"? God whispered him something in the ear, and he wrote it down. Why did not God whisper something in his sister's ear? She, too, could have written it down as well as her brother Wolfgang. Would the father have refused to look at her work because it was a girl's? Doubtless not, for she was very accomplished in the performance of music, and made grand concert tours with her little brother.

When excuse is demanded for woman's artistic or scientific deficiencies, it is customary to urge marriage, motherhood, and the cares of domestic life as tending to quench her creative fires. And they certainly have this tendency, though they did not interfere with the production of Uncle Tom's Cabin, nor prevent Mary Somerville from becoming adept in the most abstruse mathematical science. Besides, of late years, among civilized nations, the marriageable age has been considerably set forward; and, moreover, marriage itself has not been regarded as an absolute necessity for women. Why, among the thousands of unmarried girls of leisure and education, has no musical genius even approaching the first rank arisen? I answer, that because woman, as the lesser man, is comparatively deficient in active emotional force, she cannot for this reason produce that which, at its best, is the highest and strongest of all modes of emotional expression; part, at least, of which sentiment has, I am

aware, a rather old-timey flavor in these days of the *Emancipirte Frauenzimmer*, of girl athletes, of senior wrangleresses and the triumphant petticoats of Harvard Annex. Woman has of late fallen into the way of posing as the greater man, and people are found everywhere who believe her capable of anything she may be allowed to try her head or hands at; insomuch that rumors are already on the wing to the effect that "envious men" are bethinking themselves, as in "antique times," how to

"Coin straight laws to curb her liberty."

One runs the risk of trial as a heretic who dares, in this year of grace, so much as to hint at an inequality in the sexes.

But "lesser" does not of necessity mean "lower." It may have reference to quality rather than to quantity; nor in this sense need it be taken to mean "poorer," as linen lawn, though so slight a thing in comparison with canvas, cannot be said to be poorer than it. There are very high purposes which require the lesser instruments for their execution. Can the circular saw do the work of the plane or the chisel? Is the lancet less noble than the sword or the battle-axe? And — though this is outside of the argument — is there any eternal reason why woman should enter every one of the lists set up for man, and why she should be expected to come out of them all peer, if not conqueror?

But there are, perhaps, many who are willing to admit more than is here asked for as to the secondary position of woman in the scheme of the universe, who will at once scout the assertion regarding her emotional inferiority. If she is not emotional, it will be asked, who then is? The answer has already been hinted at: man is. Man, not woman, is the emotional being *par excellence*. And heaping heterodoxy on heterodoxy, I will still further assert that, so far as musical composition goes, woman is better equipped intellectually than emotionally.

She can master the exact science of harmony, thorough bass, counterpoint and all; but, as somebody said of a wonderful German girl who spoke fluently in seven languages, "she can't say anything worth listening to in any one of them." And this is because of a certain lack in her emotional nature.

The ready-made opinion of the world is flat against this view; almost every one will, at first blush, dispute it. But I believe the opposite view to be a fallacy, founded upon a popular and erroneous idea of the term "emotion." Much of what passes in women for true emotion is mere nervous excitability. Because they are easily moved, because they habitually judge and act by their feelings, it is therefore assumed that as emotional beings they are the superiors of men, who rarely show feeling, but are the embodiments of reason, living by conscious deduction, induction, and similar cold, calculating faculties.

But though men do live mostly by reason, not feeling, it is hardly fair to deny them the latter. The tradition of manhood must not be overlooked. The boy baby cries no less than the girl baby; the little boy is quite as sensitive as the little girl, and as demonstrative in his sensitiveness as she, until he hears the word or breathes in the idea "manly." Then he begins to smother his feelings, which a stronger frame, if not a stronger will, enables him to do; and the requirements of his whole life, from the time that he sloughs off his petticoats, put emotionalism out of the question for him.

But it cannot be that he loses his feelings by smothering them, though it is frequently stated (by woman) that he does; already more intense than hers, they gather intensity by concealment. And compensation holds beautifully here: woman's finer, frailer organization, subjected to constant demands from her nervous system and from her affections, would be torn to pieces were her emotions excessively powerful; while man needs the

stronger emotional nature — though he may not make lavish display of it — to balance his other stronger faculties; without it, he would be an unlovable monster, which he distinctly is not.

This conservation of force fits even the average man for exhausting and sustained labor such as would kill any but the very strongest woman. The average woman, on the other hand, possessed in the start of less emotional force, spends what she has to little or no purpose. That man *is* possessed of a more intense degree of force in this direction than woman I believe to be logically true. The actual strength of emotion must be proportionate to physical and intellectual vigor. This can be proved from women themselves, leaving men altogether out of the question. Weak-minded or stupid women are rarely emotional, in the high sense of the word; they are often seemingly without the least capacity for true feeling, which includes not only the passive idea of mere soul sensations, but also the idea of a forceful, moving power. On the other hand, women in whom this moving power is of the strongest are conscious that it may be materially weakened by illness, and often, for a time, almost suspended by great fatigue. In every case that I can now recall, it is the well woman, or the mentally vigorous woman, or, notably, the woman who is both well and mentally vigorous, whose movements of the mind and of the soul are at all energetic or profound. And if, as I maintain it to be, her whole make-up, even at its best, is slighter than man's, it follows that she must fall below him in the strength of these soul movements which we name emotions. Hence, it seems to me, however fine her mental equipment, aided by education, may be, she must come out behind in the long run, when matched against man in the highest spheres of attainment; at least, in those spheres in which the greatest amount of emotional force is required, such as music. For music is emotion; its concep-

tion, its working out, demand concentration not of the intellect alone, but of the very forces of the soul. Woman cannot endure this double strain. Her soul movements are true, pure, lofty, but not powerful. Her emotional fires burn clearly, steadily, but their heat is insufficient; her intellect may be finely composed and well balanced, yet fail of certain high accomplishments because of a defect in the driving-force. For emotion, not intellect, is the fire of life, it is the true creative force; emotion keeps the intellect going; it turns the machinery that turns the world.

When we look for what woman has accomplished in other spheres of art besides music, what do we find? Plenty of thought, evidences of deep and broad observation, no lack of technical skill, abundance of feeling, using the word to express the sympathetic qualities. But evidences of great emotional power we rarely find; not in her poetry, not in her pictures. It is there, — I am not trying to prove her wholly destitute in this regard, any more than I am trying to prove that every man is superior in every way to any woman, — it is there; she is a human being; she is *homo*, but — *homunculus*.

Turning to prose fiction, success in which presupposes a more comprehensive array of faculties than any other art, let us take "the two Georges;" it is only fair to take the greatest. The works of these women are not ranked with women's works, but with men's. In construction, in description, in appreciation of types, in analysis of character, in broad, rich humor, in pathos, in deep philosophical observation, these two are behind no one. But I challenge anybody to show me in either writer a passage which has the almost elemental emotional force of certain scenes in *Esmond*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Richard Feverel*, *Anna Karénina*.

So much do these two great women — the Georges — possess, so near do they

come to the greatest men, that it seems quite natural to say there is no difference. Yet they do stop short; there is a lack, not in knowledge of life nor of books; it is something inherent, essential, something that makes itself felt even in the comparatively weak or stupid man: it is virility, the dynamo of the emotions, which gives to brains, as it gives to muscles, a quality such as no femininity can infuse. George Eliot, undoubtedly the peer of men in everything but this, must step down when the question is of emotion. I could name a dozen writers, men of the second, yes, and third rank, who outrival her on this score.

Middlemarch, one of the few greatest novels, lacks a really great scene. The most powerful portion of the *Bulstrode* episode is not where the pious criminal is confronted by his accusers, as it might so readily have been; it is rather to be found in those long analytical pages where we are wonderfully led through the labyrinth of *Bulstrode's* mind. In her diary, George Eliot tells how she "brought *Dorothea* and *Rosamond* together under great excitement;" and in reading of the meeting we feel an intense interest, but somehow we do not experience the author's degree of excitement. A certain amount of dynamic force must have been hers to produce the scene, which is a strong and beautiful one; but there was enough only for herself, not enough to "carry away" her readers.

It is the same with all her other books. They are powerful, but their chief power is not emotional. Her wit and wisdom and humanity are unquestioned; she stimulates us delightfully; she enchains, absorbs us; nor is her hold ephemeral; but she is incapable of that soul-carrying rush, that culminating crescendo of emotional force, which makes largely the overwhelming effect of *Browning's* poetry, of *Macaulay's* and *Ruskin's* prose, of *Wagner's* operas.

Leaving art for a moment, let us consider life. How is it with love, the great-

est of all emotional manifestations? Here, surely, woman is preëminent. Can she not love more and love longer than man? Is she not the very symbol of constancy? Yes, she is, and rightly. In constancy to the actual being whom she loves no man can excel her. Yet I claim that her constancy does not arise from emotional superiority, but rather from a lesser faculty of ideality, a high degree of which faculty is necessary in the production of great artistic works, and especially of great music.

The maiden has her ideal as well as the youth, but she does not hold to it so firmly; she is ready to cast it aside for the first real man who, for one reason or another, strongly strikes her fancy. Nothing is more common than to hear from the lips of a young *fiancée*, "I never dreamed of caring for this sort of man; my ideal was something quite different." Nevertheless, she gladly takes him as she finds him; sees him as he is, in all his divergences from that loved ideal; and loves him in spite of those divergences, — nay, loves him the more tenderly on their very account, since a woman's truest love is always strangely mingled with pity.

The youth, on the contrary, will never admit that his sweetheart is not the woman of his dream, whom he had "never hoped to find." He has found her, and his love is, assuredly, no less ardent than hers. It is, indeed, often a far more spiritualized — that is, idealized — thing than hers; he loves the veiled being for what he desires and believes her to be. He demands that his wife shall be an angel; she is content that her husband shall be a man. But just because he demands so much he is the more liable to disappointment; while she, having from the first steadfastly forced herself to see and acknowledge the actual being, her lover, has less to lose. Her ideal, feebly held, she relinquished long ago; the real man, at least, remains to her unchanged. And so it comes that the man is fre-

quently charged with inconstancy as with a crime, when it is but the inevitable result of his strong tendency to idealization; which tendency, it goes without saying, results from his superior faculty of imagination.

And now some will be smelling out another heresy, — a heresy both heinous and absurd. What, then! is wretched woman, already deprived of her traditional emotional precedence, to be robbed also of her darling imaginative faculties? No, not entirely, for, as before said, she is *homo*. Yet do I feel compelled to insist upon the inferiority in her of these same faculties. Here, again, certain weaknesses of her nervous organization get the credit of high mental manifestations; while the sternly practical and material aspect of a man's life often makes us forget that for success in large enterprises, even of the most prosaic nature, imagination is required no less than judgment, caution, and their kindred traits. Far more is it needed in the great businesses of the world than in a household. Imagination is "the great spring of human activity, the principal source of human improvement." It has its grades, or differing qualities; the star of commerce differeth from the star of poesy. It varies in women as in men; but, quality apart, it appears at its highest in the most powerful organizations, and does any one question that such are generally found in men? If women fail when they come to pit themselves against men in the great businesses, I believe it will be more on account of a lack in this spiritual quality of imagination than in the more practical requirements. And if this be so, it is a sufficient reason why there has not been nor ever can be a female Homer or Dante; it is a more than sufficient reason why there has not been nor ever can be a female Beethoven or Wagner.

But there is yet another and, I think, a more conclusive reason why the themes and harmonies of Tristan and of the

Ninth Symphony will probably never be matched in the compositions of any woman. The possession of the musical idea (which term, it will by this time be well understood, here means not the mere ability to make a tune, nor even to write good harmony, but the capacity for conceiving and expressing the greatest of musical thoughts, — such thoughts as we name immortal) presupposes more than the most tremendous active emotional force and high qualities of the imagination, which force and which qualities some women are found to have to a considerable degree. In order to awaken those “unheard melodies” that play through the soul in wondrous answer to the heard melodies of the masters, something else is essential. The imagination must be able to soar to the region of abstract emotion, for there has music its highest dwelling-place; and not alone to soar thither, like a strayed bird that can but flutter and perish in the lofty, thin atmosphere, but to rise confidently, and to rest there unterrified, as in an assured abode, where lungs and wings have fuller, freer play, and where songs are more spontaneous and sweet.

Now, woman is not at home in the abstract. The region has undoubted attractions for her, — from a distance, — and sometimes she is led to visit it; but its vast, vague loneliness and chilly uncertainty drive her back. She is like a cat in a strange garret, or a child in the dark; or rather, to change the figure, she is like an unaccustomed swimmer, who, stepping farther and farther out through the breakers, is suddenly horror-struck at finding nothing but water beneath him, and stretches out his feet wildly for the comfortable ocean bed. So woman ventures timidly, oftentimes boldly, into the shoreless deeps of the abstract. For a while she may disport herself prettily there, — in the shallows, so to speak; but she is never quite happy nor at ease unless the terra firma of the concrete be at least within reach. This makes her the

unquestioning devotee in religion that she has always been; it causes her to hold on to the material portions of the creeds; more than man does she cling to the actual resurrection of the body; it is difficult for her to divest heaven of its gates, streets, and harps. In discussions upon abstruse matters, she asks always for definite and familiar illustrations; in argument, — if she can argue at all, — she tends to bring everything home to her own personal experience, or to the experience of those whom she knows.

This aptitude of hers for dealing with the concrete makes her a good house-keeper and manager of a family; it helps her admirably for working in organizations for benevolence or for mutual improvement; by it she may, even without great ideality, paint famous if not great pictures, as Rosa Bonheur has done; especially does it fit her for producing works of fiction, which first of all must deal with the concrete life of every-day beings. Nor does it keep her from being a poet, in which department of art she has done some charming and noble work, her best being of the lyric order, short poems of her own feelings, sometimes narrative or descriptive poems, — the dramatic and epic in their highest forms being seemingly beyond her. And so, while her strong tendency towards the concrete has made it easy for her successfully to set to music simple words, such as express definite incidents or individual experiences, her instinctive shrinking from the abstract has kept her from interpreting, as in the composition of great operas, life and passion in their broad, universal aspects; and from producing great symphonies, in which, in the transcendental realm of harmony, life and passion have their very essence. Such an art does not suit woman's spiritual conformation. It is too vague and formless for her; she cannot picture the hole after the pile of sand has been taken away. Moreover, — I say it at the risk of abuse, — I do verily believe that she

is at all times more interested in the pile of sand than she is in the hole. At its best a hole is but an empty place, the mere contemplation of which makes one feel friendless and homeless; while without the sand it is nothing less than the spectre of infinity!

The fact of this repulsion from the abstract felt by woman (evidences of which repulsion are met with in those most gifted in imagination and emotional force) makes it appear highly probable that, unless her nature be changed, — which

Heaven forbid! — she will not in any future age excel in the art of musical composition, an art which, to quote Schopenhauer once more, “never expresses phenomena, but solely the inner being, the essence of phenomena, the will;” which, therefore, “expresses not this or that single or particular joy, this or that sorrow, this or that pain or horror or exultation or hilarity or repose of mind itself, but, as it were *in abstracto*, the essentials of these, without their concomitants, and hence without their motives.”

Edith Brower.

AT THE CONCERT: A WAGNER NUMBER.

A CRASH of the drum and cymbals,
A long, keen, wailing cry;
A throb as of wings of mighty things,
That with whirring din sweep by.

They come, with their thunder-chorus,
Vast shapes, of a stronger race;
An alien throng from some star of song
In the undiscovered space.

I thrill to their eager calling,
I shrink from their fierce control;
They have pressed and pried the great doors wide
That were closed to guard my soul.

Marion Couthouy Smith.

TWO STRINGS TO HIS BOW.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

MEANWHILE, Robert Kenworthy — as the Rev. Cresswell Price had now become — had quietly settled himself in a respectable boarding-place which suited his condition. As he stepped from the train at the Grand Central, he felt that his old life had been left behind. He be-

gan by following up the list of advertisements he had gathered, making up his mind not to be in haste, but to get by degrees a clear notion of what would be expected of him; to learn the ruling rates of wages, so as not to set his terms too high or too low; to find out the privileges

which he should stipulate for; and generally to make it appear that he declined rather than that he was not acceptable.

What he had in view was to get a country place at or near Bilhope, or else a city place with one of the directors of the Plutonian. It was the early spring, when waiters who had "no objection to the country" were in demand, and also largely in evidence. His ultimate purpose was to get under Mr. Pennybacker's own roof, where he knew that a semi-annual change was usual. But for that he must first find a footing elsewhere. For a week "the costly first step" was not taken, and it seemed to be as far away as at the start. At last, however, he found a rich widow who wanted a young man who was not too young, who could assist her petted and spoiled butler, now growing old and unequal to the heavier duties of his place. She wanted one who would not flirt with the female domestics, did not drink, would not grumble at having to do the most of the work for by no means the lion's share of the wages, and who would not intrigue against the autocrat of the pantry. It was hardly in the capacity of the ordinary servingman to meet all these requirements, and the better class of attendants promptly and firmly refused to undertake the task; the inferior order generally broke down in their trial month. Consequently, as little was hoped of Kenworthy, he proved, at the end of his novitiate, a pleasant surprise.

"I will say, mum," remarked the butler to his mistress, "that for one as never 'as 'ad the experience of the hold country, Robert is as 'andy and conformable as I could hask for a 'elper; 'e is not himperent like them Hirish, 'e bain't stoopid and pig-'eaded like them Germans, and 'e do pick up my ways uncommon ready; 'e don't drink, 'e don't swear, and 'e's as careful of the silver and linning as I am myself, mum; 'e goes to church of a Sunday reg'lar when 'e 'as 'is houting, and I think, mum, 'e's

gettin' a bit more 'igh than 'e was. If you're agreeable, I think we'll keep 'im, and make it a dollar more a month."

"Very well, Hilary," replied his mistress. "You know I would n't retain any one with whom you are not satisfied, and so Robert can continue."

Meanwhile, Robert was keeping a fixed eye on the Pennybacker household. He had the opportunity of waiting at table when the banker dined with Mrs. Kenyon Scott, his mistress, who was a large stockholder in the Plutonian, and he could not but contrast in his own mind this occasion with the last time he had been present at the banker's table. Then he had felt acute misery at his own *gauche* blunders and ignorance of the conventionalities. Now he was able to minister to the special tastes of his former host; to see that the cayenne was offered at the right moment with the mayonnaise, the claret poured into the proper glass, and the asparagus deftly slid upon the plate without interrupting the anecdote the banker was telling. Only one trial befell him, when, in reply to a question, the senior warden said, "Well, St. Faith's is a sore point with me, madam. I must say I miss poor Price more than I ever thought I should. We've not called any one yet. We've been trying a lot of youngsters from the seminary, who are always instructing me in my duties, and setting up their new-fangled ways. I begin to see what a real comfort in the parish the old rector was."

"What made him leave so strangely? Do you think he committed suicide?"

"I—well, I did fear so, but I have reason to think I was mistaken, and that he is still living here in the city."

At this, for the first time in his professional career, Robert let a knife and fork slide off the salver he was carrying, and the jingle caused a moment's break in the talk. As he stooped to pick them up he heard the banker say, "I got news of him the other day; that is, a person in my employ saw him down by the Ful-

ton Market. He was wearing the uniform of the Salvation Army, and looked very thin and seedy. If I can, I shall try to get some aid to him."

Robert had by this time picked up the fallen articles, and rose with a very red face. As he passed behind Mrs. Kenyon Scott's chair, he whispered in a low voice, "Please excuse me, ma'am. I had a little giddy turn."

"Never mind, Robert," she said graciously, and then went on with the topic: "But you never have told me why he left. He must have given up the ministry?"

"Well, as to that, no action was ever taken by the vestry, and of course none by the bishop. Now, please ask me no more questions, for I really am not free to speak; but if it did happen that he came back, I dare say we might welcome him again."

"Oh, then I suppose it was nothing discreditable. I heard that there was something about money matters, but what I feared was—well, complication with one of my own sex," replied the hostess, with a slight rise of color.

"Mamma, how absurd!" said one of the daughters of the house. "As if any living woman could have fancied such a miracle of awkwardness! I never saw him take the alms basin without expecting to see its contents tipped all over the chancel. Robert, please take my cup and give me a little more coffee. I like," she continued, addressing her mother, "a full cup, and Robert is the one waiter we ever had who could bring me a really full cup without spilling. Dennis used to ruin my dinner dresses regularly."

"Dennis, my dear, was not always in condition at the close of a dinner, I'm sorry to say. This one never fails that way, but is always deft and has his wits about him."

"Madam," said the banker, "I may say as much as this, that to a moral certainty there was no Eve chargeable with the expulsion of our Adam from his paradise, though I can't say that we made

St. Faith's exactly an Eden; but, if you will excuse me, I hope to know more definitely in a few days about the matter, and till then I should rather not say anything."

A few days, however, made it clear that the private of the Salvation Army was a broken-down clerk who had come to grief through variety shows and racing-pools, and was living as an adventurer.

A month later, Mrs. Kenyon Scott suddenly decided to go abroad. Hilary was left in charge of the house, but Robert and the other domestics were of course set adrift. So it came about, through no unnatural chain of circumstances, that our hero got the place he coveted in Mr. Pennybacker's service.

It was with a strange feeling that Price, alias Kenworthy, entered the familiar grounds of the banker's country seat. He feared a little that he might encounter an old acquaintance, but, to his relief, he found no one he had seen before, except the warden and his wife, who made up the family. Their only child had died in boyhood, and almost before he knew it Robert had slipped into the situation of confidential major-domo. Pennybacker was a martinet at the Plutonian, and, by a not unusual reaction, became all the more easy-going in his home. He was only too happy to have care and trouble saved him, and this generally led to those half-yearly changes of service which were, so to speak, the burning-out of chimneys choked with soot. Consequently, he was agreeably surprised to find that at the end of the first quarter of Robert's prime ministry the expenses had been as much less as the comfort was greater. He soon found other merits in his butler, of which the story shall be briefly told.

The temporary incumbent of St. Faith's was one of those semi-energetic men who are always setting on foot new projects, and leaving them in halfway fulfillment. The junior warden called him, on the sly, "King Stork, the suc-

cessor to King Log." He started a mission in the neighboring hamlet of Shepard's Hollow, and, after the first flourish of trumpets had died away, began to hint that it might be continued by lay reading. After a few Sundays he contrived to induce Pennybacker to drive over to the Hollow on a pleasant Sunday afternoon, and ere he knew it the warden found he was in for an indefinite series of services. The rector *pro tem.* had always an excuse for non-attendance, — a sick family to visit, a headache, or the like; so the warden took Robert with him to make the responses. Soon he discovered that Robert was more than an ally, and little by little they changed places, till Robert was fairly installed at the head of the work, taught a Bible class, made brief informal addresses, and read with real spirit the sermons which the parochial head selected. Presently that parochial head disappeared from Billhope altogether, and the warden was at a loss as to how he should fill the gap.

"I suppose they will be offended if we don't give them a regular sermon, though I believe in my heart one of your plain talks, such as you give your Bible class, would do them twice the good. I've a lot of Price's old sermons; he left them all when he — hem! — when he disappeared, and I took charge of them. Read what you think best; that is, if you can make out his writing, which I can't. Perhaps if you copy off the parts you want, you will read them more easily."

Robert felt the risk of what he was doing when he stood up in the little schoolhouse to preach his own sermon. His first thought was to follow the dull and decorous fashion in which a lay reader reads off the printed sermon put into his hands. But he had come to feel a real interest in his little mission congregation, and, in copying out the discourse, he had broken up the long involved sentences, and put Saxon monosyllables in place of polysyllabic pulpit phrases. In doing this, he had uncon-

sciously brought out the real thought, which in his timid earlier days he had buried under pious platitudes and weak generalities. Instead of the repression which, as the correct thing, he had before cultivated, he now gave himself up to the sense of having something to say, and the impulse of saying it. The warden listened, at first with the complacent feeling of having got rather well out of a dilemma, and then with a growing and eager attention. As they were driving homeward, he sat silent for a time, and then broke out as follows: —

"Do you really mean to say, Robert, that you preached the sermon I gave you? I remember the text and the general treatment of it; but though there was something in your voice which made me think of Price, it was altogether like a new sermon to me. I suppose, when I first heard it, I was n't attending very closely, — was thinking, more shame to me, about bank matters. But that just shows what delivery will do; Price's dropping-down-dead manner was awfully against him. I fancy you shortened some of his long sentences, did n't you? Well, that is all right. I used to tell him that if he would condense a bit there would be more snap to his preaching. I've half a mind, when Mr. Ludlow leaves, next month, to have you licensed to lay read for St. Faith's."

It was quite evident that the Shepard's Hollow mission was becoming a great fad with the warden. He had the sense to see that he could aid it best by putting his hand in his pocket for the expenses, and handing over the other work to Robert. Finally, he made the proposition out and out that Kenworthy should apply for orders, and take a course of study. He was somewhat surprised when Robert made an evasive answer.

"Well," said the warden, "I've no fault to find with you as a servant, and I dare say you are doing better for yourself now; but I've a feeling that I am using

for myself abilities which belong to the Church. No man who takes the interest you do can say he has n't a call to the work. I suppose you feel shy, but I'm sure you could say it with a clearer conscience than half the young prigs the seminary sends us. Why, Price was better than they are, though I used to fret about him. He was n't above finding out what he should do. He took advice, and tried to follow it, poor fellow! Now, you, Robert, seem to know just what is what, till I've half a notion you must have had some training before. Never was a lay reader, you say? Well, well, we laymen sometimes see as clearly what should be as the clergy themselves."

The *ci-devant* rector had a fit of the blues that night, between his fear of betraying himself and his dread of having to drop his work, or else to mar it so as to conform to the standard expected of the warden's butler.

The next week after his perilous success at the Hollow mission, the situation became still more complicated. The warden appeared at his own front door an hour later than his usual train would bring him. He had taken a close carriage from the Bilhope station, a thing he never did in the stormiest weather; and there was some one in the carriage, whom he left just long enough to ring the doorbell hurriedly. Then he called from the side of the vehicle, "Here, Robert, send for the gardener, and then come yourself and help. I've got my poor nephew in the carriage here, and it will take all of us to get him upstairs. I've been expecting him to die on my hands every step of the way. He has just returned from South America, and is half dead from some kind of sickness — fever — he caught there."

A fainting figure was lifted out, with closed eyes and utterly relaxed limbs, and was laid upon a couch in the hall.

"Sha'n't I get him a glass of wine?" asked Robert.

"Yes, yes, — well thought of; or

brandy would be better. Get it as quick as you can."

Robert was supporting the sick man on the couch as he spoke. He felt the invalid give a little convulsive start, and noticed that the eyelids were feebly lifted for a moment. He would scarcely have recognized the banker's nephew had he met him elsewhere, so changed and wasted; but this strange start of the sick man at the sound of his voice gave Price a feeling of vague alarm. The brandy was brought, and it effected a temporary revival in young Pennybacker; but he seemed, as he regained a partial consciousness, to accept Robert, as he himself would have expressed it, "at his face value."

"Got new man, uncle? Where's Thaxter? What's this one's name? Robert? Looks handy sort of a fellow. Guess he's cheap at the price — any price — p-r-i-c-e" — he muttered, as he dozed off again.

They got him undressed and put to bed, and the coachman was dispatched for the family doctor. Robert offered to go, but the elder Pennybacker said, "No, you must stay here and watch. I'm in such a fluster that I can do no good."

Again at Robert's voice came the little flutter of nervous agitation; but no words followed, and the banker did not note it.

In about an hour the doctor arrived. He diagnosed the symptoms, and shook his head rather seriously. He followed the uncle into the library, closed the door, and then said, "He has a relapse of the Isthmus fever, and it has taken hold on a constitution pretty badly strained by reckless living. The worst feature is that there is something on his mind. Of course we look for flightiness in these cases. But when there is a recurrent string which keeps vibrating, it points to a hidden mental trouble. He must have a watcher to-night, a man strong enough to manage him if he goes wild. To-

morrow we can get a trained nurse from one of the hospitals. I'll send you the right sort of man. But meanwhile, if you've got a servant you can spare for a night or two, have him take charge. He ought to be one whom you can trust to hear any queer thing said, and to say nothing. The family skeleton must n't be let out of the closet, you know. How about this waiter, butler, or whatever you call him, of yours — Kendig — Worth — the one who is called Robert? He seems handy in a sick-room."

"I think I can trust Robert; and if I give him a hint not to talk downstairs, he won't say a word except to you or me."

"All right; that relieves me greatly. I'll give him his instructions, and we'll do the best we can."

So Robert was duly installed, and entered on his task with a mingled feeling of hope and fear.

The first part of the night fatigue and opiates kept the patient pretty quiet, and Robert took care to speak as little as possible. But about three in the morning, as Robert was seated by the bedside, keeping himself awake by the study of a passage in the New Testament which had been brought up in his Bible class, he was startled at seeing the sick man sitting up and staring intently at him with eyes unnaturally bright.

Before he thought, he spoke out: "Lie down, sir, and try to rest. Is there anything you want?"

The reply was startling: "I've got it. What are *you* doing here? I ain't so bad as to need a parson yet. No, you can't be — parson — He drowned himself in the Creek, and then they sent him up to Sing-Sing for that check he forged. Hard lines, was n't it, when I got the money? Say, were you pardoned out? Should n't think uncle would have kept you on at St. Faith's, though!"

Robert mastered himself with a strong effort, and said in a quiet, low tone, "You are not quite yourself, sir, and you mis-

take me for some one else. I'm your uncle's butler, and taking care of you till a trained nurse can be got. Now you must lie down and rest, and sleep if you can; in an hour you will need to take your medicine again."

"I'm not myself, you're not yourself. Well, we're pretty well mixed up, ain't we? I say, there's N. P. going up like anything, and B. & O. coming down; and if you can only hold on just one week, we're all right, if it was n't for that confounded note coming due. I say, parson, is n't there a text something like 'without money and without price'? That's what St. Faith's has come to, eh? What's the use of asking me for money, Esperanza? Esperanza! Diablita! Come now, Price, you've no business to lead trumps when my last lead was spades; b'sides, a dominie ought not to be playing cards, anyhow. You're a trump, though, — never gave me away. That's why I've come home. Got the whole squared up yesterday — yes — all but that five hundred of yours. I'll give a thousand for it, but then you'll have to face the music, dominie. I put it so, you see, to Ford & Gleason. I was mixed up with the affair, but your name stood as principal. I said to them, I did, 'The dominie has been taking flyers in the market, and got me to back him, of course, with the securities as collateral in my hands. Now he's come to grief, and these securities, probably, being forged, ain't worth the paper they are written on to me, and I could defend against you, if I was mean; but I'm not mean,' says I, — 'never was a mean streak in J. Augustus, you bet. I'll stand the racket, if you give me time. If you don't, you get nothing except the scandal and the bother of sending a poor devil up to Sing-Sing. Suppose you don't have even that? He goes to a hotel, shuts the transom, and blows out the gas. Then where are you? Now give me time, and for his sake, and because it is paper with my name on it, I'll see you paid, prin-

cip—and int— I'm going out to Bremen on business for my uncle, and I'm cocksure to make enough out of that to clear you when I get back.' Of course the mean skunks had a detective to arrest me at the German steamer, but they did n't look for me at the West India boat. When they found I was gone where the woodbine twineth, they made the best of it, and did wait."

Here the invalid broke down again, and went off into incoherent mutterings; and for a couple of days his condition was one of alternate delirium and exhaustion. The trained nurse appeared on the second of these days, and Price was relieved from the night-watching, much to his own comfort. It was on the evening of the fourth day that the warden rang for Robert to come to his library. He had just left the sick-room.

"Robert," he said, as his butler answered the summons, "here is a serious complication. My poor nephew is very weak, but apparently himself again except on one point. He has insisted to me that you are the late rector of St. Faith's, the Rev. Cresswell Price, and says that you were the forger of that check for five hundred, and that he cashed it for you just before he sailed for South America. He declares that he is very penitent for some irregularities of his, which he has made good, and that he was led into them by your offering to sign my name to certain documents which he states he used as collateral to obtain credit for loans which he has since paid up, and has destroyed the papers. He says that you forced him to cash that check by threats of revealing the whole story to me, and that this was the price of your work. He winds up this absurd story by saying that you proposed to him to forge a will in his favor, and then intimated that the will would very shortly be able to be used, and that in your situation as butler you could insure the result. Of course this is all the raving of a disordered

brain, but it is curiously well put together."

"I should think, Mr. Pennybacker, that your own judgment was enough. You knew Mr. Price, you know me."

"It ought to be, it ought to be, but somehow the obstinate persistence of that boy upstairs bothers me. He seems as sane as I am, and why should he tell such an improbable story in the face and eyes of us all? It is n't easy to see. It is like what you said to your Bible class last Sunday about miracles, in reply to that conceited fellow from the mills. People don't tell things where there is manifest evidence to the contrary unless they are true. But why do you hesitate? Just say out and out, 'I'm Robert Kenworthy, and never was Cresswell Price.' You are the only person who can't be mistaken in your knowledge of this fact. And as for taking your word, I'd do that against fifty such men as my nephew. He has lied to me, and you never have."

There was a pause. Price felt that he should have answered on the spot, categorically, and he had not done so; every moment of hesitation was virtually an admission. The hour had come when he must burn his ships, cost what it might.

"Mr. Pennybacker," he said, "I cannot answer you as you expect and wish, for the truth is that I was, and still am, Cresswell Price. So far your nephew is right."

The warden stared as if the ghost of his grandfather had appeared. Then his face darkened. "If that is so, why is not the rest true?"

"I can only speak as to the last point, the proposal about the will. That never passed between us; was never suggested by me to him, or by him to me. That is a clear hallucination of his illness. As to the rest, I am not free to speak."

"But — but — hang it, man, you can't keep still under such an accusation, if you can clear yourself! Don't you see, it blocks your coming back to the min-

istry, and just as you seem to have got hold of that work as never before, and it ruins you for a servant? The Good Book says we can't serve God and Mammon, but you are out on both sides. I don't see how I can keep you in my house with this hanging over you, or give you a reference for another place. I must say, if I'm asked why you leave me, that I dismissed you when I found you came into my service under a false name, and that you could n't explain very serious charges."

"If you wish," returned Robert, in his thorough servant manner, "I can leave to-night. I have time to catch the 11.20 train for the city."

"If I wish! I don't wish. I would n't have had this happen for ten thousand dollars in government bonds. To-night! I would n't turn a dog out at night, much less a man who has served me as faithfully as you have. Besides, you would n't leave me in the lurch till I can get another man, and that may not be under a fortnight; let alone sickness in the house, and all that. Then, too, if, as you say, you are not Robert Kenworthy, you are my rector and my guest, and how the dev— beg your pardon, dominie— how the mischief can I explain it to Mrs. Pennybacker? See here, Robert Price, — Cresswell Kenworthy, I mean, — why can't you clear this all up? If you can, you have only to go to town with me to-morrow, leave me at the bank, go to the nearest hotel, and come back to Bilhope on the 5.20 p. m. as your former self, — disappeared last year, temporary alienation, sick among strangers, recover your memory of who you are, and come back. Only we must have a straight story about the check business."

The look of pain and perplexity came back into the warden's face as he gazed anxiously at the one opposite and saw no responsive look. Just then the nurse called from the head of the stairs, "Mr. Pennybacker, will you please come up? There's a change."

The warden hurried upstairs, saying as he left, "Wait here, Robert; on no account stir from the room till I bid you." Presently he called from above, "Robert, come up!"

As Robert entered the room, he saw that the invalid's face was strangely drawn.

"What is it, nurse?" he asked.

"Paralysis," said the nurse. "He will not last long, I think, but he will never regain consciousness or the power of speech."

"Has the doctor been sent for?"

"Yes," replied the nurse, "I did that before I called; but he told me yesterday that this might happen at any time."

The rector sank into a chair, as if he too had been stricken. He had hoped to the last, and now fate shut the door in his face. He thought, "The one man who could clear me, the one man who could release me from my obligation as a priest and allow me to explain, will never speak again." Then the sense of his office came back to him. He stepped to the bedside, felt the scarce perceptible flutter of the pulse, and, to the warden's astonishment, knelt and offered the commendatory prayers for the dying. A spasm passed over the sick man's face, and then came the settling of that profound calm which cannot be mistaken. The nurse came forward, straightened the body, closed the eyes, and drew the sheet over the face. "It is all over," he said.

The uncle sat motionless, with bowed head. Robert Kenworthy, or Cresswell Price, — he hardly knew which to call himself, — left the room quietly, and went to his own chamber. He would pack up nothing; he merely took his overcoat and hat, called one of the other servants to close the front door after him, and went out into the darkness.

He was halfway down the avenue, when he almost ran into a man hastening in the opposite direction.

"Is Pennybacker in?" inquired the stranger breathlessly.

"Yes, I left him in the house. Mr. Pennybacker, Jr., has just died."

"Good gracious, Price!" exclaimed the other, "did you drop from above? Certainly Providence sends you here just now."

"What do you mean, Mr. Baldwin?"

"Mean? That you're the man I wanted most, and hoped least to see. You've turned up in the nick of time, just as I was coming over to tell Pennybacker that I've got to the bottom of the mystery, and to consult with him how best to discover you, if you were in the land of the living, as—I believe you are," he added, grasping the rector by the arm. "Yes, you materialize properly. But see here, I can't stop to talk in the dark. Come on, come on. Were you with Augustus when he died? Did he say anything? Has he owned up? Breaking it to his uncle will be a nasty business, if he has n't; but your reappearance makes it inevitable, and I count on you to help me."

"To break what, Mr. Baldwin?"

"Why, the whole rascality of that con—no, conscienceless scoundrel. I have it in black and white, though not much white about it except your part."

By this time they had reached the front entrance, and as the door was opened the hall lamplight fell full upon the companion of Mr. Baldwin.

"Eh? what? Bless my soul!" exclaimed the junior warden. "Why, are you the butler? I was sure, when I heard your voice, it was Price come back. Here, you must forget every word I've been saying; at least hold your tongue forever. Or no; on second thought, I must go through with it, and you will be witness. Here, come into the library, and somebody tell Pennybacker I must see him at once." Then he sat down opposite Robert, and stared at him with all his might.

It seemed almost an age before the banker appeared; and when he did, his face was far from reassuring. He had

learnt from the servant who let Robert out that his butler had left the house, and was now come back with Baldwin, the lawyer, who was a perfect Don Quixote in the defense of a distressed and impecunious client. Visions of blackmail, threats of a suit for defamation, and the prospect of a general bother floated before his mind. The opening of the attack was not of a sort to restore composure.

"Pennybacker," began Baldwin, in his cross-examination tones, "what became of that check which you said was, or might be, a forgery?"

"I have it in my safe upstairs."

"Very good; keep it there! Now, when was that five hundred paid, and to whom?"

"I don't know: that was the trouble."

"To whose account was it chargeable?"

"To St. Faith's,—the rector's salary."

"Very good! Was it an overdraft?"

"No; close up to the mark, though,—not five dollars left."

"Good again! Now, if Price got that money, he got his own, did n't he?"

"Yes."

"If he did n't get it, it was his loss, not the bank's?"

"Yes, unless he disputed his indorsement, and could prove it not his."

"Once more, good. Now, whoever got that money, he did not."

"Who did get it, then?"

"I'll show you. It was paid in gold. Gold is n't easily traced, but this happened to be all in eagles,—the first of a new issue, fifty of them."

"How do you know?"

"Because I have them in my safe at this moment, if the Safe Deposit Company has n't skipped. I got them in exchange for the like amount, bating a small discount, in Bolivian doubloons. I had a lot of these paid in settlement of *Sanchez v. Ruddiman*, a salvage case, and I was holding on to them till I

could pass them over to my client ; and somebody knew it, and made me an offer. The exchange was about fifteen dollars against me, but as I might have to pay over at par, the United States gold was convenient. I did it, too, as a matter of accommodation to a friend who was going to the Isthmus, and did not care to have it known where he was going. He said he suspected he was shadowed, and if he went to any broker to buy South American gold, or get exchange on South America, he might be arrested by creditors."

Pennybacker gave a little start and a muttered ejaculation.

Baldwin went on: "You ought to know who would be the only man, except yourself, who could get that gold out of the Plutonian, and substitute a check for the same, without having it appear on the bank's books."

Pennybacker sat silent, with his eyes cast down.

"Furthermore, I hand you the full story, written out, and sworn to before a notary, of all the transactions in which your notes were used as collateral. Those notes are all retired, and there is no more of that paper afloat, but this will show who profited by the business. These notes were all signed by the party benefited by them, and indorsed with your signature, and they were made on your private blanks with the special water-mark. You know how you got that paper made and printed — or engraved, rather — for your exclusive use, and whether you ever supplied any one with those blanks or not, don't you?"

Pennybacker gave a groan. Price's face flushed, and his eyes flashed eagerly.

"Now, one question more. This time I ask it of Mr. Price, because if he is n't Mr. Price he cannot answer it. Did you ever, at the request of any member of this family, not the warden here, write signatures in imitation of his, the party requesting it, to be used as an autographic test?"

"Yes," said Price, before he had time to bethink himself; "that is, I" —

"That will do, sir. No fencing with the court, if you please. You betray no confidence. Confession is confession, but your previous knowledge is not affected by subsequent revelations. When you wrote that name on slips of paper, did you perceive anything peculiar about the paper?"

"Only that it was very slippery and smooth. All but one, I remember, were failures, and that led me to notice it. But they were destroyed; that is, she — I mean to say 'it' tore them up and threw them into the fire."

"It did, did it? If the court understand herself, and I think he do, 'it,' as you very properly say, threw blank slips of common paper away, and kept the others. No, Mr. Price, I'm not the gentleman whom you require all sponsors to renounce in baptism, but only a lawyer, and, in spite of calumny to the contrary, do not invoke him as my patron. I have followed up hints and blind clues, and what I guessed you have confirmed, till I know it as well as if I had been present. Somebody tried the autographic dodge on a professional penman, and it did n't work; but you, dear old guileless Israelite, walked straight into the trap."

Baldwin paused. Pennybacker simply said, "All this rather improbable story may be true, but I must look over these papers first."

The others sat in silence while, frowning and evidently pausing to make little mental calculations, the warden ran his eyes quickly over the sworn statement. When he finished, he looked Baldwin full in the face, and said interrogatively, "Well?"

"Yes, well? What is the matter with my case?"

"Would you like to go to a jury with it? Do you suppose twelve men of the average intellectual capacity of such would give you a verdict on this evidence, if the judge, which I don't believe, would

let it in? There is but one man who could furnish satisfactory proof to clear the accused, and he lies dead in the room above. As for the rest, my name has been forged and used. I have the document, and can produce the man whose name is on it. I can swear to the fact that paper of like character, to large amounts, has been in existence, taken up, and replaced over and over again, and that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the signatures all came from the same hand. It is not necessary to show how much benefit the forger — the writer, I mean — got from the transaction. You know the ruling in *Regina v. Culbertson*, 3d of Barnwell and Adolphus." (The president, like most moneyed men, had a fair knowledge of banking law, and thought he was a master of it.) "There it was allowed sufficient to show that a writing-master was accustomed to furnish signatures at a sovereign apiece. The court held that it was not required to show the particular sum paid for the forgery in evidence; it was enough that the signature was forged, and that the prisoner wrote it. It was also held that the defense offered, that the writing was to be used in preparing a lithographic facsimile, must not be inferred, but must be directly and affirmatively proved."

"But, Pennybacker, you don't mean, you can't mean, to prosecute the matter now? If you do, all I can say is, that I will put twenty witnesses on the stand to swear that this is Robert Kenworthy, and not Cresswell Price; and if need be, that he was n't within a hundred miles of Bilhope when this happened. Hang it, man, I thought I was doing you a favor by furnishing moral evidence of an innocent man's innocence."

"Stop a moment, Baldwin," said the warden quietly; and then, for the first time since he came into the room, he turned to the third person in the library. "Robert Kenworthy," said he, "will you repeat the declaration you made

here in this room, this very evening? Don't do it unless you are prepared to face all consequences, to appear as the forger of my name, the accomplice and tempter of that poor boy in the room above. If you choose to remain Robert Kenworthy, neither Baldwin nor I can prove you are not, nor shall we try to, but you ought to know the risk you run."

Baldwin stared in blank astonishment. The challenged man did not hesitate. He stepped to the table in the centre of the room, laid his hand on the open Bible there, and said, "I repeat what I told you. I am the Rev. Cresswell Price, and I have been living in your house as Robert Kenworthy, your servant."

"Knew I was right," said Baldwin to himself. "The voice in the dark was not to be mistaken, but the sight of him put me all out."

"I can swear to it, too," said the warden, "not on any legal grounds, like my brother warden here, but because you say it; and I want to add that I am comforted through the saddest experience of my life, and shall be as long as I live, in the thought that I have known one true Christian man, and that I can restore him to my fullest confidence and esteem. Baldwin, I thank you, I bless Heaven, for clearing up this. Reverend and dear Mr. Price, I can only say that these terrible papers exonerate you from all suspicion. We never have filled the rectorship of St. Faith's, we never have made it vacant, and while I am vestryman and warden, and while you live, it never shall be filled by any other than the best clergyman in this or any diocese in the land, the one who fills it now." Then, with a half smile, he added, "I call you to witness, Baldwin, that I'm sincere in this, for I lose the best servant I ever had in my employ. If I could only keep Robert Kenworthy to wait on the rector at dinner, I should have nothing to ask; but as I can't, I

suppose I shall have to take Robert to town to-morrow, and you will bring the rector up with you on the evening train. He comes to attend the funeral here, and steps back into his old duties. Don't you see," he explained, noting the puzzled looks of the others, "that puts it all straight? We are supposed to have known — I can say I did know — where the rector has been, and why we summon him in a family distress, which we would n't do if he was n't in perfectly good standing. Nobody can object, and I don't think anybody will."

Walter Mitchell.

THE CITY OF THE END OF THINGS.

BESIDE the pounding cataracts
Of midnight streams unknown to us,
'Tis builded in the dismal tracts
And valleys huge of Tartarus.
Lurid and lofty and vast it seems;
It hath no rounded name that rings,
But I have heard it called in dreams
The City of the End of Things.

Its roofs and iron towers have grown
None knoweth how high within the night,
But in its murky streets far down
A flaming terrible and bright
Shakes all the stalking shadows there,
Across the walls, across the floors,
And shifts upon the upper air
From out a thousand furnace doors;
And all the while an awful sound
Keeps roaring on continually,
And crashes in the ceaseless round
Of a gigantic harmony.
Through its grim depths reëchoing,
And all its weary height of walls,
With measured roar and iron ring,
The inhuman music lifts and falls.
Where no thing rests and no man is,
And only fire and night hold sway,
The beat, the thunder, and the hiss
Cease not, and change not, night nor day.

And moving at unheard commands,
The abysses and vast fires between,
Flit figures that, with clanking hands,
Obey a hideous routine.
They are not flesh, they are not bone,
They see not with the human eye,

And from their iron lips is blown
A dreadful and monotonous cry.
And whoso of our mortal race
Should find that city unaware,
Lean Death would smite him face to face,
And blanch him with its venom'd air;
Or, caught by the terrific spell,
Each thread of memory snapped and cut,
His soul would shrivel, and its shell
Go rattling like an empty nut.

It was not always so, but once,
In days that no man thinks upon,
Fair voices echoed from its stones,
The light above it leaped and shone.
Once there were multitudes of men
That built that city in their pride,
Until its might was made, and then
They withered, age by age, and died;
And now of that prodigious race
Three only in an iron tower,
Set like carved idols face to face,
Remain the masters of its power;
And at the city gate a fourth,
Gigantic and with dreadful eyes,
Sits looking toward the lightless north,
Beyond the reach of memories:
Fast-rooted to the lurid floor,
A bulk that never moves a jot,
In his pale body dwells no more
Or mind or soul,— an idiot!

But some time in the end those three
Shall perish and their hands be still,
And with the masters' touch shall flee
Their incommunicable skill.
A stillness, absolute as death,
Along the slacking wheels shall lie,
And, flagging at a single breath,
The fires shall smoulder out and die.
The roar shall vanish at its height,
And over that tremendous town
The silence of eternal night
Shall gather close and settle down.
All its grim grandeur, tower and hall,
Shall be abandoned utterly,
And into rust and dust shall fall
From century to century.
Nor ever living thing shall grow,
Or trunk of tree or blade of grass;

No drop shall fall, no wind shall blow,
 Nor sound of any foot shall pass.
 Alone of its accursèd state
 One thing the hand of Time shall spare,
 For the grim Idiot at the gate
 Is deathless and eternal there!

Archibald Lampman.

A GREEK PRIME MINISTER: CHARILAOS TRICOUPI.

"POOR charming Greece! How she is to get out of her scrapes I do not see, but I love her all the same." So, not long ago, wrote a friend, a careful student of Greece, her people and politics; and I am sure that any one who has taken even a passing interest in her later history will echo his feeling. More than fifty years have passed since her struggle for freedom from Turkish rule awoke the sympathy and aid of Europe; but though more than once since then her importance in the ever living "Eastern question" has made European diplomats anxious on her account, in America the Greece that we know is still that of Pericles and Aristotle. We know that there is a free modern Greece, but what she has done, what she is doing, we know little about; few of us suspect that the Greek of to-day is not merely proud of his ancestors of the "golden age," but that he is ambitious and even hopeful of emulating them in many fields, and that he often expects a speedy realization of his dreams of conquest. Still less often do we think that the effort of Greece to attain and to improve the highest civilization of Europe, in spite of her poverty and the heritage of ignorance and disorder and misrule of the Turk, has many lessons that statesmen may well heed. Yet the progress of Greece within the last thirty years is astonishing. In habits of life, in wealth, in facilities for education, in the development of the arts and sciences, in government, in all that

tends toward refinement and culture, the Greece of to-day is not to be compared with that of a generation ago. Many mistakes have been made; many undertakings have failed. The people in the country districts are yet not well educated. The country to-day is so deeply in debt that its solvency is a matter of doubt; but the progress has been wonderful, and in the achievements of the past lies in great part the hope of the future.

One peculiarity of Greece has been that these changes have been brought about especially through the influence of a few chosen leaders. The form of government is parliamentary, and hence democratic in spirit; but probably in no other country of Europe is there so little popular initiative, so much reliance upon the political leaders. The system, or rather the habit, has its disadvantages; but it has also its benefits. For one thing, it serves to develop strong, self-reliant, though possibly at times reckless leaders, upon whom, in great part, must fall the praise or the blame of all public acts.

For the last dozen years, the most prominent of these leaders has been Charilaos Tricoupis, a man who, in the opinion of more than one member of European cabinets, is a great statesman in a small country, but a man who would have been a great statesman in any country. He comes of a well-known political family. His father, Spiridion Tricoupis, perhaps best known abroad as the author of the

standard history of the Greek Revolution and the eulogist of Lord Byron, at home is noted rather as one of the chief actors in that history, and as a *littérateur*, poet as well as historian. His father's brother-in-law, Maurocordatos, was perhaps the most prominent political actor on one side of the revolutionary struggle, while Spiridion Tricoupis himself was a member of several cabinets, and in 1855 Prime Minister; he had studied in France and England, was once envoy extraordinary to France, twice envoy extraordinary at London, and was accredited there a third time, when he refused the appointment in order to become Prime Minister at home.

Charilaos Tricoupis, born at Nauplia, in Greece, in 1832, had thus, from his father's long residence abroad in France and England, the inestimable benefit not only of a thorough knowledge of the languages, learned when he was young, but, what is of vastly greater importance for a statesman, a sympathetic understanding of foreign politicians and peoples and of their institutions, acquired much as a native acquires it. Though he studied at Athens and had a careful home training in Greece, he also studied law in Paris, and in fact took there the diploma of law. In 1852 he was made *attaché* of the Greek legation in London; in 1855 he became secretary of legation there, and in 1862 he was made *chargé d'affaires*.

Tricoupis began his political career in Greece in 1863, when, on the occasion of the revolutionary change of dynasty, he was chosen with his father, by Greeks in England, as their representative in the National Assembly, though he took no especially prominent part in the proceedings. From the time when he was first chosen member of the Boulé (Chamber of Deputies) from Missolonghi until to-day, with the exception of one year, he has been either in political life at home, or on some special mission abroad.

In physique, as his portrait would show,

he is very robust and strong, carrying his sixty-two years with the vigor of a man twenty years younger. His powers of work and endurance are simply phenomenal, though one may perhaps question at times the judgment of the man who so abuses a good constitution. When he is in office, with the burden upon him not merely of the treasury, but of all the multifarious duties in the way of local government, office-distributing, and general dictatorship that fall to the lot of the Prime Minister of Greece, he often works from eighteen to twenty hours a day, and, so far as one can learn, makes no provision at all for regular recreation or rest. At his house, one day, his sister told me that he had gone to bed that morning at three o'clock, and at seven was again in his office at the treasury department. People who wish to see him on business have, at times, appointments made late in the night, when he is more likely to have leisure than when, in the daytime, his anteroom is thronged with visitors. A Greek Prime Minister needs unlimited powers of endurance, for his work is almost that of a dictator, with corresponding duties, while his political opponents are ever watchful to catch him napping, and often do not hesitate to go to extremes to upset him.

Three or four years ago, the opposition filibustered and talked on the budget from four o'clock in the afternoon until ten the next morning. Divided into relays, they talked against time, raising technical points, and using all the arts common to such tactics. Members read, yawned, slept, went to the lobbies and elsewhere in small squads for refreshments, keeping well within call of the party whips; but for sixteen hours Tricoupis never left the Chamber, sitting quiet, watchful, apparently unwearied and needing no refreshment. At another session he remained fourteen hours, and was led finally to rest a moment only by the ruse of a friend, who sent for him to give advice on an impor-

tant question concerning the matter in hand. In the lobby he found his friend with a freshly prepared cup of chocolate, and no further matter to settle.

Many people, friends and opponents, say of him, "Tricoupis has no physical wants." To his scorn of physical feeling and indulgence, and to his almost unlimited power for work, is due in great part, doubtless, his remarkable versatility and breadth of knowledge; a versatility that his friends are fond of comparing with Gladstone's, though until his knowledge manifests itself more in print few will be prepared to go so far. Certainly, however, this knowledge is extraordinary. A few moments' talk with him on politics shows not merely the politician of the keenly practical type, who deals with men as they are, and who knows their weaknesses well, but shows also the political philosopher and student, the master of comparative constitutional law and practice. One might expect this, perhaps, from a lifelong political and diplomatic training; but he is also generally conceded to be easily the first financier of Greece, and he would be a great financier anywhere. Yet — and this illustrates his power of acquisition and reasoning — one of the members of the cabinet, and himself commonly considered one of the strongest students of finance in the country, a man well worthy to be minister of finance, said of him: "When I first knew him well, in 1874, Tricoupis was not a financier, was not even a strong student of finance, not having turned his attention that way. Later, the question became of vital importance, and he took it up. In an almost incredibly short time, he had become a master of the subject, in theory and in practice, as applied to Greece."

Nearly every educated Greek knows French well; but Tricoupis speaks English also, practically like a native Englishman, with perfect readiness and mastery of idiom. Though he does not pretend to the same familiarity with German, yet

he speaks the language with Germans who call to see him, and has a like command of other tongues.

A Prussian general said that he had rarely known a politician with so good a knowledge of military affairs. When in 1886-88 the question of buying ironclads for the Greek navy came up, he was found by naval men and shipbuilders to be thoroughly conversant with the problems of their work. So, whatever the subject, — geography, statistics, history, science, the last book of travel, — he takes an interest in it. He does so much that his breadth of knowledge is remarkable, and in all concerning his special work he is profound. To his interest in archæology is due in great part the rapid development of the study and of the museums in Greece. The best laws favoring the extension and direction of the museums have been his; and he has given the greatest aid and encouragement to foreign schools in his country, not merely officially, but personally aiding them in securing sites for buildings and in arranging streets near at hand.

The relation of the central government to local government in Greece, as well as the personal ascendancy of Tricoupis as Prime Minister, is clearly shown by an experience of the English and American Archæological Schools. A narrow street running by their properties had become a place for deposit of nuisances by people in the neighborhood; so much so that it seemed best to the schools to have it closed. On trying to discover the best method of bringing this about, they were advised to see Tricoupis. The directors of the schools accordingly sought an interview with him, and stated their case. As one of them said afterwards, Tricoupis appeared at once to see the whole case in all its bearings. He stated to them, very briefly, but very completely, all the disadvantages of such a procedure, and asked if they still wished to have the street closed. When they said Yes, he promised that it should

be done. They did nothing more; but, to their great surprise, — for promptness in such matters is rarely expected anywhere, — within a few days workmen appeared, and the street was closed.

In speaking to him afterwards of the relations of the central government to the city government, this case came up, and I asked him how the Prime Minister could thus direct a purely local affair. He replied that it had not seemed necessary to him to explain to the directors the course of proceeding. It would have taken time, and he knew that what they wanted could be done; so he had promised it. In fact, he had simply brought the case before the local authorities, and the matter had been arranged by them. He added, "Because I speak English, a large part of the public business of the English and American residents comes to me first; and it is often, as in this case, easier for me personally to see that it is done than to send them to the local authorities." It is, however, also true that it is a much surer way. Owing to the fact that the prefects of departments, to use the corresponding French term, are appointees of the central government, and that these prefects have practically unlimited control — at any rate, through obstruction — over the local finances by means of a veto and power of amendment, the Prime Minister can, if it should seem to him wise, bring overwhelming pressure to bear upon the local officers. In consequence, when the Prime Minister promises that something in the field of local government shall be done, it is no idle promise, depending upon the whim of a local city council for its fulfillment. It will probably be done without opposition, for the Prime Minister, as a sensible man, will not bring forward a bad case; but if the council does object, the Minister — if he is strong and willing to risk the political influence of his acts — is in a position to block completely the wheels of local government.

In speaking of Tricoupis as an orator, — for he is easily, especially from the standpoint of a thoughtful Englishman or American, the greatest orator of modern Greece, — it is not a little amusing to note that Greeks are impressed, even in his speaking, by his power of endurance. "I have seen him speak four hours at a stretch without taking a sip of water," said one of his admirers, "while Delyannis" (his chief political rival) "drinks glass after glass in a budget speech." I have even seen the same statement in print. His opponents, too, tell a rather malicious story of a motion to adjourn the House in the middle of one of his speeches, on the ground that the members were tired out, and of the reply by the president, that if the orator could stand it, he thought they would have to. On the other hand, a German admirer says, on the authority of one of Tricoupis' political opponents: "He does not speak; he roars from the tribune. He does not refute; he tears his enemy to pieces. His dialectic power not only persuades, but carries away like a torrent." In fact, his oratory is impressive from the evident sincerity and power of the orator, and from the nature of the subject matter. Tricoupis' power of very condensed lucid statement is most exceptional. In his budget speeches, he shows rare clearness and force in the exposition of a difficult subject. To these qualities are added a coolness of judgment, a willingness to look to the bottom of things and to see the unfavorable side of his own case, that are very persuasive in an orator. His frankness, lately, in openly recognizing the bankrupt condition of the treasury illustrates his direct way of dealing with difficulties, while his striking statement of the case shows his oratorical power. In its English dress, one of his budget speeches lacks, as it must, perhaps, in translation, something of the polish of phrase and of allusion and apt comparison that make a similar speech by Gladstone really de-

lightful reading; but it is no less clear or persuasive. His diction, too, is said by the Greeks to be remarkably pure, and even classic in tone, — the highest praise for a Greek to give it, — though I believe that some of his political opponents, who, to make capital, call him the “Englishman,” and speak of his foreign training as if it made him a less patriotic Greek, affect at times to find in his pronunciation and style a lack of the true native flavor of idiom.

In his long experience in foreign affairs, however, it would seem that he has not lacked patriotism. Rather, his love for Greece and his vigor in her behalf have won him the compliment of consideration by foreign courts that has not always been friendly. When, for example, in 1870, it was proposed to send him to Constantinople as minister, Turkey objected at first. As acting minister for foreign affairs at the time of the Cretan insurrection, he had been, for Turkish taste, too positively and emphatically a Greek, with the “great idea” that it is the duty of Greece to watch over the interests of all people of Greek blood wherever found. Though for the last ten years he has been exhorting his countrymen to reasonable patience in the carrying out of their plans for territorial extension; though he is often denounced at home as unpatriotic, because he is too cool-headed to permit his people to rush unreasonably into an unequal conflict before their own resources and power are more fully developed, yet he has the hot blood of the Greek, and feels as keenly as the most rampant among them. He knows self-control better.

In 1878, however, when he thought that France, at the Berlin Conference, was betraying the interests of Greece, his words of blame were so stinging that it gave his political opponents a chance to pass a vote of apology to France for them. It should be remembered, too, that Russia, even if she did not press her objection, did not wish him to be the Greek

member of that Conference, though it had been proposed to send him there. It was known on all hands that he was the ablest and boldest Greek for such a position.

So in 1885, at the time of the Bulgarian *coup d'état*, when he was out of power, and Delyannis, then Prime Minister, mobilized the Greek army, to get also, if possible, a slice of Turkish territory, he criticised the action sharply, not because it was warlike, but because it was not warlike enough. Before Greece did anything of importance the powers blockaded her ports and compelled her to desist; so that she gained nothing but a large increase of debt, and a vigorous hint to King George that if he prized his crown he must not let such things happen again. Tricoupis, now, would have acted more quickly. “Had we been in power,” said he, in speaking of the event lately, “our policy would have been to seize promptly as much of the territory as we could hold, before Turkey could guard it, and then to open negotiations. Possession is often nine points of the law, but in such cases it is ninety-nine points out of a hundred.” Of course his opponents say that he could not have done better than did Delyannis; but still they confess that he often has a way of doing more than he promises, and that he is not afraid. He is, nevertheless, Machiavellian enough (I am one of those who see much to admire in Machiavelli) to think it wise to be prudent, and not to keep other nations unfriendly, when nothing can be gained by hostility. This same prudence is noticeable in his personal conduct. For example, he makes it a principle never to receive a present. It would not do to let even a suspicion of his personal honesty and honor arise.

His diplomatic training also appears in a most interesting light in his correspondence with the foreign office when he was so skillfully conducting the negotiations that led to the cession of the Ionian Islands to Greece. We are the more im-

pressed with the diligence and ability and pluck and character of the man when we reflect that, a young man but thirty-two years of age, he found himself pitted against the shrewdest and best trained diplomats of Russia and Austria. In a letter dated March 2, 1864, occurs a sentence or two which, though innocent enough, would have delighted Machiavelli himself. Referring to a declaration which Earl Russell had said that he would send him, Tricoupis writes: "I have not refused to accept it, in order that I may send it to Athens, but I am resolved not to sign; indeed, it is better to be silent on some subjects than to make reservations, as by thus acting we lead others to suppose that we accept the proposals which had no reservations."

It would be unfitting, of course, to attempt to give in detail, in such an article as this, any account of Greek finance, and of the part that Tricoupis has played as minister of finance, yet this is perhaps his highest claim to statesmanship. The general nature of his policy, however, and the principles by which he has been guided are simple, complicated as are the specific problems.

Greece, on account of her limited area, is not a wealthy country, but she ought to pay her running expenses and the interest on her debt. This, in the opinion of English financial experts as well as of Tricoupis himself, she is fully able to do without burdening industry to the point of exhaustion. Instead of running behind each year, as she has usually done, she should get a budget balance, even if this does necessitate high taxes.

Again, the inner resources of the country cannot be properly developed without means of communication that will enable producers to reach markets at a distance. It is, therefore, Tricoupis thinks, the only wise policy, if one looks to the future, to build good roads and railroads as fast as the country can afford them. He thinks, too, that she can afford a good many. The country cannot develop its own resources

without them. And besides, Greece is especially well fitted in many ways to attract tourists, if only the means of access to the chief places of interest are not too rare and expensive. Tourists in large numbers are a source of wealth, as Switzerland has long since proved. For this reason, also, it will pay to build roads.

There must be a sound currency to do business with. An irredeemable paper currency not only brings difficulty into budget calculations, an enormous loss in exchange in buying abroad and in paying interest on the public debt abroad in gold, while taxes are collected in depreciated paper, but it is always a poison in the business circulation, making it speculative, uncertain, and weak. Greece has a paper currency badly depreciated, gold standing at points fluctuating between 150 and 175 as political prospects change. Seldom does it fall to one man twice to do away with such a blighting influence on financial prosperity as paper money is, yet Tricoupis has done this once, and it is his plan to do it a second time, if the present policy succeeds. Rarely is the statesman whose position depends upon the will of the people so courageous and self-sacrificing that he is willing alone to take into his hands the responsibility of such an act, especially if it brings with it an increase of taxation and a probable fall from power; yet such a man is Tricoupis.

In 1883-84, he raised a loan, withdrew surplus paper, and abolished legal tender at one stroke, coupling with fiscal reforms an increase in taxation and his scheme of internal improvement. In 1885, largely in consequence of the increase in taxation that his necessary reforms demanded, he fell from power, and in his year of absence from office he was compelled to see a useless mobilization of the army, to which we have already referred, that added millions to the already heavy burden of the debt, and a reintroduction of the legal tender money that he had made such efforts to abolish. And now it has been his policy to abolish it

once more, though we must await the event to see if he can succeed.

Such, briefly, is and has been his policy, — sound money, internal development, a budget balance, even with high taxes. To be sure, with this have gone many reforms in taxation. Indeed, the whole system has been revised and bettered, though, to save his country's credit, he has not shrunk from increasing taxation. So long as this increase is not carried so far as to cut into the sources of income, as every student of finance is aware, no harm is done, and Tricoupis knows his country well. The taxes have been tripled within a dozen years, but a year ago, according to foreign finance experts, the country showed no signs of exhaustion.

The perplexities of the finance minister in Greece, however, are not more the weight of taxation than the difficulties of collection, due to the nature and habits of the people, and to the trouble in securing continuous support in carrying out any policy that involves an increase of taxes. The opposition promises a lessening of taxes, but the opposition never gets a balance for the budget; and a late finance minister, M. Carapanos, who told me a year ago that he was endeavoring to found a party that should be devoted to a principle instead of being personal, as most Greek political parties are, and who, according to late papers from Athens, has secured enough followers in the House to give his party a name, the Progressive, — this M. Carapanos recommended an understanding with the creditors of the state by which they should receive in hand sixty per cent of the interest money due them, and the assurance that the rest would be given them "when the resources of the country enable us to do so." So long as Greece showed no more signs of exhaustion than it did a year ago, a finance minister who did not earnestly strive to balance his budget and pay his country's obligations was either ignorant, or was simply cowardly and playing for popular support; knowing that if he con-

tinued his policy the future had nothing for him but bankruptcy and repudiation of debts. Tricoupis prefers the honor of his country to popular applause, though the six months that he was out of office last year have made the task almost hopeless even for him. He has had to cut down two payments when they were due, though he hopes to complete arrangements promptly for meeting the others.

This leads me to consider him briefly as an administrator, and to note some of his views on the nature of Greek politics, as well as to consider certain problems that a Greek Prime Minister finds confronting him; for a Greek Prime Minister is by no means in the position of one in England or in France; he is more autocratic, and at the same time more dependent upon personal favor.

Since King George came to the throne there has been only one legislative body, the Boulé, and, as in England and France, the Prime Minister is dependent upon his majority there. As, however, with this majority he can pass into law any bill without reckoning later with Senate or House of Lords, and as also the number of deputies is small, the value of individual votes is great. The members know their value, and do not hesitate to bring about concessions of various kinds from the cabinet. Of course I do not mean to say that all members of the Boulé sell their votes for favors. Rather, as the matter was stated to me by more than one Greek in a position to know, it is not wise for the government to offend members, if it wishes to remain in power. When a member asks the government for an office for one of his faithful constituents, or that some army officer whose turn it is to go to the frontier be allowed to remain in the capital, or that a teacher be transferred to some more pleasant locality, the government wishes to grant the favor, and often does so. The practice is not materially different from that which holds with us at times, only the member can make his influence more directly felt

on the executive; he may vote against him; and the members are not so held within party traces as in England and in the United States.

It is said that Tricoupis is moved less than any other minister by such requests from members. He is not so easily accessible; his rather cool demeanor and businesslike way of looking at things do not encourage the asking of favors. Indeed, he is said to lose votes at times by summary refusal of such petitions; and yet, doubtless, when he is in office, office-mongering is carried on in his cabinet, and without his express disapproval, if not directly by himself. In a country given over to the spoils system perhaps as badly as ours, he has yet done much to check the evil and to put things on a better basis. He has passed more than one law providing for qualifications for office holders that should insure the selection of fit men for office. When Delyannis was last in power, he repealed these laws and changed many office holders, intending, as he himself told me, to pass better laws on the same subject, since these were faulty; but, he said, he was dismissed by the King before he could carry out his intention. Tricoupis afterwards reenacted his former laws, though not, his enemies say, before he had put out Delyannists, and put in his own friends. The practice of removals on party grounds is evidently active on both sides, though all recognize the evil, and are honestly endeavoring to remove it, with still the strong temptation that we find at home to do so in good part at the expense of the opposite party. "I think," said M. Tricoupis, "that the government ought not to have the power to dismiss and appoint non-political officials at will, though I do believe in a strong executive with much power and responsibility. The government should not have its hands too much tied, but should be able really to *do something*." In fact, whatever may be said by friends or enemies, he is the only one who has deliberately gone ahead

to deprive himself, by legislation, of the burden of office-mongering, though M. Sotiropoulos, the late Prime Minister, wrote, before accepting office, as if he intended to go even further. What he did I have as yet been unable to learn.

Tricoupis is businesslike in the conduct of public affairs. Officials say that they must work harder when he is in office; but as he is a hard worker himself, they cannot complain. Indeed, it is his intense earnestness in work, and his unwillingness to spare himself in the public service, as well as his consummate ability, that, rather than any personal courting of favor, give him his firm hold on party and country.

A word or two regarding the personal nature of Greek political parties, to which I have already referred, will put this relationship between leader and followers in a clearer light. The political parties in Greece all start in the Boulé. As soon as a man gets influence enough to direct the votes of a small group of members, he has a party; and if he is strong, this party may grow until he can control the Boulé, and later, in a general election, the vote of the people. Thus, Tricoupis himself, first a follower of Kumunduros, but with some vigorous reform notions of his own that won him adherents, in 1872 founded his party with five or six members. In 1879, his party in the Boulé numbered fourteen, though in the mean time he had been Prime Minister. And to-day the Greeks — an intensely political nation — are Tricoupists or Delyannists, Carapanists or Rhallyists. The leaders may represent some special ideas, though party lines are not closely drawn on principles; but for the great mass of their followers, at any rate, the allegiance to party is a personal allegiance to the chief. Throughout the country, each party chief has his local leaders of the people, who are more or less faithful to him, and to whom in turn the voters are more or less faithful. I say more or less faithful. A friend of mine in Ath-

ens asked a candidate who was soliciting his vote three or four years ago whether he was to support Tricoupis or Delyannis in the next Boulé. "I cannot tell," he frankly replied, "until after the election, when I can see how matters stand."

As citizens the Greeks are very keen and bright. In the cities they are well read, and are all politicians; and even in the rural districts, though the rate of illiteracy is high, the political interest seems remarkably strong. When it comes to voting, however, the motives are as mixed as our own. Patriotism, judgment on party questions, fidelity to chiefs, personal interests, even bribery in many localities, — all have their influence, as with us. Many candidates expect to put one hundred drachmæ or so with the innkeepers to supply wine and *raki* free to electors. Elections often cost the candidate ten thousand drachmæ, and queer stories are told of election debts and their payment.

Even the *kumpari* system — that is, the relation of godfather to children, which in the Greek Church is a sacred relationship, binding the child to the godfather for life in bonds of duty — has been used to hold votes, a man thus widening his influence greatly.

Such methods are employed, of course, only with the more ignorant; and one must not misjudge the wisdom or patriotism of the Greeks because these things occur. The country is still young in self-government; and until lately the country districts were far removed from the political centres through lack of means of communication, while the Church and the customs of the people smack strongly of patriarchal government.

"The Greeks are the best sons and brothers in the world," said proudly one of the most intelligent men in Athens, a Greek, familiar with Europe and America, though the same man had just been telling me some of the above-named weaknesses of his people.

Perhaps no other people exhibit their

love of fatherland and home as do the Greeks. Witness the magnificent public buildings, museums, and monuments built by the wealthy for the education of their people and the beautifying of their country. Witness also those who come to pass their green old age in Athens, when they have gathered their portion in foreign lands. One of the most striking buildings in Athens, the Academy, built for the use of a society which the Greeks hope some day may rival in reputation the French Institute, was given to his country by a wealthy banker.

Now, in a country where the people, in spite of these excellent traits, are often so susceptible to political trickery and art as are the Greeks, Tricoupis stands out sharply distinguished from his fellow-politicians in his habits and manner. He has courted neither politicians nor people; he has made himself necessary to them. They may not love him; they admire, and fear, and trust him. Said a very keen observer, not a Greek, who has passed a dozen years in close relations with the court and politics in Athens: "Tricoupis is an autocrat. Nobody dares do anything without his aid, even in local government, when he is in power. He puts on airs. He is very able, is a genius. He has no physical wants, makes no concessions, will not condescend. Delyannis will drink mastic on a street corner with the coachmen, and is popular; Tricoupis shuts himself off with his lordly airs. But when the people get into trouble, they want Tricoupis." "This reserve is his art," his opponents say, of course; but to one who has seen him even a little, this reserve appears perfectly natural and sincere. He neither could nor would stoop to other methods; and, moreover, while he may seem more reserved than most Greeks, and while he is very direct in his speech, certainly foreigners would not consider him lacking in courtesy.

His apparent indifference to praise or blame is striking. Indeed, it may fairly be

a question if he is not at times unwise in his neglect of the press; if he does not really owe it to the country that he is serving to have the side of the government fairly represented before the people and the world. It is an open secret that the governments of France and Italy and other countries keep part of the press subsidized; they justify themselves on the grounds given above. Tricoupis certainly does not subsidize many papers. Only two out of all in Athens could say a good word for him before his last resignation, and now when he is again in power the situation is about the same. An article in the *Contemporary Review* a year or two ago says that the gentlemen on the staff of a paper that favored him asked him once to guarantee two seats in the Boulé. He refused point-blank, and the paper went to the opposition. Another ministerial paper kept a gambling den. Tricoupis ordered it closed, regardless of the wish of the paper. There was one more issue of the journal, in which it sought revenge by a violent onslaught on him; then it stopped.

This disregard of opposition is seen in many acts of his. He has never hesitated to increase taxes when it seemed wise to do so, though such an act is always unpopular. Not long ago, in order to lessen expenditures, he suspended the foreign ministers, and left the business of the legations in the hands of the secretaries. In 1887, he had strength enough to reduce the number of deputies in the Boulé from two hundred and fifty to one hundred and fifty, — a measure which, however useful it might be from the standpoint of economy and of improving the grade of deputies, could hardly make him beloved by the politicians. In 1891, Delyannis, who was the Prime Minister, increased the number to two hundred and seven, where it still remains.

A year or two ago, Tricoupis passed a bill providing for payment of tuition by

students in the university, an act which nearly caused a riot in that susceptible class, and brought about a characteristic scene, characteristic both of Greek students and of the stern directness of Tricoupis. A crowd of students gathered in front of his office, and a delegation waited upon the Prime Minister. As soon as they had announced the purpose of their visit, without waiting to hear their argument, he demanded, "Do you come here as students or as citizens? If as students, you are not competent to discuss the question; if as citizens, you are unpatriotic, being unwilling to bear your share of the burdens of the country." Whereupon he turned away to his private office. The students went out; and when, later, an outbreak was imminent, the cool-headed chief of police turned water on the crowd from the fire hose, and they dispersed. This treatment of the students, just or not, was not a means to secure popularity. To despise popularity may be heroic at times; to refuse to descend to trickery is always so; but when one's power to do good for one's state rests in the people, needless severity is weakness and unwisdom.

"Sometimes," said he one day, "it is best for the country to do things that the people do not want just then." But that does not make one popular. Moreover, it is unsafe as a principle. In rare desperate cases it is true; at other times it may be true, when the people can be made to see what is best in season to prevent their overthrow of the policy; but it is always risky, and when it fails may do far more harm than delay would have done. When it was intimated that his proposed line of policy — recalling the legal tender, making a loan, raising taxes — was a bold one, he replied: "We have counted the cost. It is a policy that is sure to defeat us ultimately. Raising taxes, contracting the currency, dismissing officials, can have no other result. But it is worth the cost if we can get the policy so firmly established

before we fall that our successors must carry it on after us. Then we have won."

Noble words these, and, I feel sure, sincere ones; and yet there is the great "if." Can he get his policy established? Under the existing circumstances, desperate as they were, he was surely right in making the attempt; and to his heroic determination at the time Greece probably owes to-day what is left of its financial credit. But still such circumstances are extremely rare.

The experience of Greece during the last few years; its ambition to extend its territory, without the requisite strength; the checks by the great European powers; its increasing burden of debt; its failure as yet to bring all the Greeks in Macedonia, Crete, and elsewhere under its control, as many devotees of the "great idea," with lack of judgment, hoped that it might soon do; and the unrest that all these conditions have given the people, make not uncommon among Greeks a feeling that their present form of government is not a success, and that it needs serious modification. A prominent member of the cabinet said, not long ago, that he would favor a senate of some kind to check the Boulé, and to lessen the pressure from its members. Many articles have appeared in the papers, advocating a more active participation in affairs by the King, — practically the advice to the King to act as his own Prime Minister. Lately, again, the King has been blamed for acting too much on his own judgment. One very intelligent Greek — not an active politician, but a man conversant with politics at home and abroad — told me that he really doubted, in view of the experience under the constitution, if the Greeks were yet ready for self-government. In country districts the people are ignorant; very many cannot read or write, and take little interest in politics, except from the personal standpoint with reference to the success or failure of their leaders. He

was inclined to think that if the King were a somewhat different man, it might be both wise and practicable to abolish the constitution, and to let the sovereign govern as well as reign, with the aid of chosen counselors. Strange views, these, in a popular government of to-day, with the drift toward democracy that is seen throughout Europe! They all remind us that Greece is not yet free from a touch of Orientalism.

The ideas of Tricoupis on the subject are quite different, and are of great interest and value in the present crisis. When these views were set before him, he said that he considered the Greeks a thoroughly intelligent people, though in the country districts many are illiterate. Very many of them are now landowners; there is land enough for nearly every one to be so, and the laws favor such holding. There is no proletariat in Greece, such as is found elsewhere in Europe; consequently, there is no socialistic movement there. The interests of the people are well enough defined, and the people understand them well enough in the long run, so that it is safe and best to trust them. "This is not true of all countries," he continued, "but in my judgment it is true of Greece. Political parties are based on principles and interests. On the whole, it is safer and wiser to base action upon the *interests* of the people. When the people are intelligent enough to recognize these interests, as, I think, the Greeks are, they are ready for self-government." Lately the people have seemed slow in following his judgment; and if they were to overthrow him in the next election, it would militate against his opinion regarding them.

Believing thus in his people; knowing that, without a proletariat, and with the great natural resources of the country, the people could well bear an increase of present burdens for the more rapid development of the country, he has not hesitated to push them on in the way of

development. Were they of his mind, were they ready to make the effort, one cannot doubt their ability to do all that he has asked, and more, and that it would be wise for them to do so. Keen observers, however, who have lived long in Athens, — not Greeks, — think that he has been a little too far ahead of his people, and that they will not follow him. Recent events would seem to point that way, and yet one can but hope that they will be ready to trust again so strong an intelligence.

If Tricoupis has a weak point as a statesman, it is probably this: he is a little too willing to drive public opinion, or rather the public, into the right road, instead of following the slower but surer plan of leading them thither. He possibly pushes his measures — wise ones — too fast. One can but contrast his methods with those of Lincoln in his first term. Lincoln waited until the people were with him, leading them; and thereby he won. Had his patience been less wise, his sympathetic knowledge of the people less, he could not have been so great a statesman as the world now confesses him to have been, however great he might have been in intellect or heart.

Tricoupis, nevertheless, in spite of his rather autocratic methods, may fairly be said to have created popular government in Greece; for until he had stirred the King and people by his articles advocating trust in the people's majority, and so had won his first premiership, elections in Greece were hardly free, and the government was not in fact really of the people. Now the government is of the majority in the Boulé.

One can but admire his rigid independence and scorn of petty trickery; but it is not necessary to be careless of popular feeling in order to be upright and honest; and, moreover, if one is to rely upon the people, one cannot be too far in advance of them. In the present financial condition, to avert bankruptcy, heroic measures are needed. It is not a mis-

take to drive matters now; but it may be a question whether great expenditures for roads and railroads and other developing agencies could wisely precede the popular demand and willingness to pay heavy taxes. Doubtless the people were glad to have the improvements, but the result seems to show that they had not counted the cost.

Throughout his long political career Tricoupis has remained a poor man, caring only for his work, and living on the meagre salary paid him and the slenderest income from some little inherited property. He lives very modestly, in a rented house, with his sister, who, unmarried also, seems with him to give her life to politics and the state. No sketch of him would be complete without mention of this highly gifted lady, who has been for years his most useful aid. Day after day, and all day long, she receives friends, strangers, constituents, opponents, greeting all with the unflinching tact and courtesy that delight and win, and speaking to each his own language with an accuracy that astonishes one. "Her drawing-room," well says a writer in the *St. James Gazette*, "is perhaps the nearest approach to the political and literary salon of the last century."

From what has been written it will be seen that Tricoupis is essentially a man of action. "It is better to make a campaign upon what you have done than upon what you have said and promised," he declared, in speaking of his policy; and he acts upon this view. A German writer, in describing him, says that his most striking characteristic is will; and I think that this opinion is shared by all who come to know him, though on first meeting him, the chief impression upon many people is made by the wonderful rapidity with which he seems to grasp in all its details the subject presented. Delyannis, who from his long years of contest with him ought to know his characteristics well, said of

him, "M. Tricoupis is a man who dares." The remark was not intended to be complimentary, for Delyannis thinks that he dares do more than he has a right to do. Indeed, others also think that Tricoupis has not hesitated at times to bend the letter when it seemed to conflict with the spirit of the law, or with what he thought to be the real interest of the country; but in no case have I heard any charge that he ever had a personal end in view, or that he considered anything but the highest interests of his country; and in most cases those who gave the facts justified them as in themselves wise, but perhaps dangerous, as being precedents which unwise or unpatriotic men might follow. "A man who dares," a most necessary characterization of all great men, I think an excellent one of him, though I have already shown that he is also prudent, *audax et cautus*. But he is not vacillating or timid. He is prompt, vigorous, sure. In many things said of him, and in many things that one sees, he reminds one of Bismarck: a man of blood and iron, if need be, in a small country with limited means, forced to be prudent and to wait, doomed to be checked by being thrown out of power every few years, and to see his good work undone by his opponents. Think of his tax reforms, legal tender repeals, civil service laws, set aside, to be remade by him, while he had also to pay the debts uselessly heaped on the country by others. The debts made by him have been in the main for substantial benefits to the country. Greece is too poor and small to cope with Turkey on land; but a struggle with Turkey every Greek considers inevitable. Tricoupis provided for ironclads that would give Greece control of the sea so far as Turkey was concerned; but at the moment when the ironclads were firing the first salute to their new masters, as they entered the Piræus for the first time, the minister who had secured them was with the King laying

down his office. With all his strength and enthusiasm Tricoupis feels keenly these reverses; but he knows that the only fortunate outcome for Greece is through prudence and patience, and he will do his best to raise her by every possible means. He, with the rest of his countrymen, hopes for a greater Greece; but, as he has written to his people, "the true policy for Greece is to become a strong country. Strengthen Greece morally and in wealth, then she will be sound and right, and ready to take what comes in the future."

The events of the last two ministerial changes in Greece, when Tricoupis resigned, and after a six months' interval returned to power, serve to throw further light upon his character, the nature of Greek politics, and his relation to the policy of the country and to the King.

The basis of his late financial policy was a new loan, which should pay the interest of the old debts for three or four years, enable them to be consolidated, the paper money to be withdrawn, and the tax system arranged to suit the circumstances. The policy originated with him, and was favorably commented upon and declared entirely practicable by the special English commissioner sent to investigate the condition of the country. The loan was negotiated, and all was settled but one point. The English bankers wished some English control over the taxes that were pledged to the payment of the loan and its interest. This neither the King nor Tricoupis would grant in any form that would take away the suzerainty of Greece. At length, after long negotiation, it was arranged that these pledged taxes were to be paid into the hands of English trustees, to be remitted to the bankers in question. Both the King and Tricoupis were agreed that the suzerain rights of the people were not alienated, and that the loan might be closed by royal decree, under existing laws. At this point the opposition

press stirred up so violent an outcry, asserting that any such condition was unpatriotic and a sacrifice of Greek sovereignty, that public opinion veered around; placards appeared denouncing Tricoupis as a dictator, and criticising his policy and the loan as unconstitutional; and finally the King lost his courage, and suggested the idea of reserving the realization of the loan for the legislative sanction. Tricoupis felt that the outcry was uncalled for, and was willing, if backed by the King, as before, to go ahead and sanction the loan by royal decree, as first intended. When the King was unwilling, however, to take the responsibility without the consent of the Boulé, Tricoupis accepted the suggestion, and telegraphed to London that the loan was to be submitted to the Boulé for sanction, as the case had been with all other Greek loans. He knew that he could count upon his majority in the Boulé; and he wished, as a minister should, to stand by the King in all forms, however unnecessary, without protest. The bankers, in those circumstances, not having confidence in the fickle Boulé, categorically refused that condition, and insisted upon the decree alone, saying that was sufficient. In consequence, Tricoupis promptly resigned, so as to give his successor as much time as possible to meet the difficulties. Had the King stood by him, his pluck was enough to put the matter through, while late events show that he

was not mistaken in relying upon his majority.

The new cabinet struggled through the summer without calling together the Boulé, but when, in November, the Boulé met, on the ballot for the presidency the ministry fell on a vote of 102 to 50 against it. Tricoupis' candidate had more votes than the candidates of all his opponents combined. The King, perforce, has called his great minister again to power, and, with a very strong majority, he takes up the heavy task where he laid it down, — a task made heavier by the weakness of the King and the delay that he had caused. The whole story brings more vividly to view the difficulties of a statesman in a small state, with a people passionate and fickle, hardly ripe for self-government.

What the outcome is ultimately to be is doubtful; what the next few years, or even the next year, may have in store for Greece is a grave problem; and yet, one who has seen the land and the people can hardly believe that the Greeks are not to be a successful nation. At any rate, we may be sure that in power — as he has been most of the time for the past twelve years — or in opposition, Charilaos Tricoupis is to be a prime factor in directing the course of his country. He is easily the greatest Greek of his day, is one of the great statesmen of the century, and his influence must be felt, and felt for good.

Jeremiah W. Jenks.

THE SAPPHIC SECRET.

*Ἔρος δαῦτ' ἐτίναξεν ἔμοι φρένας,
ἄνεμος κατ' ὄρος δρύσιν ἐμπέσων.*

Shaking my soul a gust of passion goes,
A mountain wind that on the oak-tree blows.

SOME subjects never wear out, but, like those broadcloth coats so prized by our grandfathers, keep even their shiny

surface nap to the very last. If we think out the matter to its bottom, we shall find that these perennial themes have an honest connection with what is elemental in human nature. We are growing prouder every day, as we continue to add web over web to the cocoon

of our ensphering artificiality; but yet we remain the same simple species of worm which, in its early nakedness, spun the matchless gossamers of unconditioned art.

Said a maker of maple syrup to me once: "The first sap drawn from the tree at the earliest moment of the season is always the best. It has a flavor quite indescribable, suggesting a direct connection with the tree's most precious and most mysterious life." I do not give his words, but what I took to be his meaning. Going back to his crude speech, it would be something like this: "The fust runnin' is the cream o' the sap; ye git it right out'n the root, an' it tastes jes' like the spring o' the year b'iled down an' squeezed through sugar-tree wood. It's ondoubtedly the jolicousest tastin' stuff in the known world."

When the Muses first tapped the veins of human passion, away back in the springtime of the world, it was a fragrant and racy tippie that they drew forth. It was better to taste it "than to lick a honeycomb," — ἢ μέλι λείχειν, as Theocritus makes his herdsman sing; and, pretend to the contrary as we may, the whole world likes it still. That is, the whole world would like it, were the flags in which it is kept, those supremely delicate yet indestructible receptacles of the Lesbian vintage, unsealed and placed within the common reach.

But who shall strike the wax of mystery from those priceless amphoræ, and give to the unsophisticated nostrils of the average reader the ravishing bouquet of wine pressed in a garden of Mytilene twenty-five centuries ago? We spring to the task with enthusiasm, and scrape away the ἀλειφαρ, the pitch seal, and wrench out the stopper; but who shall share with us the first puff of long-imprisoned fragrance?

When a neighbor is called in, and a draught is offered him, it is ten to one he fails to detect the distinguishing characteristic of it, and turns with pleasure

to something like a glass of California claret. The few, the select coterie, — you and I belong to it, — have always appreciated the indefinable, and have met to discuss it, with this Sapphic tippie shimmering like liquid fire upon the board. We would all be translators, — that is, cup-bearers, — were it possible, and carry from lip to lip around the circle of the world this electrifying philter, the secret of the tenth Muse.

It seems to me that no fascination of mere pedantry can account for the influence exerted by the ancient Greek lyrists over the minds of modern poets. The universal desire to translate has behind it a stronger force than could be generated by a dry school-impulse; for it is not always, perhaps not oftenest, the college man who flies headlong into the flame of the lamp of Hellas and is singed to madness thereby. I knew a young rustic of burly frame, whose head was as large as Webster's, and he chopped wood in winter and ploughed corn in summer for his livelihood; but he had found time to study Latin, and was half crazy to turn the Eclogues of Virgil into English verse. There is a wide space between such a lettered hind and a poet like André Chénier; still, it is all the more interesting when we bring the extremes together, for then we know that the circle is complete, and that it measures a universal fascination. It is as if all mankind had joined hands to receive the thrilling shock from a primal and inexhaustible battery.

English poetry, from Chaucer down to Tennyson, acknowledges the lyre, the syrinx, and the flute, and is not ashamed of a "smack of Helicon," as Lowell somewhere phrases it. Indeed, the master singers of our tongue may be most readily tallied by the Greek sign. Not that they all have been Greek scholars: the influence entered them, mayhap, indirectly, as notably in the case of Shakespeare; they clutched at second hand, if not at first, the fine substance of Arcadian song-

simples, each using them in his own way, as a bee uses what it gathers from flowers.

The Elizabethan poets, at their taverns in Bohemian session, kept the tradition, if not the scholarly study, of Greek poetry alive and active, while in France a succession of lyrists dated song back to the rose gardens of Mytilene and the olive slopes of Ætna, the vineyards round about Teos and the tuneful rivers of Bœotia. But in our day the blight of so-called realism has fallen upon expression to such an extent that one voice is but an echo of all the rest, a bird-organ cry of the commonplace and the usual.

Greek realism was the true realism, beside which the much-boasted "faithfulness to life" of our Whitmans, our Ibsens, and our Tolstóys is a dirty wash of imitation. The civilization of Greece had for foundation what its poets represented it to have, but is American civilization anchored in what Whitman would have us believe? The good gray poet looked back with but half-enlightened eyes to the freedom and the heathen sincerity of Homer. Consciously, even self-consciously and with long forethought and training, he tried to be an elementary voice of ancient, unhindered man, and, with a prodigious show of contempt for our enlightenment, proclaimed himself, as of old did Simichidas, "a burning mouth of the Muses."

Καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ Μοισῶν καπνὸν στόμα.

And he much wished to go naked and run races with Pan, or loaf and invite his soul after the example of the pseudo-Anakreon.

However, it is not every poet who wills it that can be strong enough to connect himself, through perfect understanding, with a dead civilization, and key his song-score in unison with it. The modern realist always fails, as Whitman did, owing to the difference between original, unconscious nakedness and a belated bluster about "truthfulness to nature." Poets

like Keats and Tennyson, simply asserting their genius, have joined the old chorus, in a way, without spoiling their modern tone and accent, while those of André Chénier's ilk have groped in vain for the αἶλός and the tibia, the syrinx and the divine shell, not to be satisfied short of possessing at least the very instrument, τοὺς τρητοὺς δόνακας, offered by Daphnis to the goat-footed god, and unwilling to blow a single note left unsounded by the Arcadian pipers. But what has it mattered that every voluntary effort to reproduce the Greek word-music has failed? The next genius is sure to try it again, and stick fast in the trap set for him by Aæde.

Now, what is the secret of this unavoidable fascination and this inevitable failure? Swinburne has attempted to explain it in one of his gorgeous essays, with only the success of demonstrating that mere violence of epithet could not serve his turn. Yet one or two of his phrases must be numbered among the happy, ever memorable flashes which now and again leap from the pen-nib of rare genius. Speaking of Sappho, he says, "Her verses strike and sting the memory," and "they seem akin to fire and air;" that they are "the supreme success, the final achievement, of the poetic art."

While it is true that the writers of Greek middle comedy, those ancient American humorists who, like our own present fun-makers, wanted their food to be all salt, did not agree with the enthusiastic champion of English erotic poetry, still, it is the larger fact that Sappho captured and held thrall the Greek imagination. She was mistress of the world to a greater degree than Homer was master of it; she appealed to men with a stronger fascination than any other lyrist could command, and so great was her power over women that she drew them about her in a school the like of which has never been controlled by any other poet.

Restraint appears to have been con-

sidered a hardship not bearable by the biographers of Sappho; the poet's divine rage has rendered even the wisdom of counsel lurid and perfervid. The quarrel has been fierce over the question of Sappho's moral character distinguished from her character as a poet, and has been pushed to a profitless extreme. The simple truth is, we know scarcely anything about her life, and the few facts to be accepted as even probably true, bearing upon the subject, are accessible to every reader, and need not be gone over here.

For my part, I always come to the fragments of Sappho's poetry expecting to find something new in them, — and I invariably do; but this novelty seems to steal through and from behind the words. Very often I imagine that a glimpse of the woman, superbly beautiful and divinely gifted, comes out of her phrases, a form seen dimly through Coan silk, *ἰδαίνα βράκη*, like the English poet's vision appearing

"Through leagues of shimmering water, like a star."

It is a most tantalizing half revelation.

In taking up this old theme once more, then, it is not to enter the dusty arena of grammar or archæology or philology, nor yet to repeat the meagre facts, and the thrifty conjectures dear to this or that one of the many learned biographers. Let us try to find out what Sappho herself has to say; for it is this, and but this, that should interest us under the conditions of the record.

A true poet is what his poetry is; that is the artistic view. Genius speaks through what it creates, and the golden fragments of Sappho's verse are the best biography of the world's greatest lyrist.

Counting verses and mere scraps of verses, all that we have pretty well identified of Sappho's poetry would make at the best, if combined, a single poem of about two hundred and twenty lines. The odes, and the probably genuine fragments which are long enough to be of im-

portance from a literary point of view, or chance to contain a complete artistic stroke, are, as I select them, thirty-four in number. Other fragments are interesting on a minor account, and may be mentioned incidentally; but mainly to the two dozen and ten must we look for the key to the Sapphic Secret. Two of these are doubtfully attributed to Sappho, namely, fragments 26 and 120.

The Ode to Aphrodite is the only complete poem of Sappho's that time has spared to us, — one, but a masterpiece, almost overrich in its ripe and strangely racy maturity and its tropical intensity of conception and expression. It is surpassed, however, I think, by the Ode to Anactoria, the most perfect, even in its fragmentary or truncated state, of all erotic poems. These two pieces, the first made up of twenty-eight lines, the second of seventeen, the last two lines of the second being fragmentary, offer at the outset a study of the poet's incomparable "verbal economy," as Mr. Watts, in his article on Poetry in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, has so aptly named it. Here the amazing power of Greek words as words is shown in such a way that phrases, like ripe fruit clusters, seem bursting with a rich juice of passionate meaning. Let us try to examine, and if possible dissect, some of these word wonders, so that what is vaguely known as "popular intelligence" may grasp somewhat of their captivating secret.

Alcæus called Sappho a pure violet-weaver, *ἰόπλοκ' ἄγνα Σάπφου*; and if he referred to her mastery of color-purity in song, it was a happy comparison. The very first word of the first ode suggests a tapestry of priceless and fadeless dyes, — *ποικιλόθρον', ἀθάνατ' Ἀφρόδιτα*. It sets before the Greek mind a throne draped in embroidered cloth, the handiwork of an absolute master, many-colored, the hues divinely approved, and harmoniously blended into some matchless pattern of beauty. Our language has no word with which to translate it, nor

yet any rhythmic combination of words that will paraphrase it.

"Splendor-throned queen, immortal Aphrodite,"

is Sir Edwin Arnold's attempt to render the whole line; but "splendor-throned" leaves out the woven colors. Colonel Higginson is content with "beautiful-throned," and "star-throned" satisfied John Addington Symonds. Swinburne, essaying to surprise the poet, and take her secret unawares, tried this splendid paraphrase:—

"Love, as burning flame from crown to feet,
Imperishable upon her storied seat."

The reader to whom Greek is a sealed fountain must feel as readily as the profoundest Greek scholar that here is a single word baffling the genius of four men known all over the world as, in differing ways and degrees, masters of expression.

In the second ode, the phrase *χλωροτέρα δὲ ποίας* is translated by John Herman Merivale "grassy pale." Symonds tries "paler than grass in autumn," and Swinburne "paler than grass in summer."

Here again is the despair of the would-be translators. The word *χλωροτέρα* has a compound meaning: it describes a plant's greenness fading into the pallor of decay, the vernal hue of foliage disappearing and leaving the lush greenery fallow and wan; and its force of comparison in connection with *ποίας*, grass, gives it the further meaning "more grass-fadish than faded grass;" that is, more like the fallow wanness of faded grass than the color of faded grass itself. But Sappho uses the whole phrase as an adjective descriptive of herself under the blanching and jaundicing strain of an imperious emotion. It tells how the splendor and color, the vigor and abounding life, of a fresh and joyous youth suddenly give way to a living death of jealousy and despair. "All flesh is as grass," *πάντα σὰρξ ὡς χόρτος*, is the apostle's expression, where *χόρτος* stands for fresh-cut grass not yet cured into

hay. This phrase is perfectly translatable word for word, while Sappho's finest meaning eludes every possible stroke of betrayal. I can think of no more striking contrast than is here projected between a realistic and an idealistic mode of expression. "All flesh is like green hay;" that is, it must shortly wither and be consumed. The comparison is a direct physical measurement of one thing by another. But in Sappho's words lurk a whole swarm of physical, spiritual, and sensuous suggestions, all correlated, and shading off from densest substance into the most tenuous and filmy spiritual allusion. The apostle hits us plump with a bullet of gross truth; the poet thrills us with a strain of haunting music which comes along like a flash of woven splendor-rays.

By her marvelous art in the linking together of words Sappho makes them her own, seems to invent them or give them an omnipotent energy. The incomparable realism of Theocritus when he speaks of the grayish, ash-brown cicadas in the summer trees as *αἰθαλίωρες*, burnt and smoked to a cinder color by basking in the sun, is but superficial when compared with Sappho's *ἐπιπορφύρει* (fragment 94), by which she describes—"paints" is the better word—the darkening change of purple color which takes place in the petals of a hyacinth that has been trampled under the feet of shepherds on a hilltop. Take the petal of a blue violet and crush it between your fingers; you will see the change to opaque purple. But Sappho is not content with mere realism; she makes the spiritual connection by using the whole phrase adjectively to suggest the change from the flower-flush of happiness to the dusky gloom of sadness after the heart is trampled upon. Theocritus was often enough artlessly true to the very facts of nature, and set them forth with absolutely sincere dramatic directness. Sappho was just as true, just as sincere, just as direct, with

the added force of incomparable art, — an art that could flood a phrase, or even a single word, with the concentrated riches and splendors of a whole dramatic situation. She made words reciprocate; forced them to borrow and lend, empty shades of elusive meaning into one another, light up one another's remote nooks, focus their colors into dazzling iris centres of beauty, passion, and charm.

In fragment 4 this art of verbal squeezing, so that the meaning of one word gushes out into that of another, like musty juice, so to speak, is carried to the furthest, and yet the passage is a piece of simple and apparently artless description : —

Ἀμφὶ δὲ ψυχρον κελάδει δὲ ὕσδων
μαλίνων, αἰθυσσομένων δὲ φύλλων
κῶμα καταρρεῖ.

I translate this into prose as best I can : “Coolness steals all around through the apple boughs, and down the shimmering foliage a drowsiness settles gently.” The dry grammarian will laugh at my rendering; but it is literally what Sappho meant. In her words, however, is inclosed the dreamy sense of summer in a breezy, slumbrous apple orchard, like the purple juice in a cluster of ripe grapes. Theocritus describes much the same conditions with his παντ’ ὠσδεν θέρεος μάλα πίνος, ὠσδε ὀπώρας, — “All breathed the odor of rich, fruity summer time.” But here again Theocritus thrusts forth only the beautiful fact, while Sappho makes her meaning include a spiritual condition, the drowsy dream of the soul, induced by the coolness, the leaf rustle, and the slumber-bearing weather.

Matthew Arnold has denied that the Greek poets have the magic of expression which belongs to Western genius; but it seems to me that just what he called magic is to be found doubly distilled in some of these pathetic “stray gusts of Sapphic song,” and in a few of the happiest flute-scores of Theocritus

¹ Symonds renders the phrase thus, “And time slips by;” but I feel that Sappho meant

and some haunting chord fragments of the true Anakreon. There is not a single line of all that Shakespeare wrote which, if left to stray alone through twenty-five centuries, could give the human soul a finer thrill than fragment 33 :

Ἡράμαν μὲν ἔγω σέθεν, Ἀτθι, πάλαι πότα.

Indeed I loved thee once, O Atthis, long ago.

Our English words do not carry the undertone of that backward cry through the darkness of dead years; they barely suggest it.

Here is a bundle of the fragments, with what seems to me their meaning in English : —

Ἔρος δαῦτέ μ’ ὁ λυσιμέλης δόνει
γλυκύπικρον ἀμάχανον ὕρπετον.

(Frag. 40.)

Now Love, the unconquerable serpent bitter-sweet,

Thrills me to nervelessness from head to feet.

Οἶον τὸ γλυκύμαλον ἐρεύθεται ἄκρῳ ἐπ’ ὕσδῳ
ἄκρον ἐπ’ ἀκροτάτῳ· λελάθοντο δὲ μαλοδρόπῃες,
οὐ μὰν ἐκλεάθοντ’, ἀλλ’ οὐκ εἰδύναντ’ ἐπίκεισθαι.

(Frag. 93.)

As the sweet apple, red a-blush on the top
spray of the tree,

The tipmost top, that the gatherers failed to
see;

Nay, saw, but could not touch, and so let be.

Οἶαν τὰν ὑάκινθον ἐν οὐρεσι ποίμενες ἄνδρες
πόσσι καταστείβοισι, χάμαι δ’ ἐπιπορφύρει ἄνθος.

(Frag. 94.)

As on the hills the shepherd's feet the hyacinth
crush and wound,

And the flower all darkly purpling dies upon
the ground.

Χαίροισα νύμφα, χαίρέτω δ’ ὁ γάμβρος.

(Frag. 103.)

The bride rejoicing, let the groom rejoice.

Δέδυκε μὲν ἃ σελάνα
καὶ Πληΐδες, μέσαι δὲ
νύκτες, παρὰ δ’ ἔρχετ’ ὥρα,
ἔγω δὲ μόνᾳ κατεύδω.

(Frag. 52.)

The Pleiades are gone,

The moon has set, and I,

Midway from dark to dawn,

While time drags slowly¹ on,

Lonesome and lonely lie.

to express tediousness, which I have tried to indicate by “slowly.”

Ἔσπερε, πάντα φέρων, ὅσα φαίνοις ἐσκέδασ' αὖως,
φέρεις οἶν, φέρεις αἶγα, φέρεις ἄπυ ματέρι παῖδα.
(Frag. 95.)

O Evening, thou dost bring, what bright morn
sent wandering,
The errant goat, the straying sheep, the child
in mother's breast to sleep.

But the English phrasing is pale, sap-
less, and unsuggestive of that element in
the Sapphic equation which in almost
every word of the original is subtly
personal and magically appealing.

Fragment 109 has a haunting plan-
gency of movement, and a pathos that
returns again and again, like a mournful
echo:—

παρθενία, παρθενία, ποῖ με λίποις' ἀποίχρη;
οὐκέτι ἤξω πρὸς σέ, οὐκέτι ἤξω.

Girlhood, girlhood, gone oh where from me?
I come, I come never, never again to thee.

So fragment 39 carries a note almost be-
yond the reach of suggestion in English:

ἦρος ἄγγελος ἱμερόφωνος ἀήδων.

Messenger of spring, love-longing-voiced night-
ingale.

The tender, love-burdened and joy-
sweetened cry of the song-bird in spring
is expressed in absolute terms by the
compound word *ἱμερόφωνος*; it is the
voice of elemental, unsophisticated de-
sire. I never read that line without
thinking of the mocking-birds in May
among the blooming haw boskets and
wild plum thickets of Georgia.

Sappho had the true song-bird's voice,
— the seeking, calling voice of absolute,
initial longing, the cry of pristine pas-
sion. "Desire," connected with love in
its purest and highest human sense, was
the key-word of her song. We need not
pause to inquire whether, living in an age
of hideous moral laxity, she was a bad or
a good woman. Her song is not evil in
its substance nor vicious in its essence.
Her love-desire was that of a burning,
music-charmed genius, full of health and
vigor, wandering in the springtime groves
of song. I have found it interesting to

group together her phrases containing
this key-word "desire: "—

γελασας ἱμερόεν.

θυμός ἱέρρει.

ἱμερον ἢ κάλων.

ἔρος δ' ἐπ' ἱμέρτῳ κέκνυται προσώπῳ.¹

ἱμερόφωνος ἀήδων.

Here we have the laughter of desire;
the desiring heart; good-desiring, — that
is, a pure love-impulse; a desireful face,
in connection with beauty; and the de-
sire-burdened voice of a bird in spring.
This note of longing is not a coarse cry
of lust, as the fleshly school of critics
and poets would have us believe, but a
fine human utterance in behalf of the
noblest natural, elemental impulse. Sap-
pho, whatever may have been her atti-
tude as a Lesbian woman living some
six hundred years before Christ, was, in
her poetry, so far as what we have of it
goes, a true woman, singing freely the
deepest and sweetest as well as the
strongest and most burning secrets of
woman's heart. She sings the mother
and the child, the groom and the bride,
the bird in the grove, the maiden's ten-
der dream of love beside her loom, a
child girl golden-fair, the love of deli-
cacy, flowers, beautiful colors, the rustic
girl and her clever artfulness, a sweet-
voiced maiden, her girl friends, as well
as the pain and stress and overmaster-
ing clutch of love and jealousy and long-
ing and despair. But her key-word is
one that belongs exclusively to women,
— a word meaning more than our word
"longing," and bearing a more spiritual
allusion to love than our word "desire."
She was not sentimental, but she was a
gorgeous fountain of sentiment; beyond
this, her music and her colors and her
masterly command of sympathy make her
verse strangely captivating.

A poet once said to me that Sappho's
poetry always seemed to startle imme-
morial echoes in his mind, and held him
breathlessly expectant of some miracu-
lous revelation. It looks to one who

¹ This is Weil's reading of fragment 100.

reads as if all the poets had felt this curious effect of the fragments, which so often just reach the line of cleavage between tantalizing suggestion and the full explosion of discovery. What it is that one expects and seems just on the point of realizing is not what is so persistently iterated and reiterated in the *Anakreon-tics*, not what the shallower harp sounds monotonously as its only phrase, — *ἔρωτα μούνον ἦχεῖ*, — but some immanent, soul-pervading, and final expression of human love loosed within by a supreme voice, the far overpassed imerophone, thrilling the ancient sphere with unimaginable melody.

Each master poet has this precious secret of a haunting reserve, this remote, alluring suggestiveness beyond all words; but none like Sappho. Each true genius swings a colored lantern with magic effect across our track, and its light is always characteristic and individual, with a signal flash exclusively its own. Sappho's light is that of absolute, universal womanhood. She knew herself, her sex, and her power; and it is this womanly knowledge, informed with a genius never yet surpassed, that brims her words with imperishable fascination.

Ἄστέρων παντῶν ὁ κάλίστος.

Maurice Thompson.

THE REFORM OF SECONDARY EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

It has come to be distinctly recognized that any far-reaching educational reform in this country must begin with the secondary schools. The elementary school is helpless if the secondary school refuses to coöperate with it in raising the standard of scholarship and improving the methods of instruction; and but few colleges are strong enough to demand of the secondary schools more and better work than the latter are now doing. Persuasion on the part of the colleges has in some cases accomplished a good deal, but the improvement has been limited either to one or two subjects of instruction, or to the schools of a relatively small territory. The secondary schools themselves, not always conducted in a wise or generous spirit, have too often sacrificed the necessities of sound training to the local demand for an ambitious programme containing twoscore or more of school subjects, no one of which is pursued far enough or long enough for the pupil to derive from it the educational value it possesses. Or they have

erred on the other side, and in their devotion to a past ideal excluded from the curriculum whole fields of knowledge that have grown up within a century. Thus the secondary school has appeared to many observers not only to scatter a pupil's energies and interests, but to delay him unduly. The consequence is, as President Eliot showed very clearly several years ago, that the American boy of fifteen or sixteen, no whit inferior to his French or German fellow in native ability, is from two to three years behind him in acquired knowledge.

To remedy so apparent an evil as this would be an easy task in France or in Prussia. The minister of education would consult his official advisers, and call the leading educational experts to his council; in a few weeks an order would issue prescribing for the schools a new and reformed procedure. In this way, *Lehrpläne* and *Lehraufgaben* for the higher schools of Prussia were issued in 1882, and again in 1892. Similarly, in 1890 the existing *Plan d'Études*

et Programmes of the secondary schools in France was promulgated. In this country, however, where no central educational administration exists, and where bureaucracy is not popular, educational reforms can be brought about only by persuasion and coöperation, for no official and no institution is empowered to dictate to us. The press, the platform, the teachers' meeting, must be availed of to put forward new ideas, and men and women in large numbers must be reasoned with and convinced in order to secure their acceptance.

For secondary education, and through it for our educational organization generally, a long step has been taken in this direction by the proceedings that led up to the appointment of the Committee of Ten by the National Educational Association, and by the exceedingly valuable report which that committee has just laid before the public.¹

For thirty years the National Educational Association has been known as a large body of teachers that assembled annually to listen to addresses and discussions of more or less practical value. It has come to command an attendance of as many as sixteen thousand teachers, of all classes and from every section of the country. Its power and authority have increased with its size and its representative character. In 1892, the directors of this association determined to pass from the field of mere discussion, and begin an educational investigation, under their own auspices and paid for out of their own funds, that should result in some practical gain to the country at large. They accepted the suggestion, made to them after careful deliberation, that the

problems connected with secondary education should be vigorously and systematically attacked, and appointed a committee, which has come to be known as the Committee of Ten, to take full charge of the task, at the same time appropriating twenty-five hundred dollars to pay the expenses of the work. The members of this committee were carefully selected with a view to giving representation to the types of educational organization most interested, and to the various sections of the country.²

As finally constituted, the committee was made up of one president of an Eastern university, two presidents of Western state universities and one of a Southern state university, one president of a college for women, one professor in a Western college open to both sexes, one head-master of an endowed academy, one principal of a public high school for both sexes, one principal of a public high school for girls only, and the Commissioner of Education, whose familiarity with the principles and practice of education in every part of the United States gave representation indirectly both to the elementary school interest and to the special students of education.

The procedure adopted by the Committee of Ten is fully described in the report to which it is the object of this paper to direct attention. It may be briefly stated thus:—

After a study of the whole problem, it was decided to appoint nine Conferences of ten members each, — one Conference for each of the main divisions of work that fall properly to the secondary school. The members of the Conferences were selected equally, as nearly

¹ Published by the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., and to be obtained on request.

² The members of the committee were: President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard University, chairman; Dr. W. T. Harris, Commissioner of Education; President James B. Angell, of the University of Michigan; President James M. Taylor, of Vassar College; Mr. John Tet-

low, of the Girls' High School, Boston, Mass.; Mr. O. D. Robinson, of the Albany (N. Y.) High School; President James H. Baker, of the University of Colorado; President Richard H. Jesse, of the University of Missouri; Mr. James C. MacKenzie, of the Lawrenceville (N. J.) School; and Professor Henry C. King, of Oberlin College.

as possible, from college and school instructors who had attained a reputation in connection with the subject of their Conference, due regard being had also to the representation of various educational interests and the several sections of the country. Conferences were appointed, therefore, on Latin; Greek; English; Other Modern Languages; Mathematics; Physics, Astronomy, and Chemistry; Natural History (Biology, including Botany, Zoölogy, and Physiology); History, Civil Government, and Political Economy; and Geography (Physical Geography, Geology, and Meteorology). The several Conferences assembled in December, 1892, at convenient points, and eighty-eight of the ninety members were in attendance. Of these eighty-eight, forty-six were in the service of colleges and universities, forty-one in the service of schools, and one was a government official formerly in the service of a university. So admirable are the lists of members of these Conferences that it is difficult to speak of them without enthusiasm. Among the ninety names will be found many that stand in the foremost rank of American scholarship, and no one of the ninety was without valuable educational experience of some kind. This fact of itself gives great weight to their recommendations, and their exhaustive reports, which are appended to the Report of the Committee of Ten, are a mine of educational information and suggestion of the utmost value.

The nine Conferences were in session for three days, and addressed themselves to the task of preparing answers to the searching questions submitted to them by the Committee of Ten. These questions, eleven in number, were as follows:—

“(1.) In the school course of study, extending approximately from the age of six years to eighteen years, — a course including the periods of both elementary and secondary instruction, — at what age

should the study which is the subject of the Conference be first introduced?

“(2.) After it is introduced, how many hours a week for how many years should be devoted to it?

“(3.) How many hours a week for how many years should be devoted to it during the last four years of the complete course; that is, during the ordinary high school period?

“(4.) What topics, or parts, of the subject may reasonably be covered during the whole course?

“(5.) What topics, or parts, of the subject may best be reserved for the last four years?

“(6.) In what form and to what extent should the subject enter into college requirements for admission? Such questions as to the sufficiency of translation at sight as a test of knowledge of a language, or the superiority of a laboratory examination in a scientific subject to a written examination on a textbook, are intended to be suggested under this head by the phrase ‘in what form.’

“(7.) Should the subject be treated differently for pupils who are going to college, for those who are going to a scientific school, and for those who, presumably, are going to neither?

“(8.) At what stage should this differentiation begin, if any be recommended?

“(9.) Can any description be given of the best method of teaching this subject throughout the school course?

“(10.) Can any description be given of the best mode of testing attainments in this subject at college admission examinations?

“(11.) For those cases in which colleges and universities permit a division of the admission examinations into a preliminary and a final examination, separated by at least a year, can the best limit between the preliminary and final examinations be approximately defined?”

The first impression produced by a study of the reports of the special Conferences is that their members addressed

themselves to their task with marked skill and directness. The questions submitted to them are answered, and answered fully, and the answers are accompanied with the reasons therefor. From the standpoint of the old-fashioned preparatory schoolmaster, ignorant alike of the newer school subjects and of the newer methods of imparting life to the old ones, the changes urged by the Conferences may seem many and radical. Yet it will be difficult to disprove the deliberate conclusion of the Committee of Ten that, on the whole, the spirit of the Conferences was conservative and moderate. For example, the Latin Conference distinctly disclaim any desire to see the college admission requirements in Latin increased. The Greek Conference prefer to see the average age of entrance to college lowered rather than raised. The Mathematics Conference recommend the actual abridging of the time now devoted to arithmetic, algebra, and geometry. The Geography Conference agree that the time now spent upon that subject in the schools is out of all proportion to the value of the results secured.

As a matter of course, the Conferences that dealt with the modern languages and the several departments of natural science had the largest amount of work to do. Greek, Latin, and mathematics have been staple school subjects for generations. They are carefully organized and graded. Adequate textbooks are provided. A large body of teaching experience lies behind each of them. Of the other subjects this is not true. They appear only sporadically in schools. Too often they are taught badly, and their educational value is lost. The Conferences dealing with the modern subjects make it clear, in every case, how these evils may be avoided; but their reports are correspondingly longer and more minute than those on the other subjects. The Conference on Physics, Astronomy, and Chemistry, for example, append to their report an elaborate

outline of experiments to be performed and topics to be taught in the secondary school. The reports from the Conferences on History, Civil Government, and Political Economy, Geography, and Natural History are similarly detailed.

The recommendations of the Conference on English will naturally be turned to first; for the tendency to emphasize the importance of the study of the mother tongue, and to improve the methods of teaching it, is now too strong and too general to be resisted, if indeed any one wishes to resist it. The report of this Conference is very short, but it is extremely clear and cogent. In substance, it says that the proper use of English can only be gained by using it properly in exercises of increasing difficulty and variety. The spelling-book is discounted. Formal grammar is relegated to the subordinate place that it deserves. The reading-book should contain real literature, and not articles on physical science or natural history, and but little sentimental poetry. In the high school it is held that English should have as much time allotted to it as Latin, and that the two points to be kept constantly in mind, in the teaching, are the study of literature and training in the expression of thought. All this advice is so sound that, being now given a quasi-official authority, it should be followed generally in the secondary schools, both public and private.

The fact that education cannot be cut up into artificial periods distinct in themselves is brought out by almost every Conference. They agree in saying that the elementary school must improve, and must coöperate with the secondary school, if the latter is to meet the demands now made upon it. English teaching cannot be neglected from six to thirteen, if good results in it are to be obtained from thirteen to seventeen. It is facts like this that give the reports of the Conferences their chief significance. Though dealing ostensibly and directly with secondary

education only, they reach every nook and corner of the elementary school as well.

It is extremely encouraging, also, to find the nine Conferences and the Committee of Ten, one hundred teachers in all, in cordial agreement on many points of fundamental importance. It is laid down, for instance, that no school subject should be taught in different ways to pupils who are going to college, to a scientific school, or to neither. If a pupil studies algebra or Latin, he should study it in the same way and to the same extent, during the time that he studies it, whether he is to enter Harvard or Yale, the Institute of Technology or the Rensselaer Polytechnic, or a merchant's office. On this point there is not a single dissenting voice. This one principle, if followed in the secondary schools, would immensely simplify their programmes and decrease the cost of their instruction.

The Conferences agree, again, — excepting the Greek Conference, the members of which had no reason for dealing with the subject, — that much work now taken up for the first time in the secondary school should be begun in the elementary school. One foreign language, for instance, history, algebra, and geometry are all capable of excellent use in the upper grades of elementary schools, and are already to be found there in some of the more progressive cities of the country. The discussion on shortening and enriching the school curriculum, begun so recently, has already accomplished thus much.

The four Conferences on language study and the three on natural science also agree among themselves as to the best methods of teaching. The former are a unit in desiring reading aloud in the language to be studied, the association of writing the language with translating from it, and the careful correction of translation, in order to secure in it the use of accurate and idiomatic English.

The three scientific Conferences come to a like agreement. They all believe that laboratory teaching is better than textbook teaching, and that the inspection of laboratory notebooks should be combined with written examinations, in testing a pupil's attainments.

The last, and most important, point of agreement among the Conferences relates to the coördination of the studies in the curriculum. Neither the Committee of Ten nor the Conferences contained a single person who may be classed as a follower of the Herbartian educational theory, as exemplified by Ziller, Stoy, and Rein; yet by purely empirical methods the committee and the Conferences arrive at a striking confirmation of one of the main doctrines of the Herbartians, the coördination and correlation of studies. The scientific Conferences show how the practice of writing accurate descriptions of observations and experiments contributes to the acquirement of a clear, simple English style. The Conference on history wish to have that subject always associated with the study of geography, and the Conference on the latter subject agree with them. The English Conference explicitly ask that the study of the mother tongue and its literature be supplemented by that of the history and geography of the English-speaking race.

Taking these points alone, and passing over the hundred and one questions of detail on which the Conferences pronounce, we have a considerable body of educational doctrine that is sound to the core, and that applies to one school and to one stage of education as well as to another. Principals of schools, teachers of special subjects, and students of education will examine and weigh carefully every recommendation of the Conferences, however minute; but the general reader and the intelligent parent wish most of all to gain an idea of what is unanimously, or even generally agreed upon. That question is substantially an-

swered in the foregoing summary of the Conference reports.

To study carefully the several Conference reports, and to base upon them a general recommendation to the country, was the more difficult part of the task of the Committee of Ten. Any recommendation, to be tangible, must of course include a schedule showing how a school can arrange its programme so as to carry out the ideal of the committee. Four such schedules, or tables, are given by the committee; and while not perfect, — what school programme is? — they are extremely suggestive. The first table is not a programme, but an ordered arrangement, by topics and school years, of all of the recommendations of the nine Conferences. It offers material for a thousand programmes. The second table is given to test the practical character of the Conference recommendations. It includes them all in a four years' course, adding to each subject the number of weekly periods to be allotted to it. When this is done, it is found that for three fourths of the course much more is demanded than any one pupil can follow, but — and this is the important point — not more than a school can teach. The necessary consequence is that there must be in the high school a choice or election of studies. In a small school, this choice will be made by the principal, who will say: "With the staff at my command, I can teach only five subjects of those proposed by the Conferences, in the manner recommended. My school shall therefore be limited to those five." Larger and richer schools can teach more, or perhaps all of the subjects, and then the choice among them will be made by the pupil. This choice is necessary, as the Committee of Ten is careful to point out, to thoroughness, and to the imparting of power as distinguished from mere information; for any large subject whatever, to yield its training value, must be pursued through several years, from three to five times a week.

The committee's third table is based on the second, but uses four as the standard number of weekly periods of study for each subject, except in the first year of a new language. Further reference to this table is unnecessary.

But the fourth table submitted is of great interest, for in it the committee, after due deliberation, makes its own selection out of all the material and suggestions supplied by the Conferences, and submits sample standard programmes of secondary school work. It would be a grave error to dismiss this question of a specific programme as one involving mere detail that might be left to any principal or superintendent of schools. The Committee of Ten itself dissents strongly from that view; for it believes that to establish just proportions between the several subjects, or groups of allied subjects, it is essential that each principal subject shall be taught adequately and extensively, and therefore proper provision for it must be made in the programme. As the committee says: "The method of estimating the amount of instruction offered in any subject by the number of recitation periods assigned to it each week for a given number of years or half years is in some respects an inadequate one, for it takes no account of the scope and intensity of the instruction given during the periods; but so far as it goes it is trustworthy and instructive. It represents with tolerable accuracy the proportional expenditure which a school is making on a given subject; therefore the proportional importance which the school attaches to that subject. It also represents, roughly, the proportion of the pupil's entire school time which he can devote to a given subject, provided he is free to take all the instruction offered in that subject. All experience shows that subjects deemed important get a large number of weekly periods, while those deemed unimportant get a smaller number. Moreover, if the programme time assigned to a given subject be insufficient, the value of that sub-

ject as training cannot be got, no matter how good the quality of the instruction."

In framing the sample programmes, the Committee of Ten proceeded upon some general principles that are of great significance. In the first place, it endeavored to postpone to as late a period as possible the grave choice between a Classical and what is generally known as a Latin-Scientific course. Very frequently this choice determines a boy's future career, and it is important that it be made not only late in the school course, but after excursions into all the principal fields of knowledge have discovered the

boy's tastes and exhibited his qualities. A second principle is that each year of the secondary school course should be, so far as may be, complete in itself, and not made wholly dependent on what is to follow. This is essential, because thousands of pupils are obliged to leave the high school after one or two years, and during that time linguistic, historical, mathematical, and scientific subjects should all be presented to them in an adequate manner. It is also important that provision be made so that each subject may be treated in the same way for all pupils who take it; that time enough be given to each subject to gain from it the training it is

YEAR.	I. CLASSICAL. Three Foreign Languages (one Modern).		II. LATIN-SCIENTIFIC. Two Foreign Languages (one Modern).	
1	Latin	5 p. ¹	Latin	5 p.
	English	4 p.	English	4 p.
	Algebra	4 p.	Algebra	4 p.
	History	4 p.	History	4 p.
	Physical Geography	3 p.	Physical Geography	3 p.
		20 p.		20 p.
2	Latin	5 p.	Latin	5 p.
	English	2 p.	English	2 p.
	German ² [or French] begun	4 p.	German [or French] begun	4 p.
	Geometry	3 p.	Geometry	3 p.
	Physics	3 p.	Physics	3 p.
	History	3 p.	Botany or Zoölogy	3 p.
		20 p.		20 p.
3	Latin	4 p.	Latin	4 p.
	Greek ²	5 p.	English	3 p.
	English	3 p.	German [or French]	4 p.
	German [or French]	4 p.	Mathematics { Algebra, 2 }	4 p.
	Mathematics { Geometry, 2 }	4 p.	Astronomy (½ year) and Meteorology (½ yr.)	3 p.
		20 p.	History	2 p.
		20 p.		20 p.
4	Latin	4 p.	Latin	4 p.
	Greek	5 p.	English { as in Classical, 2 }	4 p.
	English	2 p.	German [or French]	3 p.
	German [or French]	3 p.	Chemistry	3 p.
	Chemistry	3 p.	Trigonometry and Higher Algebra, or History	3 p.
	Trigonometry and Higher Algebra, or History	3 p.	Geology or Physiography (½ yr.), and Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene (½ yr.)	3 p.
		20 p.		20 p.

¹ Weekly periods.

² In any school in which Greek can be better taught than a modern language, or in which local public opinion or the history of the school makes it desirable to teach Greek in an ample way, Greek may be substituted for German or French in the second year of the Classical programme.

YEAR.	III. MODERN LANGUAGES. Two Foreign Languages (both Modern).		IV. ENGLISH. One Foreign Language (Ancient or Modern).	
1	French [<i>or</i> German] begun	5 p.	Latin, or German, or French	5 p.
	English	4 p.	English	4 p.
	Algebra	4 p.	Algebra	4 p.
	History	4 p.	History	4 p.
	Physical Geography	3 p.	Physical Geography	3 p.
		20 p.		20 p.
2	French [<i>or</i> German]	4 p.	Latin, or German, or French	5 or 4 p.
	English	2 p.	English	3 or 4 p.
	German [<i>or</i> French] begun	5 p.	Geometry	3 p.
	Geometry	3 p.	Physics	3 p.
	Physics	3 p.	History	3 p.
	Botany or Zoölogy	3 p.	Botany or Zoölogy	3 p.
		20 p.		20 p.
3	French [<i>or</i> German]	4 p.	Latin, or German, or French	4 p.
	English	3 p.	English { as in others, 3 }	5 p.
	German [<i>or</i> French]	4 p.	Mathematics { Algebra, 2 }	4 p.
	Mathematics { Algebra, 2 }	4 p.	Mathematics { Geometry, 2 }	4 p.
	Astronomy (½ year) and Meteorology	3 p.	Astronomy (½ yr.) and Meteorology	3 p.
	(½ yr.)	3 p.	(½ yr.)	3 p.
	History	2 p.	History { as in Latin-Scientific, 2 }	4 p.
		20 p.		20 p.
4	French [<i>or</i> German]	3 p.	Latin, or German, or French	4 p.
	English { as in Classical, 2 }	4 p.	English { as in Classical, 2 }	4 p.
	German [<i>or</i> French]	4 p.	Chemistry	3 p.
	Chemistry	3 p.	History	3 p.
	Trigonometry and Higher Algebra, or	3 p.	Trigonometry and Higher Algebra	3 p.
	History	3 p.	Geology or Physiography (½ yr.), and	3 p.
	Geology or Physiography (½ yr.), and	3 p.	Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene	3 p.
	Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene	3 p.	(½ yr.)	3 p.
		20 p.		20 p.

able to give; that the different principal subjects be put upon an approximate equality in the matter of time-allotment; that all short courses given for purposes of information only be excluded; and that the instruction in each of the main lines — namely, language, history, science, and mathematics — be continuous. With all of these principles in mind, the Committee of Ten framed the four sample programmes given herewith, the names by which they are designated being based on the amount and character of foreign language study in each.

In adopting twenty as the maximum number of weekly periods of school work, the committee had two qualifications in mind: first, that at least five of the

twenty should be given to unprepared work; secondly, that laboratory subjects should have double periods whenever that prolongation is possible. Such subjects as music, drawing, and elocution, often found in secondary schools, are purposely omitted from the programmes, it being left to local authorities to determine how they shall be introduced.

Inspection will show how carefully the programmes have been framed with reference to being carried out economically in a single school. With few exceptions, the several subjects occur simultaneously in at least three of the four programmes, and with the same number of weekly periods allotted to them. From a practical point of view this is a most important ar-

rangement. Some minor difficulties were caused by adhering to the rule laid down by all of the language Conferences, namely, that two foreign languages should not be begun at the same time, and by limiting the course to four years. A six years' programme would be far easier to construct.

Critical examination of the committee's programmes discloses grave defects in the most important of all, the Classical. It does not provide continuous study in science, for that great department is not represented in the third year at all. History is similarly interfered with, and there would also be a break in the mathematical course if the option given in the fourth year were exercised in favor of history. The difficulty lies, I believe, in trying to include history in a four years' classical course. The classics themselves teach history in an admirable way, if the instruction is good. A wealth of historical knowledge is grouped about the reading of Cæsar, Cicero, and Vergil, Xenophon and Homer, the usual secondary school authors; and in those which are themselves professedly historical, a great gain would follow from a more thorough study of the subject matter. If history, then, were dropped entirely from this programme, a modern language could be begun in the first secondary school year, the English course extended in the second year, and no break in the science instruction would be necessary.

Defects in the other programmes exist, but they are not so glaring as those just pointed out in the Classical. For instance, there is no continuity in the history course of the Latin-Scientific or Modern Language programme; and in both of the last-named there would be a break in the mathematics course also, should the pupil exercise his option in favor of history.

The following table discloses at a glance in what relation the four programmes stand to each of the four great divisions of secondary school study. The figures in the several columns represent the total

number of weekly periods given during the entire four years, in each of the four programmes, to the main subjects. No scheme can be called radical that proposes to give 52.5 per cent of all secondary education whatsoever to language study, or, adding history, 62.8 per cent to the humanities. That this would be the result of following the committee's recommendations the table shows.

	Classical.	Latin-Scientific.	Modern Languages.	English.	Total.
Language . . .	50	42	42	34	168
History	7	6	6	14	33
Mathematics . .	14	14	14	14	56
Natural Science .	9	18	18	18	63
Total	80	80	80	80	320

This table brings out other interesting facts. It shows how closely allied are the Latin-Scientific and Modern Language courses, and how small a part natural science is to play in the revised scheme, after all. The one quarter of the whole school time that the scientific Conferences asked to have given to natural science is not so given in any of the programmes, though it is closely approached in three of them.

Although the report itself contains no reference to European experience or practice, it will be interesting to compare the committee's recommendations with the programmes of European secondary schools. Take, for example, the Prussian Gymnasium, the Tertia and Secunda of which nearly correspond to the American secondary school years, and the French Lycée, where the classes known as Cinquième, Quatrième, Troisième, and Seconde are in about the same relation. There the division of time is as follows:—

PRUSSIAN GYMNASIUM.

SUBJECTS.	Unter-Tertia.	Ober-Tertia.	Unter-Secunda.	Ober-Secunda.	Total.
Religion . . .	2	2	2	2	8
German . . .	2	2	3	3	10
Latin . . .	7	7	7	6	27
Greek . . .	6	6	6	6	24
French . . .	3	3	3	2	11
History and Geography . . .	3	3	3	3	12
Mathematics . .	3	3	4	4	14
Natural History, Physics, and Chemistry . .	2	2	2	2	8
Total	28	28	30	28	114

FRENCH LYCÉE.

SUBJECTS.	Cinquième.	Quatrième.	Troisième.	Seconde.	Total.
French	3	2	2	3	10
Latin	8	5	5	5	23
Greek	2 ¹	6	5	5	18
Other Living Language	1½	1½	1½	2½	7
History	1½	1½	1½	1½	6
Geography . . .	1	1	1	1	4
Mathematics } Natural Science }	1½ ²	1½	3	1½	7½
Total	18½	18½	19	19½	75½

¹ Greek is not begun until the second half of the year. Previous to that time ten hours weekly are given to Latin.

² This time is divided between observation lessons on rocks and plants and arithmetic.

It is seen at once that the German

boy is called upon for far more work, measured in terms of time, than the American boy; though the difference is not so great as it seems, for "learning lessons" out of school is not so prominent a feature in German as it is in American education. The French boy, under the existing revised programme, does about what is to be expected of the American, but his time is differently distributed. The French device for preventing "scrappy" courses from becoming intolerable is to assign them few but long periods. For example, history, in the Lycée, is taught but once a week, but that once it occupies an hour and a half consecutively, so that much more is accomplished than in two periods of forty-five minutes each. As a rule, the recitation or lesson periods in France are considerably longer than those usually found elsewhere.

In spite of the differences between them, however, it is clear that the proposed American Classical programme is not very unlike those in vogue on the Continent. Were the comparison extended to the other programmes, — the Latin-Scientific, the Modern Language, and the English, — a similar relation to the French and German programmes of like character would be found to exist. The higher classes of the Gymnasium and Lycée have still a great advantage over the American secondary school in the fact that the work leading up to them is carefully organized and developed, and may be depended upon. The American grammar school, or better, the upper grades of the elementary school, on the contrary, is only here and there efficient. For two generations the so-called grammar school has conspired with the lower or primary grades to retard the intellectual progress of the pupil in the interest of "thoroughness." The arithmetic of many puzzles, the formal grammar, and the spelling-book with its long lists of child-frightening words have been its weapons. Slowly and with a struggle these are being wrested from it. New knowledge is being introduced

to illustrate and illuminate the old, and higher processes to explain and make easier the lower. All this promotes true thoroughness, and also allows the child's mind to grow and develop as nature intended it should, and as it often does in spite of the elementary school, not because of it. Therefore, every year pupils are reaching the high school better prepared for its peculiar work; and it is not unreasonable to hope that in ten years the secondary school may assume, in the case of its youngest pupils, an ability to use simple English correctly, a knowledge of the elements of algebra and geometry, and of some epoch or movement in history. Perhaps even the study of a foreign language will have been begun.

From the standpoint of the elementary school, therefore, the Committee of Ten is not unreasonable in its ideal, nor have the Conferences proposed anything that is impracticable. The same is true when the report is viewed from the standpoint of the colleges, though here, too, reform and improvement are necessary. As is well known, college admission examinations not only differ widely among themselves, but vary from year to year. Perhaps no one of them is too high to admit of a well-taught boy entering college at seventeen, but many are so low that the same boy ought to pass them successfully at fourteen, or even earlier. The colleges have been injuring higher education in America by giving their own idiosyncrasies as to admission examinations free scope, instead of agreeing together upon a policy.

I do not mean that the admission examinations of all colleges should be uniform; that is not necessary. But, to quote from the report, "it is obviously desirable that the colleges and scientific schools should be accessible to all boys or girls who have completed creditably the secondary school course." If the recommendations of the Committee of Ten are carried out, — and there is every reason to hope that they will be, — the "com-

pletion of a secondary school course" will have a definite meaning, and the colleges can deal with it accordingly. The graduate of a secondary school will have had four years of strong and effective mental training, no matter which of the four school programmes he has followed, and the college can safely admit him to its courses. This single step will bring about the articulation of the colleges and scientific schools on the one hand with the secondary schools on the other, — an articulation that has long been recognized as desirable for both classes of institutions and for the country.

The question will naturally arise, — it arose in the minds of the Committee of Ten, — Can the improvements suggested be effectually carried out without a very considerable improvement in the training of the teachers who are to do the work? To this question but one answer, a negative one, can be given. But, on the other hand, the opportunities now available for the higher training of secondary school-teachers are many times as numerous and as valuable as they were a decade ago. It is true that the hundreds of normal schools are accomplishing very little in this direction, even the best of them; but the colleges and universities, where the mass of secondary teachers will always be educated and trained, have now awakened to a sense of the responsibility that rests upon them. Harvard and Yale, Columbia and Cornell, Michigan and Illinois, Colorado and Stanford, and many others have organized special departments for the study of education, and one or two of them are manned and equipped more thoroughly than any similar departments in Europe. The effect of this great expansion of activity in the study of education cannot fail to be widely felt within the next few years. The colleges have needed, and some of them still need, an enlargement of sympathies, as do the normal schools. The colleges have focused their attention and energy too largely upon their own special work, and have paid no

heed to what was going on about and beneath them. The normal schools have thought it sufficient to study more or less psychology, and to expound more or less dubious "methods" of teaching, and have neglected the larger field of genuine culture and the relative values of studies. Better apparatus and more teachers will not of themselves lift the college or the normal school out of its rut. Only a full appreciation of the relations of these institutions to the work of education as a whole can do that.

And finally, what is the effect of this prolonged and earnest investigation upon that ideal of a liberal education that has so long been held in esteem among us? It will not have escaped notice that only one of the committee's four programmes makes a place for the study of Greek, while one excludes both Greek and Latin. It is true that these are recommended as ideal arrangements, and that it is expressly stated in the report to be the unanimous opinion of the committee that, "under existing conditions in the United States as to the training of teachers and the provision of necessary means of instruction, the two programmes called respectively Modern Languages and English must, in practice, be distinctly inferior to the other two." Nevertheless, it seems clear that the committee has been able to disentangle the real from the accidental in our conception of a liberal education, and has put the former forward in all its strength. It has not forgotten the precept of Aristotle, that "there are branches of learning and education which we must study with a view to the enjoyment of leisure," and that "these are to be valued for their own sake." "It is evident, then," the philosopher continues, "that there is a sort of education in which parents should train their sons, not as being useful or necessary, but because it is liberal and noble. Whether this is of one kind only, or of more than one, and if so, what they are and how they are to be imparted, must

hereafter be determined." It is just this determination that the committee has made; and it is a determination that each age, perhaps each generation, must make for itself. Between a diminution of the time given to classical study and a relapse into quasi-barbarism there is no necessary relation of cause and effect. May not the American say, as did Paulsen of his countrymen, that "idealism generally, if we will use this word of so many meanings, is a thing which is not implanted from without, but grows from within, and that, in particular, the idealism in the character of the German people has deeper roots than the Greek and Latin lessons of our gymnasia"?

Mr. Lowell's hope, expressed so eloquently at the Harvard Anniversary, will not be disappointed by the recognition of a broader basis for human culture. Every one may accept the recommendations of the Committee of Ten, and still say with him: "I hope the day may never come when the weightier matters of a language, namely, such parts of its literature as have overcome death by reason of their wisdom and the beauty in which it is incarnated, such parts as are universal by reason of their civilizing properties, their power to elevate and fortify the mind, — I hope the day may never come when these are not predominant in the teaching given here. Let the Humanities be maintained undiminished in their ancient right. Leave in the traditional preëminence those arts that were rightly called liberal; those studies that kindle the imagination, and through it irradiate the reason; those studies that manumitted the modern mind; those in which the brains of finest temper have found alike their stimulus and their repose, taught by them that the power of intellect is heightened in proportion as it is made gracious by measure and symmetry. Give us science, too, but give first of all, and last of all, the science that ennobles life and makes it generous. . . . Many-sidedness of culture makes our vision clearer and keener

in particulars. For after all, the noblest definition of Science is that breadth and impartiality of view which liberates the mind from specialties, and enables it to

organize whatever we learn, so that it becomes real Knowledge by being brought into true and helpful relation with the rest."

Nicholas Murray Butler.

HIS VANISHED STAR.

XVIII.

THE anomaly of administering upon one's own estate Lorenzo Taft was permitted in some sort to experience. A definite realization of finality attended his meditations, as he sat bending over the embers in the great fireplace of the store, in the rain-clouded morning that rose upon the conclusion of his labors of removing the still and destroying all its approaches. His vocation was gone, and naught remained. He had no more affinity for a law-abiding occupation than a fox or a wolf. The possible profits that might stick to his hands in the process of the conversion of the goods upon the shelves from the wholesale ratio to the retail failed to allure him, for the store had never been aught but a "blind." The furrow was no thoroughfare. That wild gambling with the chances of the sun and wind and the rain in its season, and often out of its season, known as farming, and doubtless permitted by the law only because it insures its own punishment, was risky enough to jump with his humor, but the stakes were hopelessly inadequate. He could not look forward, and the glance backward over the shoulder needs a good conscience to commend the prospect.

Now and again he lifted his heavy boot and kicked the embers together fiercely, as if at great odds with his thoughts and his own counsels. Like many another, he undervalued his success, its hairbreadth jeopardies and its difficulty

of attainment, now that it was fairly secured. It seemed to him a slight thing, the device of his quick wits to insure his safety, and his satisfaction in its triumphant exploitation had already evanesced. Had it been possible to reëstablish the status of yesterday, doubtless he would have hardily risked the discovery of the still, the disclosure of Larrabee, the capture of Espey, Dan Sykes's drunken tongue, and, as a result of these, the "shootin'-irons" of the "revenuers" and the sentence of the federal court. But gunpowder as a factor in a scheme admits of no second thoughts.

He even upbraided his own acumen that, in the emergency, he had sought with an eye single the safety of himself, his one remaining comrade, and the apparatus, regardless of all considerations of enmity. But now that judgment was satisfied and escape certain, vengeance clamored.

Whenever he thought of Larrabee outside, triumphant, free, enjoying an absolute immunity from the law by reason of the destruction of the moonshiners' lair, which rendered the discovery of his complicity impossible, Taft frowned heavily and swore beneath his breath, and kicked the unoffending embers into a new adjustment, so bitter was the fact that his own safety made Larrabee's protection complete. Even poor Dan Sykes's exile — and doubtless the young sot was well on the way to Texas by this time — was as necessarily a measure taken in Larrabee's behalf as if it were

the dearest desire of Taft's heart to shield and screen him. The realization that, despite himself, Larrabee shared his security cheapened it. Less and less he realized its value. A turbulent pulse began to stir within his veins. His heavy cheek was red and pendulous beneath his yellow beard. Occasionally he dropped his lower jaw with an expression of angry dismay, so ill had the event fallen out with his liking. The sight of old Copley wandering about the half-darkened house, lighted only by the fire and the pallid grayness from the door ajar opening upon the rainy outside world, as uneasy as a homeless cat, able to settle to nothing, his face a palimpsest of care and trouble and failure, overwritten again and again above the half-obliterated script of years ago, irritated him vaguely. Taft eyed him loweringly, as the two children in the opposite room besieged him for the detail of the adventures and dramatic "taking off" of a certain "black b'ar," a vanquished enemy of his earlier days, which he recounted as aimlessly as if the story were elicited by a wooden crank; but responding to a spirited encore, he plucked up heart of grace to add new and fresh particulars. His worn and not unkindly face did not ill become the armchair and the propinquity of the juvenile heads. His serenity, as the two resorted from contradiction to blows, smartly administered across him to his own great jeopardy, bespoke a grandfatherly tolerance, nearly related to affection, for the combatants. Without more masterful leading than his own mind could originate or his own propensities could furnish, he might spend the rest of his life at the plough-handles, and ask no better society, and hope for naught beyond his coarse garb and his coarser fare. He was old, and this might be a better prospect than the still could promise, with always the possibility of a federal prisoner's cell at the vanishing point of the long perspective.

Taft could preëempt no such demesne of mild content. His rankling regret for all that he had done, and done so well, in that it served his enemy perforce as one with himself, deepened as he began to realize that in escaping so great and imminent a danger none sustained appreciable injury but himself. He alone seemed at the end. He could not for years, perhaps, safely rehabilitate the still. A new place must be sought, a new trade established, new dangers guarded against; and complicated by his relations with Larrabee, at large and at enmity, a removal unobserved and a reëstablishment without pursuit seemed impossible. He dwelt with futile persistence on the peculiar adaptability of his hiding-place, now demolished forever. Nowhere else could he have commanded such advantages of seclusion. Surely nowhere else could his dangerous vocation have been so safely plied. He enumerated the varied precautions that he had observed, the dangers that he had successfully balked. All the chances of the world outside had run in his favor; even the mysterious burning of the hotel was strangely calculated to aid his design in discouraging the advent into the Cove of strangers, summer sojourners, that might lead to the discovery of his lair. Doubtless, too, by this time, in addition, Kenniston's plans were definitely and forever baffled by the untoward result of processioning the land. And as the thought of it recurred to him he started suddenly, the color deepened in his face, and he beheld the events of which he had elected to play the *deus ex machina* in a new and baleful light.

Certainly there was no flaw in his reasoning that stormy night when he had betaken himself, in company with the wind and the rain, high up into the solitudes of the "bald" of the mountain. A wild night, with none else abroad save perchance a stray marauder of the furry gentry. Only the mists dogged his steps, and only the lightnings

searched out his path. The gigantic boulder that seemed immovable, grim, gaunt, forbidding, the agency of giant powder set astir easily enough; and although the charge, accurately calculated for the purpose, was not sufficient to fracture the great mass, its equilibrium on the steep slope was destroyed. A wild turbulent dance it had as it hurled down the slope from the spot where the ebbing seas of centuries ago had left it stranded. A thunderous crashing voice it lifted as it went, and the thunder of the clouds seemed to reply. In the pallid dawn of the rainy day, Taft had crept back through the wet clouds of the summits and the spent winds lingering in the dank woods, to behold it lying there in this alien spot, as immovable of aspect as of yore, with great trees uprooted by the tempest athwart the rocky ledges about its path, and every trace of the action of powder effaced by the persistent rain. It marked a new corner for the beginning of Kenniston's survey; on a line with the old, it is true, but full five furlongs distant. There was a north-westerly line to be run out thence; the greater divergence would occur in the Cove, which fact Taft had learned as Kenniston made a swift plat of his irregularly shaped land with his cane on the floor of Captain Lucy's cabin porch. A simple scheme enough, this,—that the one available site for the hotel should be thrown within the boundaries of Captain Lucy, who would not bargain, sell, or convey, and that thus the ill-omened caravansary should be crowded out of the space it was expected to occupy; for as yet Bruin's intervention as incendiary was among the uncovenanted things, and since the unlucky threat to burn the building had originated among the moon-shiners Taft feared discovery should he apply the torch himself. A simple scheme, well planned and carried out with full effect, and how should its completion so ill please its projector?

The fact that Captain Lucy should

profit by it Taft had heretofore hardly heeded, since this was the necessary incident of his own greater profit. Now, however, that treachery, as he esteemed it, had riddled the whole finespun web and brought it to naught, a turmoil of rage possessed him. It seemed some curious chicanery of fate that he alone should sustain loss, and that to others should accrue all the advantage of his subtle weavings of chance and fact, as if the threads still held fast. Captain Lucy was in possession, doubtless, of many hundred acres of Kenniston's land. Now he grudged them to Lucy as he had never bethought himself to grudge them to Kenniston. Jealousy is an intimate passion, and insistently of the soil. The neighbor, the associate, the friend's friend,—it makes no far casts. Kenniston was beyond its restricted bounds. Captain Lucy's causticity, his arrogance, his insulting courage which belittled the possibilities of another man's wrath, his intrenchment in the subservience of his household, and his preëminence in the esteem of his small world did not serve to commend him to his unwilling benefactor, who stood in immediate contemplation of his own loss. And suddenly, as the radiant face of Julia appeared in the dim midst of Taft's recollection, he rose to his feet, his resolution taken in the instant. He had not forgotten the look in Larrabee's eyes when Espey had demanded of him whom he had been "a-courtin' at Tems's." Now, with Espey gone and Larrabee foot-loose and free, it might chance that these hundreds of acres of which he had bereft Kenniston would one day fall into Larrabee's possession as his wife's inheritance, when Captain Lucy should go to his account,—which Taft doubted not would be a long one.

"I'll be dad-burned," he cried, "ef I'll stand by an' see Kenniston choused fur ole Lucy or Lar'bee, air one!"

Few human motives are simple. The travesty of restitution served to cloak

even to himself jealousy and grudging and revenge, and that mad impulse to hurl down and wreak woe upon those who had chanced to prosper in the dispensations which he had ordered himself, and which had wrought perversely to his interest. He had, however, nothing of the appearance or the manner of a subtle villain when he was on horseback, in the slanting lines of rain, that multiplied till they hid the mountains near at hand, and erased the Cove, and nullified all the conditions of the familiar world. On the contrary, his bluff, bold, open aspect was of a reassuring geniality, notwithstanding its overbearing intimations, and served to identify him to Kenniston, as he lounged in his unsubstantial domicile, and looked out ruefully at the dull day and the gray rain and the grayer mist and the ochreous pools of water, seeing naught else till this massive equestrian figure took form and seemed to ride straight out of it all. Taft flung himself from his saddle with a decision which implied a mission; and despite Kenniston's intention to discourage the visits of the mountaineers, he could not, with so assured a guest, have withheld the customary greeting of hospitality without more definite rudeness than he had expected to adventure.

The new-comer was the more welcome since Kenniston's companion in keeping the monkey stove warm was Rodolphus Ross, who had come to the Cove for the purpose of examining the scene of the fire and ferreting out the incendiary. He had, under the guise of questioning Kenniston on the subject, inflicted his society upon his restive host for the better part of an hour, now and then desisting from the discussion to work away at the damper of the monkey stove, which he patronizingly designated a "smart little trick," albeit by reason of the heavy air and ill adjustment and the lack of adequate draught it was doing itself no credit. Ross experimented with an ardor and uninformed

energy which threatened the total wreck of its constitution. The clatter of the metal was hardly more grating upon Kenniston's educated nerves than were his guest's speech and bearing. There was something in the exaggeration of the deputy's urban boorishness, the plaid of his ill-fitting garments, the hilarity of his vulgar townish impudence, that daunted a charitable acceptance of his foibles. It might seem righteousness to cuff him. So distasteful to Kenniston's cultured taste was the degree of sophistication acquired by the deputy sheriff, and with many a misconception adapted to his personality, that the absence of it seemed dignity in the mountaineer, and Taft's unvarnished address the unpolished substratum of good manners.

"How 's ducks in the hills?" Ross greeted him, dropping the small poker, and looking up with bright dark eyes, his prominent front teeth appearing beneath the short upper lip. There was a moment of rabbit-like expectancy of expression; then his lips widened to a laugh as the burly stranger turned his serious, impressive face toward him.

"Air you-uns speakin' ter me, sir?" demanded Taft, in a grave, direct manner, his steady eye full upon him.

The airy deputy shifted ground for once. "Good day fur ducks," he modified his speech.

"Cornsider'ble fallin' weather," admitted Taft incidentally, and, seating himself in the chair indicated by Kenniston, he proceeded to take part in the conversation, his big booming voice rendering interruption impossible save as he listed.

"I hev viewed you-uns afore at ole Cap'n Lucy Tems's house," he said to Kenniston, crossing his legs, and eying the steam casually as it rose from the damp boots under the persuasive heat of the stove. "Yes, sir, Taft is my name."

"I remember you very well," replied Kenniston affably. "Won't you light your pipe?" He pushed a match holder

and tobacco pouch across the table to him.

Taft, without comment, filled his pipe from an inexhaustible supply of tobacco that seemed always loose in his pocket; it was far stronger than that of his host, as the rank odor which rose on the air presently demonstrated. Rodolphus Ross had looked at him with a grin of hopeful anticipation, which shrunk at once when he recognized and adapted to his own needs the uses of the lucifer match.

"Yes, sir," Taft resumed, "I war toler'ble sorry ter hear 'bout'n yer hotel bein' burnt. I did n't view it at the time." He puffed the coals into a glow, and pulled away comfortably.

"Meanes' people on yearth, these hyar mountaineers!" cried Ross. "They jes' so durned ignorant they don't know sin from salvation, nor law from lying."

"Then they ain't 'sponsible," remarked Taft coolly. He pressed down the burning tobacco in the bowl with a callous forefinger indurated by long practice to crowding his pipe, and resumed: "I 'lowed it mought gin ye a start ef I war ter tell ye I hear'n sev'ral men talkin' 'bout burnin' it, — long time ago, 'fore it war begun."

Kenniston was leaning back in his chair, much at his ease, noting with a sort of languid interest the intimations of force and ferocity in his visitor's face: the keen sagacity, as rather the instinctive endowment of one of the lower orders of creation than belonging to an enlightened intelligence; the beaklike nose; the contradictory geniality of the full blue eye and broad floridity. He brought his tilted chair suddenly to the floor, leaned forward on the table, and barely caught himself in time to repress an exclusive gesture toward Rodolphus Ross, which, although it escaped that worthy, caused Taft a sharp regret for his precipitancy, and gave him a clue for the future.

The deputy sheriff was all a-clamor.

"Why, now, my big bull o' Bashan, ye

hev got ter make that statement under oath with full partic'lars, — names, dates, and place!" He rose up on the opposite side of the monkey stove, with the lifter in his hand, with which he gesticulated imperatively.

Kenniston could hardly restrain his impatience.

"Of course, Mr. Ross, of course, — all in due season," he said irritably.

"But abuse the authorities, in season an' out, an' 'low the devil will ketch the officer, in due course o' jestice, 'fore the officer 'll ketch the malefactor. I ain't a-goin' ter lose you, Mr. Durham, ye bet high on that!" he added, turning to Taft.

"Mr. Taft expects to swear to the facts, of course," said Kenniston. He paused abruptly, meditating a remonstrance with the tumultuous brute; but Ross's very vulgarity, his clamorous brutality, the impossibility of reaching through his hardened exterior any sensitiveness, or pride, or sense of decorum, or whatever sanction may control the heart of a man who is a gentleman in jeans, gave him an advantage over a man of breeding which no culture could compass. Kenniston could not cope with him; his training had prepared him for no such encounter.

Only Taft's great sonorous voice could overbear the deputy's words, which sounded in his first utterance with the disjointed effect of Christmas firecrackers enlivening the booming of Christmas guns.

"I'll make oath ter statements ez ter date an' person, but not place, — I hev no call ter drag other folks inter sech. I dunno ez they fired the hotel; I only heard 'em threat it."

"But why?" demanded Kenniston eagerly.

"Deviltry, — deviltry, o' course," protested Ross. He had contrived to smirch his face in the careless handling of the poker of the monkey stove, which added a certain grotesque effect to his

appearance, if one were in the mood to be amused by it.

Kenniston's mood was far from such influences.

"I must ask you to be quiet, sir," he said, with acridity.

"Ye must?" sneered Rodolphus Ross. "An' who war that ez 'lowed ef the local force war so 'torpid,' — *torpid*, ye hed it, — ye 'd hev up private detectives from Bretonville ter settle the hash o' these kentry varmints?"

He threw up his eyebrows almost to the smirches obliquely laid across his forehead, laughed with a gleam of white teeth and an intent widening of the dark eyes, the whole facial expression gone in an instant.

"Waal, we ain't 'torpid' no longer. 'Wake up, snakes!' Now, ole buck, answer my questions, an' tell me why they war n't willin' ter let Mr. Kenniston build his hotel in the Cove."

Kenniston folded his arms as he tilted himself back in his chair, and resigned the conversation to its unique leadership. The ceaseless motion of the falling lines of rain gave a spurious effect of motion to the great monastic forms of the mountains cowed with mists and robed in dreary hue, seeming continually in sad processional along the horizon. The ochreous pools near at hand had lost all capacity for reflection, although the dark green branches of the firs here and there bent above them, and the gray rain dripping from the fibrous fringes upon the unquiet tremulous surface took its color, and was seen no more. His returning glance met Taft's eye as he was about to speak, and somehow in that momentary contact a quiet understanding was established between them.

"The reason, I reckon, they did n't want Mr. Kenniston ter build his hotel hyar war kase 't would bring too many strangers round."

"And what's the objection to strangers?" asked Kenniston anxiously. It was not merely a retrospective interest

that the question served. He asked for the future.

"Waal, I reckon they hed some moonshinin' or sech on hand," returned Taft coolly.

"Thar, now! what did I tell ye?" vociferated Rodolphus Ross, appealing to Kenniston. "An' I'll bet this hyar Larrabee war one of 'em."

Taft nodded, and Kenniston meditatively eyed the dull flashes from the stove, recollecting the strange conversation of Larrabee here, and his sudden significant betrayal of secret knowledge of the origin of the fire when it was mentioned.

"Strangers air powerful onhealthy fur the moonshinin' business," said Taft, as a sort of corollary to his former statement.

"Speak from experience?" sneered Rodolphus Ross.

"I do so," declared Taft unequivocally. Then turning to Kenniston, "I sarved a prison term fur illicit distillin' whenst I war a young man. I 'lowed, like all these other young muskrats, ez I could do what I pleased with my own corn an' apples. But whenst I traveled all through six or seven States goin' to the North, an' seen this big kentry an' sech, I knowed I war n't ekal ter runnin' agin its laws; an' whether thar's reason in 'em or no, I undertook ter keep 'em arterward."

This unexpected confession disconcerted Ross in some sort. He silently eyed Taft, whose criminal experience seemed rather an error of an unripe judgment than the turpitude of law-breaking, and his candor in admitting it bluntly did not detract from the serious impression he had evidently made upon Kenniston. With Ross nothing was serious long. There was a sudden breaking up of the gloss of intentness in his round dark eyes, and as they shifted they fell upon the poker of the stove, and he once more thrust it through the bars and rattled it smartly.

"I oughter say," said Taft, meditatively sucking his pipestem, "that 't war Espey ez fust 'lowed ter burn ye out. 'Burn his shanty!' he say."

A picture as definite as if it were the reality of pigments and canvas glowed suddenly before his contemplation, — the red walls of his den a-flicker in the flare of the furnace fire, the burnished gleam of the copper, the burly forms of the tubs of mash, familiars of the brown gloom, and the circle of faces, definite with those sharply marked shadows and striking high lights that a strong artificial glow elicits from the darkness. For his life he could not repress a long-drawn sigh, and then he shifted his position and cleared his throat raucously. But the picture, like many another masterpiece of the painter Memory, was not on general exhibition. For all its close detail and strong salience and brilliant reality of hue, it was invisible to Kenniston. As to the regretful sigh, fat men are often wont to sigh for very fatness, and it passed without significance.

After a thoughtful pause, "Did it ever occur to you that this Larrabee is a crank," asked Kenniston, "what you call, and very aptly, touched-in-the-head?"

"Who? Larrabee?" exclaimed Taft vehemently, all alert once more, his eyes on fire, his angry breath quick. "He's smart ez the very devil! Don't you let him pull the wool over yer eyes with the lunacy purtense."

Rodolphus Ross gave a final rasping clatter of the poker between the bars; then flung it, resounding, down upon the floor. He rose to his feet, stamping with first one and then the other to shake out his trousers from their persistent kneed effect, and, turning to Taft, he said, with an offhand manner, "Now, look-a-hyar, Prize Beef, when did ye an' this sca'ce buzzard Larrabee meet the last time?"

The "Prize Beef" apparently perceived no sort of offense in this form of address.

"I ain't viewed him in — I dunno when. I 'lowed he hed lef' the kentry

till he war up at my store, a few nights ago. I war n't thar, but my leetle gal, she seen him."

The sly, predatory look was in Rodolphus Ross's eyes. He lifted his knee and smote it as if he had discovered a very apt coincidence.

Taft hesitated; then he said, "Ye'd better go up yander an' talk ter my leetle darter 'bout'n it." He hesitated once more. He feared that Copley might be inadequate to the situation, but, with his ever alert suspicions, he would doubtless fly at the very sight of a stranger; and as to Sis, he could rely upon Rodolphus Ross's address and manner to arouse the enmity of old Mrs. Jiniway's disciple in etiquette, and he knew of old that Sis was wont to give her adversary no quarter. A dozen of such as Rodolphus Ross would hardly be a handful for Sis. He would learn naught from her which he wanted to know. "Take my mare out thar, bein' ready saddled," he said hospitably. "I'll wait hyar till ye kem back."

Contrariety was the breath of the deputy's life. The congeniality of his vocation lay much in the opposition of his duties to the desires of those of his fellow-men with whom he was brought into official contact. He earnestly wished to negative Taft's suggestion, but the possibility of getting at closer quarters with Larrabee, of once more finding his trail, which had seemed to disappear from the face of the earth, was stronger for the moment. His enmity had not grown cold; it was the stronger the more it was baffled. He lingered a moment; then, turning up his collar, stuffing the lower ends of his trousers into his spurred boots, and pulling down the broad rim of his hat all around to afford eaves to conduct the rain from his head, he plunged out into the steady torrents with a discordant yawp that made the little shanty ring.

Taft gazed thoughtfully after him as he vaulted into the saddle and rode off

with a good deal of unnecessary heel-and-toe exercise in the region of the animal's ribs. The restive mare apparently resented the ungentle treatment, for the last that was seen of mount and rider was a profile rampant against the blank white expanse of the closing mists ere they were enveloped in the opaque multitudinous folds.

"They tell me that Gawd made man," said Taft at last. "'Pears ter me ez the Almighty slighted *that* job, sure."

Kenniston was a man of painfully orderly instincts. He could not satisfactorily resume the conversation without gathering up the poker, the lifter, and other appurtenances of the stove which Ross had scattered about the little zinc square on which it sat, replacing them, rearranging the writing materials, newspapers, tobacco, and cigars on the table, and stirring the fire to brightness and a possibility of burning. As he threw himself into his chair he marked how the encroaching mists had invested the house. Not half a dozen paces of the path remained visible from the door; even upon the threshold the vapor hung in vague white wreaths, to vanish in the heat, and be replaced by white clouds floating in with a rolling motion, — never disappearing utterly, but venturing no further. On the roof and in the invisibilities of the white mists outside they could hear the chilly rain still steadily falling. The seeming isolation gave a certain confidential character to the conversation even before its developments warranted this condition.

"How did the percessionin' turn out?" Taft demanded.

"The rain stopped it," returned Kenniston, gloomily eying the thickening mists, while Taft critically but covertly observed him.

"Satisfied ez fur ez it went, I s'pose?" Taft flicked off the ashes from his pipe, and pressed down the remainder of its contents with that salamander of a forefinger.

"No," said Kenniston irritably. "It is a great surprise to me."

"Mr. Kenniston," said Taft, with that blunt directness which so commended him to the experienced man and so warped his judgment, "that thar Big Hollow Boulder, the beginning o' yer survey, hev been bodaciously moved."

Kenniston lifted his head quickly, the excitement of the moment showing red in his face. A half-scornful incredulity was in his eyes, almost on his lips. He was about to speak; then paused doubtfully. The testimony of his recollections of Captain Lucy's significant insistence on the phrase "Big Hollow Boulder" and a thousand satiric allusions to the stationary functions of a monument of boundary overwhelmed him for the moment; for their incongruity with a culpable knowledge or agency in the fact was more than inexplicable; it was mysterious. There needed no dexterous jugglery with phrase and fact, however, to account for Luther's furtive hang-dog manner and averted eye.

"It seems impossible! But I will not believe that old man Lucy had anything to do with moving it," Kenniston began. He suddenly caught his lip and bit it hard. It was evident from his flaunting remarks that the old mountaineer had not been similarly generous to his neighbor.

"A heap o' land," suggested the politic Taft. "But then I s'pose ter run yer eastern line out would show whar yer corner is?" He asked the question eagerly.

"Oh no. Calls for permanent natural objects usually control calls for distance. I suppose that rule would hold fast in this instance. My eastern line can only run to the boulder, which is presumably immovable."

Taft's countenance fell. He had thought that the further survey of the eastern boundary would serve to reestablish the corner where the boulder should be; and now Captain Lucy was invested with many hundred acres for which he

had given no equivalent in goods, or money, or even occupancy.

"I saw that something was mighty wrong with the line that the surveyor was running; and so did Captain Lucy, for that matter," said Kenniston, revolving the events of the processioning. "He looked dumfounded when he saw Wild Duck Falls in his boundary, and the hotel, — or rather the place where the hotel ought to be."

Taft caught a quick inspiration. "That's it, — them boys is a moonshinin' fur true. They must hev moved the boulder ter crowd ye out of a buildin' site. An' then they burnt the hotel."

"Well, they've got me pretty badly crowded, — I'll say that for them."

Kenniston was looking out of the door, with that sullen sense of injury and hopelessness which oppresses a city man in the country in bad weather. The world had slipped away, somehow; he was left to the vague unresponsiveness of the inexpressive white mists; the rain would probably continue forever; the day was of a longevity known to no other that had ever dawned; without the prompting of his watch he could not have said if it were morning or afternoon. The roof leaked; the boots of his uncouth visitors tracked up the floor with red clay mud. A saddle in one corner gave out an obtrusive odor of leather, and the monkey stove, despite all this dankness, filled the room with that baking, dry, afflicting aroma common to all its kindred. His pugnacity was abated under these untoward conditions; his enthusiasms were overwhelmed beneath the depression of the rain. He thought wistfully of Bretonville, and of a cozy corner in the reading-room of a certain club, and of his office, and sighed as his mind reverted to the jeopardy of the present, the futility of the money and thought he had spent here, and the froward tangle which must needs be untwisted if these unpromising assets were to be utilized at all.

"Mus' hev been Lar'bee an' Espey a-moonshinin'." Taft once more sought to prompt that inimical sense of injury. "An' moved the boulder bodaciously, — the corner landmark."

"A felony," said Kenniston thoughtfully.

The patter of the rain came heavily through the silence, and in that bleak whiteness without they heard far away the wind rousing from its lair in furthest defiles. The terrors of its voice did not shake the mists; only the sound touched a responsive chord of feeling, and the day was the drearier for the broken stillness.

"A felony," he repeated, and fell a-musing. He vaguely repudiated the idea, and then bethought himself, contradictorily, of the strange subterfuge with which he had been summoned to the door. For no harm, surely, he argued. There was a certain fascination in the thought of the new star which the mountaineer had brought to his contemplation. Not a bad face, this star-gazer's, and with a coloring which had always commended itself to his artistic sense. A good face and finely cut, he would have said but for that association of ideas, "a felony," that sudden conscious expression as of some guilty knowledge of the burning of the hotel. He could not believe it of his star-gazer, with his elated upward look! He remembered afterward how he thought then that the dankness of the weather, in relaxing all manner of tension, had slackened his rigid standards and his taut personal exactions. He was morally limp, doubtless, as well as physically; but he shrunk from the phrase in this application, and he considered that the most definite sensation of that most indefinite day was the relief he experienced when Rodolphus Ross came plunging out of the mists.

In high dudgeon the deputy was with the events and results of his mission, and he had wreaked his resentment on the unoffending animal. The mare's sides

showed the marks of his stinging lash, and she had retaliated as well as she could by perversely refusing to pause where he wished to dismount to avoid the pools. A false start or two dragged him through water knee-deep, and as he came into the house his eyes were flashing with his various anger, and his lip curled scornfully.

"I tell ye," he said to Taft, with his fractious mirthfulness, "thar 's money in that brat o' yourn, that Cornelia Taft! Buy her a muzzle an' a chain an' jine a show, an' she 'll draw a crowd ez the Leetle She-B'ar o' Persimmon Cove! Bless my boots! I 'm glad I 'm all hyar. The leetle b'ar like ter tore me ter fringes!" he exclaimed metaphorically. He canted his head mockingly to one side as he threw himself into a chair beside the stove, seized the poker, and administered a rousing shake. "I tell you what," he said, eying Taft gloweringly, "I 'd keep her nails an' teeth well pruned, my friend."

For Miss Cornelia Taft and Rodolphus Ross had failed signally to hit it off amicably. Old Copley had watched the interview through the open door of the store with varying emotions of anxiety: first, lest Ross was a "revenuer" or a spy; then, lest, as an officer of the state law, he had some charge against them; again, lest he cause Sis some apprehension; and lastly, lest the temerity of the doughty Sis bring woe and wreck upon the devoted household. Joe cowered in a corner of the fireplace, leaning against the great jamb, essaying only a few of the writhings and twistings of his anatomy which he affected, and sometimes sitting still altogether, so did the interest of the colloquy overmaster the tendency of his muscles.

"Hello, youngsters!" was Ross's affable greeting as he tramped in when Joe opened the door. He flung himself into a chair before the fire, then turned and surveyed Sis, whose prim, pale, precise face looked more unfriendly and

forbidding and negative than usual, as she sat, her hands demurely crossed on her lap, on the opposite side of the fireplace.

"My Lord! is this all? I 'lowed yer dad hed a heap bigger gal 'n you. Some similar ter a shrunk-up gran'mammy; ye look like ye mought hev lasted sence the flood. How 's yer fambly, ma'am?"

The juvenile heart resents a scoff. Cornelia Taft's faculties were limited, but she gathered herself for revenge.

"Waal, then," he demanded, as she sat stiffly silent and insulted, "how 's rats?"

"I could n't jedge," she piped up suddenly. "We-uns hain't hed a terrier happen in hyar afore now fur a consider'ble time."

He was fairly silenced for the nonce. Elated by the execution of her sally, and not propitiated by his subsequent effort to ignore the passage at arms, she took full advantage of the opportunity to harass him which was presented when he announced himself an officer of the law, and demanded to know when and where she had seen Larrabee the last time. No perverse adult witness could have more dexterously baffled him with indefinite statements; and when he appealed from her to Joe, whose clumsy efforts to remember were hopelessly inadequate, her open glee was peculiarly tantalizing to Ross; for none can so represent a jest as a confirmed joker. Then it was that he made his fatal false step.

"Look-a-hyar, Small Female, leetle ez ye be, I 'll arrest you-uns an' kerry ye off ter jail, ef ye don't spry up an' answer my question."

And then it was that Sis, bracing her small back, defied the majesty of the State of Tennessee as exemplified in Rodolphus Ross. So it came to open war. She was animated, too, by a partisan spirit for Larrabee. She remembered, with her infrequent approval, how he had conducted himself on the occasion in question; how quiet, how gentle,

he was, how observant of the graces of her housekeeping, how commendatory of her dominion over Joe. Their conversation had since been often in her mind; she had rehearsed it as she sat in the gloaming on her stool before the flickering fire, with the history of the Biblical worthies of which it was redundant. With no one else could she talk of these things. With quick adulation she had transformed Larrabee into a hero, and she longed to see him again. Her tongue, being feminine, could not be held altogether, but she told Ross naught which he desired to hear. She sounded the praises of Larrabee on many a key, and "disremembered" persistently whether it was Friday or Monday, or last week or week before, when she had seen him.

"Waal, what war he a-doin' of hyar, ennyhows?" queried Ross.

"Talkin'."

"'Bout what, gal?"

"'Bout no gal," Miss Taft responded, with a flash of the eye.

"Waal, then," — even he was fain to concede, in the hope of finding some thoroughfare in thus beating about the bush, — "'bout what boy?"

She hesitated. She had not intended to cheapen the subject of her interest and enthusiasm by mention in this queer symposium. The talk with Larrabee had been in the nature of a confidence, as in the admiring canvass of mutual friends; she had a sense as if it were not the thing for general public and unworthy conversation. Nevertheless, her affinity for the subject constrained her. There was a light in her face, a placid softening of feature. Her flabby little colorless cheek mustered up a dimple.

"'Bout Sam'l," she said, with a smile.

"Sam'l who?" he demanded keenly.

Sis hesitated, suddenly posed. "I — I disremember his — his surname," she admitted.

"Did ye see him with Lar'bee?" he asked, his big pertinacious eyes on her

face, expectant of immediate developments.

"I — I ain't never seen *him*. I — I reckon" — it seemed too terrible to contemplate — "I reckon he mus' be — daid." She had never before looked upon it in this light, and her heart sank.

"Friend o' Lar'bee's?" he persisted.

"I reckon so; he hed read 'bout him."

"Read 'bout him? Whar? In the Colb'ry Gazette?" He lowered his voice respectfully, for to him personal mention in the Colbury Gazette meant fame.

"Naw. In the Bible, o' course," said Sis, stiffly reproving.

He stared at her in blank amaze for a moment; then he smote his leg a sounding thwack, and burst into a howl of derisive laughter.

"Ye an' Lar'bee hed a pray'r-meetin', did ye? An', my son," he continued through his nose with a sanctimonious whine, turning to Joe, "did ye lead the saints in supplication, or raise the hyme-chune?"

Joe responded with a fat chuckle of delighted laughter, rejoiced to see his Mentor, the professor of many novel and distasteful arts of household economy, put to ridicule and out of countenance.

It was only for a moment. She turned acridly against the domestic insurgent.

"*He* tuned up arterward. Joe done *his* quirin' arter Lar'bee war gone, an' the wind riz, an' the rain kem down. He wisht an' wisht Lar'bee hed bided. He fairly blated fur skeer!"

"I never!" protested Joe in pouting indignation. "*I* war n't 'feared o' the wind an' rain, nare one! 'T war the racket them dead ones kep' up in the Los' Time mine diggin' thar graves. This hyar house air right over the mine."

Ross's great shifting wild eyes widened as he looked from one to the other.

"Thar *ain't* no dead ones diggin' thar graves!" cried Sis didactically. She

must needs spend too many lonely hours here for that suggestion to be a welcome one. "Them ez dig ain't dead. Dad say jes' some boys, he reckon, a-moonshinin' or sech of a night in the Lost Time mine."

Rodolphus Ross rose to his feet. He was elated, confident. He snapped his fingers noisily in the air as he made two or three of the sideway paces usually preliminary to a clog dance, which accomplishment he had acquired by viewing what he termed a "minstrel show." He had long suspected Larrabee of moonshining, and here was the *locus in quo*. He had said that Larrabee's trail had seemed to disappear from the face of the earth; with what literal reason he had not dreamed. Notwithstanding his haste, however, he must needs tarry for a flier.

"Gran'mammy Taft," he said, leering at the little girl, with her prim, antique aspect, "I never thunk ter find ye hobnobbing with moonshiners."

"Lar'bee ain't no moonshiner," she protested, with swift alarm.

He joyed in her evident flutter.

"Ah, gran'mammy Taft, ye kin consider yerse'f under arrest fur aidin' an' abettin' in moonshinin', ye an' all yer fambly."

"Ye ain't no revenuer!" cried Sis, moving back a step, however. "Ye ain't 'lowed ter *purtend* ter be one, nuther. I hearn o' a man in Persimmon Cove ez *purtended* ter be a off'cer o' the law, an' got 'rested hisse'f. An' I would hev thunk ennyways ez ye hed hed enough o' arrestin' folks fur fun, sence that time ye flung Lar'bee over the bluffs, an' nigh kilt him. Ef ye be so sharp set ter 'rest ennybody, go find Jack Espey an' 'rest him."

Ross was out of countenance. Nevertheless — "How many j'int's hev her tongue got?" he demanded of Joe, with a feint of serious interest.

But Joe had deserted to the enemy. He thought that Sis was in the ascen-

dant, and Ross's threat at once angered and terrified him. He received with pouting silence the officer's aside, while Sis went on triumphantly: —

"Dad say my granny Jiniway air kin somehows ter the high sher'ff's wife; an' whenst I go ter Colb'ry nex' week with dad, I be goin' ter go ter her house an' ax the high sher'ff ef he 'lows his dep'ties ter arrest people fur joke, an' *purtend* ter be revenue off'cers, an' skeer leetle gals by arrestin' 'em, an' 'lowin' he'll take the whole fambly fur moonshinin'. My granny Jiniway's third cousin air the high sher'ff's wife!"

In the face of this genealogical detail, it was with a somewhat subdued spirit that Ross mounted the mare and set forth on his return; for the high sheriff was a man with a most attenuated sense of humor, a literal interpretation of the duties of his office, and notwithstanding the fact that Ross's willingness to ride long distances, in all manner of weather, relieved him of this the most irksome of duties to an inert temperament, he had begun to look doubtfully upon him, particularly since Espey's escape, and Ross felt that his tenure was not altogether secure. As he passed the portal of the Lost Time mine, the thought of his quest recurred to his mind, and the important clue which he deemed he had obtained from the little girl's conversation. He no longer thought it important, for from the rough-hewn portal of the cavern poured forth the compressed stream of the divers subterranean currents, gathered together and hurled forth in a great spout, and with a plunging force that astonished him, remembering as he did the far tamer flow of the earlier season. He ascribed the change to the persistent autumn rains flooding some watercourse that doubtless pierced the hidden chambers. It filled the outlet within a few feet of the summit of the arch. Any entrance here was impossible; as for another opening to the mine, he looked about him upon the limitless

tangled wilderness of wood and rock, the shifting beclouding mists, the endless skeins of the rain, and he swore between his big front teeth an oath which, despite the grotesque humor of its phraseology, had within it all the bitter profanity of his baffling disappointment. And in default of aught else on which to wreak his anger, he cruelly lashed Taft's mare; and so he went down to join the others at Kenniston's quarters amongst the shanties of the workmen in the Cove.

XIX.

That night, the rain, beating out its strong staccato rhythm on the old clapboards roofing the barn, made scant impression on Jasper Larrabee's senses; he slept soundly amongst the great elastic billows of the hay. As by degrees the downpour slackened, the comparative silence affected his half-dormant consciousness as sound had failed to do. He roused slightly from time to time, and presently was broad awake, to hear only the melancholy drip from the eaves and the chorus of far-away frogs beginning to pipe anew along the pools. He did not welcome his other self, that mysterious essence of thought and will that was torn with hopes and fed on regrets, and was prone to hold troublous disputations with yet another inner self, which on its part was always keen to find out every fault, to upbraid each cherished sin, and had an ugly trick of unmasking and setting in a strong unflattering light motives which might otherwise seem to be above suspicion. The humbler obvious entity known as Jasper Larrabee would, he often thought, be happier without so definite a development of either of these endowments, his mind or his conscience; for thus he learned from their functions to differentiate them. When this Jasper Larrabee was well fed, he was hearty and happy. The sun shone on him, and he sang till the woods rang.

When he went down into the sunless depths of the Lost Time mine, every strong muscle rejoiced in the work, and his steady nerve, which is called courage, gave a zest to danger, whether the menace were of the law, or of the wild beast in the wilderness, or of the civilized savage amongst his own associates. If it had not been for his mind forever asking "Why?" and his conscience grimly protesting "Because," what a thriving, well-balanced physical organization Jasper Larrabee might have been! He knew others who were little more than body, who asked no questions and heard no answers; he held them far the happier for it, and he did not realize how much the duller. And so he hated the "Why?" and flinched from the "Because." And here they were in company, these choice spirits, in the suddenly silent midnight, with only the melancholy drip at long intervals from the eaves, the vague piping of frogs sounding afar off and failing again, and that strange preponderating sense of the proximity of the mountains although enshrouded and invisible in the mist. The sibilant rustle of the hay was loud in the stillness as he shifted his posture. He shifted it often, being anxious and restless, for his brace of companions were more censorious even than their wont as to that limited cheerful physique which he accounted Jasper Larrabee. He had had naught to eat but a few handfuls of grapes from the vines that clambered over the gable of the barn, and some unpalatable raw eggs found among the hay; and this fact of hunger gave a mighty grip to the poignancy of "Because." He had had naught to do all the long rainy day but to lie in the hay and look out through the crevices of the logs at the queer acorn-like roof of his mother's house, that had welcomed so many, and had no place now for him or for her. He watched with all the grief of an exile the children coming and going, and the gaunt Mrs. Timson wielding an

unbridled authority, making the most of her usurpations; he heard her raucous raised voice in objurgation or command with the indignant objection that naturally appertains to the heir to the throne. Again and again these sounds came from the opaque blankness of the mist; for often the clouds obscured the little house altogether, and crowded through the crevices of the barn, and shifted back and forth. For the reason of the continuous fog he had delayed to inform the officer of the law and deliver Espey up. Doubtless, in the idleness of his solitary day in the mine, Espey would be alert and hear an approach, and might escape through some aperture of the cavern other than the main entrance; the thick mists would then conceal him indubitably, and further his flight without the slightest scruple as to responsibility as accessory after the fact. Larrabee was waiting for the darkness that he might take Espey the more certainly, while his vigilance was relaxed in working at the forlorn enterprise of old Haight and his lieutenant "Tawm" in the mine. But in waiting Larrabee had fallen asleep, and the iteration of the steady rainfall was somnolent in its effects, and the hours drowsed by. He knew that it was past midnight before he noted the slant of a late-risen moon, golden, lustrous, dreamlike, softly shining through the crevices of the logs in one corner of the ramshackle old place. The sky was clearing, then. He rose hastily to his feet, and leaned out of the window. Clear! It was of a deeply limpid and definite blue, with white and gray clouds, moon-illuminated, drawing back swiftly from vast expanses of this lucid ether all a-sparkle with the pellucid whiteness of the stars. With the dank earth so dark below, and the dully glamorous light of the moon in her last quarter, it seemed to him that he had never seen the stars so splendidly white. The next moment a sudden pang of suspense, of fear, that was like a bodily throe had wrested away his breath. He

hardly realized that he had moved; he only knew that he had sprung down the rotting rungs of the old ladder and through the barn below, because he was standing outside the door upon the ground, gazing up, bareheaded, wild-eyed, in a frenzy of doubt, of anxiety, of a sort of unreasoning terror, at the skies. For the star — his star — was gone! It had vanished! Again and again, with the strong pulse of hope, he swept the heavens with eager search. Afterward he thought he remembered a dull leaden-hued minute object in the place of that splendid silver shining that had made his heart so glad. It had vanished, — its message withheld, its mystery unrevealed, like an illusion, like a fagged-out enthusiasm, like the futile words of a prayer without the fervor of faith. He could not believe it. Again and again he sought a new posture, a new hope. He followed its closer neighbors along the steep slopes of the mountain as they journeyed toward the west in the sky above. The tint of the heavens was changing presently, — a lighter blue. The golden moon grew of a pearl-like lustre. The stars waxed faint. The clouds were red. And here was the gray day hard upon him, and in the earth naught of value, for in the sky he had lost a star. How strong, how resistless of advance, was the riding up of the great sun! Get ye away, illusions, and glammers, and dreamers of dreams! Such a definite visible world! How full of fixed facts! He saw, as he stood, the shanties of the workmen in the Cove, where the mists were hustling off in great haste, as if too tenuous, too unsubstantial, too inutile, to hold ground in the face of the strong practicalities dawning over the horizon. The smoke was curling up from the chimney of Captain Lucy's cabin, where breakfast was cooking. The cows were at the bars. All the woods were lustrous with moisture, and splendidly a-glint with the yellow sunbeams striking aslant through them. The distant mountains

were blue and amethyst and violet and purple, — a rhapsody of color. Here and there, as if the rain had painted them, boughs of sumach and sourwood were scarlet in the woods; the sweet-gum showed flecks of purple leaves, and the hickory had occasional flares of yellow. The goldenrod had burst into bloom, and with this seal of the autumnal season stamped upon the land came Julia along the road, her bonnet hanging on her shoulders, her head bare, her face like spring itself, her hands full of flowers that she scattered as she sang. How her fresh young voice rang against the turmoil of the current from the Lost Time mine, like some sudden burst of joy from out the fretted tides of a troubled life! As she tossed the flowers, and glanced over her shoulder to see where they fell, Larrabee crossed the log laid from one deeply gullied bank to the other side of the road, to serve foot passengers when the water was high in wet weather. She paused, and looked at him with a frown. The unwonted corrugations in her fair young brow changed her inexpressive face almost out of recognition. He stood in silent deprecation for a moment. His heart was sore. His life was full of trouble of many sorts and degrees. That æsthetic loss, that sense of bereavement because of his vanished star, outranked them all.

Courage is of the nature of an essence; one may not judge how it will pull the beam, nor is it dispensed by dry measure. Something seemingly inadequate, a breath of wind, a change of mind, or the chilling of the fervors of some futile and foolish enthusiasm, and behold the volatile element is dispersed through the air. The strain on Larrabee's nerves had been great. His sensibilities had waxed tender. He faltered before the definite bending of those delicately marked brows.

"Ye air out betimes, Julia?" he ventured propitiatingly, as she stoutly maintained silence. "What be ye a-doin' of with them flowers?"

"Sowin' 'em," said Julia instantly. "I expec' 'em ter bloom thar in the road ter mo' purpose 'n they ever did afore."

He cast a glance of wonderment at her. But her unfriendly manner, her cold eye, disconcerted him afresh, and nullified his surprise at her words.

"Air you-uns mad at me down at yer house?" he demanded eagerly.

"What fur?" she asked, with a keen, belligerent look that was mightily like Captain Lucy's.

"'Bout my speakin' so free 'bout Espey, an' Cap'n Lucy not warnin' me an' my mother, knowin' him ter be sought fur murder?"

"Oh!" she cried, with airy causticity. "I hed furgot it."

He felt the covert fleer of this speedy dismissal. But with him pride was at a low ebb. He silently looked at her as she held a cardinal flower to her red lips, while her long-lashed blue eyes scanned the dewy bunch of jewel-weed and mountain snow and wild asters that filled her hands. The wind swayed her dark blue skirt as she stood on a great fragment of rock beside the running stream. It gave a certain volant effect to her pose, her flower-laden hands, her singular beauty; she seemed the very genius of the flowering season, its perfect personification.

"Waal, I'm glad o' that," he said humbly. "I need all my friends, an' all the comfort I kin git."

He paused, daunted in a measure by her unresponsiveness. But she was always silent, always undemonstrative, and perhaps her manner in this instance went for less than its worth.

"Julia," he said, "I hev hed a powerful strange 'sperience lately. An' it hev cast me down mightily. Not religious, — though I expected suthin' lead-in' an' speritual out'n it. I viewed a new star in the sky."

She was looking at the flowers on the soggy road as if she cared for no other

radiance than their gleam of earthy hue, albeit an evanescent glow.

"Nobody but me viewed it," he went on, after a moment of unfruitful expectation. "I tried other folks, an' they seen nuthin'. An' by that I 'lowed it hed some charge fur me, some leadin'. Stars hev been messengers afore this." He interposed this affirmation of precedent for proof. His senses were keen. He had not failed to note the ring of incredulity in Kenniston's voice. He paused, thinking again of the wise men of the East, and the blessed path to the cradled Christ as the Star guided them. He sighed deeply as he plucked off the yellow plumes of a wayside spray of golden-rod. The fragments floated away on the stream, and he dreadingly lifted his haggard eyes to the broad whiteness of the day brightening over all the purple mountains and bronze-green valleys; here all miracles exhaled with the mists of the night and the evanescence of the stars. The atmosphere of the practical, the prosaic, the recognized and thrice-tried forces of nature was paramount. Naught seemed to exist that man in his ignorant cognoscence had not explored. But he had expected no miracle; he had sought no wonderful worldly gifts or graces. True, the will of God is much to know, but he had thought that with so signal an intimation a leading might be vouchsafed. Had not other men followed a star to Christ? And was there naught for him, no little thing for him to do? Did that gracious supernal stellar presence shine on him, and him alone, only to amaze, to baffle, to dismay him, — to find his life but poorly furnished, and to leave it empty?

"I got no leadin' out'n it," he said dreadingly. "It jes' disappeared somehow. I dunno ef ez suddint ez it kem or no, bein' ez several nights war rainy and clouded over. It's gone!"

Something in his dreary tone smote upon Julia's preoccupied faculties. Whether she harbored rancor against him for

Jack Espey's sake, whether she resented his criticism of her father, whether she repelled the intrusion of the consciousness of any other emotion than the paramount emotion which possessed her, and love crowded out and trampled on pity, she spoke with a keen fling of satire.

"Waal, ef yer star hev petered out, ye hed better go an' get Ad'licia ter hearten ye up by tellin' ye ter take notice how many stars thar be lef'. Ye 'll be lighted full well on occasion."

He flushed at the taunt, but love is of long patience.

"Air ye mad at Ad'licia?" he queried, interested in aught that touched Julia.

"Naw — yes" — She hesitated, interested herself. "That is, I can't help bein' mad with the idjit fur bein' *sech* a idjit."

"How is she a idjit?" demanded Larrabee.

"Fur not marryin' Jack Espey whenst she hed the chance. Dad an' Luther would hev stood off Ross an' sech cattle, or gin bond fur him an' patched up things somehow. Ye know they would. Ef I hed been in her place, now, an' ef he hed axed *me*" —

She paused abruptly, with a sort of appalled recognition of the sentiment that animated her. A sudden illumination had broken in upon her; her heart throbbed tumultuously with pleasure, or was it pain? For she loved Jack Espey; and he — oh, was it true that he loved Adelia still? She hardly heeded or realized her self-betrayal. She did not see — so little did she care — the pallid dismay, the heartbreak, on Jasper Larrabee's face. He could not deceive himself, — it was too patent. He turned away with a bitter sense of resentment, another grudge toward Jack Espey for this sly and complete supplanting. At that moment his eye fell upon the jagged rock about the entrance of the Lost Time mine, and he drew back in amazement.

"Why, where does all this water come from?" he exclaimed sharply. He wondered that he had not marked it before, despite his preoccupation. For the flow of the stream was quadrupled, its momentum every instant greater. Naught could enter now. The interior must be flooded anew. As he gazed at it, wide-eyed and dumfounded, a sudden enlightenment as to the phenomenon broke upon him. The blasting which he had heard, — he remembered it now; doubtless the concussion had brought down some mass of rock or earth damming an underground current, and forcing its waters into the channel of the stream which emptied here, while the residue backed up and filled the spaces. He thought that Espey and the old man and "Tawm" had possibly made good their escape before it happened; but if not — and Taft — He remembered how close were the ghostly voices when he had last heard the false cracked tones of command ring through the tunnel. Those ill-timbered galleries would fall to a certainty. He turned pale at the very thought of a living burial in the den of the still-room.

He did not hesitate. Without a word he sprang upon the log, crossed the water, and sped away like the wind, leaving Julia gazing in astonishment after him. He found his worst fears realized, as he thought, at the store of the Lost Time mine. His hasty question elicited from the children only the fact of the absence of Taft and Copley. He ran down into the cellar, to find the obliteration of the traces of the old door, which he recognized only as an added precaution since his departure. Doubtless some other method of entering the tunnel had been devised. An axe hacking through the chinking served to reveal the ruin of the tunnel, and to admit a strong and pervasive odor of gunpowder.

Lorenzo Taft's plans were very perfectly calculated and adjusted to the probabilities. There had been no rift in his judgment. Nowhere could he

find fault or flaw in his reasoning. A lucky chance had fired the hotel, and freed his hands from the smirch of the firebrand and the possible penalties of arson. The moving of the great monument of boundary had thrown the only available site for the hotel on the Kenniston tract well within Captain Lucy's lines when the land was processioned, and thus the summer swallow must needs alight elsewhere, and the commercial interests of moonshining would thereby be promoted. Each detail had fallen out exactly as he had planned. Success seemed the essential sequence. Only Espey's frantic fear of arrest had precipitated all the untoward events which had advanced, parallel after parallel, and forced him to his last defenses. And these one might think were most sagacious and adequate. The foolish drunken boy, whose tongue might work mischief, was within the hour hustled out of the country. Every trace of the forbidden vocation was demolished beyond the possibility of detection. If Larrabee should seek revenge by informing, he could prove naught, not even his own complicity. It would seem but the groundless accusation of malice. And Taft had even taken time by the forelock by avowing his former illegal practices, his prison record, his familiarity with the motives and manœuvres of moonshiners, and insidiously casting suspicion on Larrabee, ascribing to him an adequate motive for moving the Big Hollow Boulder, in the eyes of the law a felony.

No possible flaw in his reasoning from the premises from which he argued. He had guarded himself logically, boldly, with great perspicacity, from enmity, from revenge. It never for one moment occurred to him to devise protection from good will!

Kenniston and Ross, even in the excitement of the emergency, and the tumultuous tide of Larrabee's eager explanations when he suddenly burst in

upon them as they sat smoking together after breakfast, could but take heed of the subtler sub-current of significance in his disclosure. More than once they exchanged glances charged with a meaning deeper than he wot of.

"Thar's a shaft," he cried, "an old air-shaft, a-nigh that thar tunnel! Ef ye'll rig up a windlass, or let yer men put me down with a rope, I'll find Taft, an' the t'others too, ef they be thar yit."

"You'll drown yourself, or fall, or suffocate with gas," Kenniston said tentatively, looking about for his hat, and pausing to cast a keen glance at Larrabee.

"I'll resk it — I'll resk it — fur him and Espey too — an' I dunno what my mother would do ef old daddy Haight war ter kem ter sech an e-end! Oh, I'll resk it! An' Taft, he ain't a bad man when all's said. Taft's mighty clever sometimes."

"I think he's the worst man I ever saw," said Kenniston, as he flung away his cigar.

A call for volunteers and the offer of a reward by Kenniston secured no companion to Larrabee in his venture when the workmen looked down into the dark shaft, with its crumbling sides, and sound of tumbling waters, and chill, dank, foul breath. They manifested their good will only in their alacrity in adjusting and adapting such appliances as they could to insure Larrabee's safety as far as possible. Kenniston doubted at the time whether he ought to permit the jeopardy; but being assured that the effort would be made at all events, and without the advantage of the heavy cables and pulleys which had been used in building the hotel, and which his compliance offered, he yielded. Afterward he was disposed to take great credit to himself for several devices which facilitated the enterprise, and from his knowledge of mechanical resources he doubtless insured its success; he bore the honors of achieving the rescue with all the unblushing effrontery

of an officer whose command has won a battle.

He was in a glow of enthusiasm for the nonce, and he continued the rôle of *deus ex machina* with more genuine pleasure than had lately fallen to his jaded susceptibility. He placed eighty-seven silver dollars in a worn leather bag, a tobacco pouch of one of the workmen, to be given to old Haight when he should be sufficiently recovered, with the pious fiction that his own money had been found in the shaft. "Keep the old mole from burrowing again," he said.

His abounding good nature was very thorough when once aroused. His heart was touched by Espey's forlorn plight as he lay panting on the grass, and the pallor of his young face marked by the dread of life that had just succeeded the dread of death.

"Can't you make out to let up on Espey, somehow?" he said aside to Rodolphus Ross, whose clumsy pranks of delight at the successful outcome of this most exciting episode were like the extravagant joviality of a gamboling Newfoundland dog, and not unpleasing to his interlocutor from their common bond of sympathy.

"Who? Espey?" He paused, turning his lighted dark eyes on Kenniston, his peaked hat shading his elevated eyebrows and surprised face. "I ain't hyar arter Espey no more. I'm arter the firebug, ye know. That thar man ez Espey shot in Tanglefoot Cove hev got well o' the pip, or the gapes, or whatever the weak-kneed chicken took from the bullet; an' this hyar warrant fur arrest hev been kerried round in my pocket till it's mighty nigh wore out." He took the ragged paper from his pocket and shook out its tatters, and laughed and grimaced in the very face of its august authority. "Go on, boy, go on! I would n't put the county ter charges ter board ye!" he said to Espey.

A supply of whiskey was on hand, for the ostensible purpose of reviving the

victims of the Lost Time mine, as they were drawn up one by one from those treacherous depths, limp and pallid and fainting. But the quantity was sufficient to enable the company of rescuers subsequently to refresh themselves, and Kenniston genially treated the crowd. Some of the men now and then began to coil up the ropes, and again fell to discussing the jeopardy and the disastrous possibilities; and there was much hilarity and gratulation amongst the group in the dewy woods, still filled with the slant of the early morning sunshine, when Espey slipped away from it. His heart was still sore, as if it had forgotten to beat except with a dull throb of pain, unrealizing his change of fortune except sullenly to rebel against all the unnecessary woe that had fallen to his lot. As he went along the road, he scarcely noted the flowers that lay here and there on the soggy ground. The dash and fret of the stream from the portal of the Lost Time mine caught his attention. He marked its added volume, and, with his familiarity with the terrible subterranean chambers, he could picture to himself the obstacles which lay in its course, and which the blasting from the tunnel or the still-room had brought down. He trembled and grew cold with the thought of his jeopardy. He mechanically cursed anew Taft's name, as he had done again and again since his voice, his "partin' compliments," had been audible before the charge in the tunnel had been fired. He shuddered again as he recalled the sound of the water backing up ever higher and higher through those black dungeons, lisping and hissing its insidious threat through all the long night. How woeful it had been — with the wild terror of his companions to contemplate, till he was as wild with the terror of them as of his own fate — to look momentarily to meet death here, without a soul on earth truly to care, to anguish for him as he was anguished — He paused, the tenor of his thought breaking abruptly. Had

he seen it before, or had he only fancied that cardinal flower lying in the sun on the gray rock by the water? Was it not thus that he should know that Julia had passed and had thought of him, — was not this their covenant? He doubtfully picked up the delicate spray — another; still, it might be an accident, a coincidence. A cluster of jewel-weeds lay caught in the bark of the log that served as footbridge, and swayed and glowed in the sun: it was in his hand when he reached the further bank. As far as one might hope to command a glimpse from the mine the fragile tokens were scattered. They were full of dew; their breath allured him. They trembled as with some shy, timorous thought in his trembling hand. The color had come into his face; a light was in his eyes; his tired troubled pulses were beating fast, strong, with a new rhythm. And as Julia, still loitering homeward, her head bare, her hands empty, heard a footstep behind her and turned, she saw him, all her garnered blossoms in his grasp, and all his heart in his eyes.

Kenniston, still elated, but somewhat tired out with the morning's excitements, upon reaching his quarters among the workmen's shanties, found Captain Lucy there awaiting an audience, and all unaware of the progress of events of so much moment elsewhere to-day. A rousing "cock-a-doo-dle-doo" might be a fair summary of Captain Lucy's discourse. His perplexities had vanished with the tangled twists of the rain, and he set forth boldly and with much detail his discovery of the moving of the boulder, the corner monument of boundary, his anxiety and doubt as to his proper course, and his realization that the surveyor's line had thrown much land which he knew was Kenniston's within his own domain.

A man of tact was Captain Lucy in his own way. He so glossed over his suspicions of Kenniston that albeit the latter detected them rather through the

correlated circumstances and the baffling mystery than through the veneer of that section of his mind which it pleased Captain Lucy to present, he did not look upon them seriously. He was a stranger; the old man was densely ignorant, and his experience of life and comparative knowledge of men were limited indeed; and in truth it was apparently impossible to deduce from the facts any other interest to be served by the moving of the boulder. Thus he silently forgave Captain Lucy for his suspected suspicions.

And Captain Lucy was heartily ashamed of them now.

"I know it air moved bodaciously — Big Hollow Boulder — corner mark — monimint o' boundary; an' now what air ye an' me goin' ter do 'bout that thar dad-burned line what's gone an' coiled itself like the plumb old Scorpion o' the Pit?"

"Procession the land again, and prosecute the man who moved the boulder," said Kenniston coolly.

And indeed justice had hardily overtaken Lorenzo Taft, for Kenniston's unwonted leniency did not hold out to include his offending. It seemed to him a very pretty play of cause and effect that so close upon the heels of Taft's accusations of Larrabee, and his subtle and successful hoodwinking of the practiced man of business, who made a point of knowing men, Taft should be hurrying to Colbury and the county jail, under the escort of the jubilant Rodolphus Ross and a posse of two or three stout fellows, to answer these very charges of arson and feloniously moving a corner monument of boundary, — all because of Larrabee's voluntarily putting his life in jeopardy for his sake.

Nevertheless, Kenniston listened mildly enough to Adelia's earnest intercessions for Taft that evening, when he sat as of yore with the family circle around Captain Lucy's fireside; he seemed to find a certain fascination in the incon-

gruities of her ingenious palliations and extenuations of his crime.

"He mought n't hev been acquainted with the boulder ez a monimint o' boundary," she urged; and when the fallacy of this was demonstrated, "He mought hev been sorry an' wanted to put it back, but it was too heavy an' the hill was too high."

Whereupon Kenniston burst into satiric laughter.

"He's sorry enough now, I'll warrant you; and he'll be sorrier still before I'm through with him."

But although Adelia's expertness in excuses for other people failed in this instance, Kenniston's purposes were frustrated by a wholesale jail delivery which took place at Colbury shortly after, and Taft was among the jail-birds who took flight thence. He was never heard of again in the Cove. The thought of him at large and at enmity served to postpone the building of the hotel for a time. The plans for a great public edifice in Bretonville absorbed Kenniston in the immediate future, and finally he grew indifferent to the project of the mountain resort, and it was definitely abandoned.

Larrabee profited by Kenniston's advice, and availed himself of the "amnesty" proffered by the government to moonshiners about that time, and thenceforward the still knew him no more. The manufacture of "brush whiskey" was never resumed at the Lost Time mine. The store there became truly a centre of barter under the ministrations of old Copley and the power behind the throne, Cornelia Taft, who developed much of her father's decision and definiteness and shrewdness of character as she grew older, always tempered by old Mrs. Jiniway's precepts, to which she rigidly adhered. She received countenance, and much guidance too, in these early years, from Adelia, who persisted in following the bent of her own lenient inclination toward others, and making the most

of their good qualities and light of their foibles. It was a certain solace in the bitter loss of other illusions for which she was less charitable. She never could be brought to believe that Julia had not intentionally wiled her lover's heart away from her. It was a relief when these strained relations were at an end, and Julia and Espey married, in defiance of Captain Lucy's opposition, and went to Tanglefoot Cove. Captain Lucy argued their much-mooted points of difference with Adelia less than before, and deferred in silence to her. It was only when, in the winter evenings, Jasper Larrabee was wont to come and read aloud, as in the old days, that Captain Lucy rose to his normal temperature of contradiction, and controverted sundry hard sayings difficult to be incorporated in the life of a willful man, and condemned Jasper Larrabee's learning, and accused him of ignorantly perverting the Scriptures. Then it was that Adelia's talents of optimism became transcendently apparent. She developed a wonderful craft of interpretation. Leaning over one arm of Captain Lucy's chair, while Jasper Larrabee leaned over the other with his book and page to show, — Captain Lucy, flustered and red-faced, acrid and belligerent, vociferating between them, — Adelia would demonstrate that this doubtless meant the other, or it was plain to see that the reference was not general, including Captain Lucy, but was made directly to the character under discussion; whereby Captain Lucy, perceiving that no added burden of meekness or other Christian grace was to be laid upon him as essential to salvation, would permit himself to be pacified. And Adelia's gifts grew by much exercise. Even Captain Lucy, always acute, became reluctantly aware of this, in some sort. "Ad'licia hev got so durned smart she kin mighty nigh explain away the

devil," he fretted, unaware that this feat had already been accomplished by other and more pretentious theologians than Adelia. The gossips said, in the Cove, that it was in the process of trying to "'square' Cap'n Lucy to the Scriptur's, or ter square the Scriptur's ter Cap'n Lucy," that Adelia and Jasper fell in love with each other. Certain it is the days came in which neither had aught to regret, and Adelia's optimism was triumphantly justified.

Even his vanished star came to be a tender memory to Larrabee rather than a poignant bereavement. Sometimes thinking of that dread descent into the crumbling old shaft of the Lost Time mine, with the chill sound of the tumbling waters below, the thick foul air in his every breath, the desperate straining of the ropes that so shook his nerves, the fragments of rock falling about his head, and his heart fairly failing him for fear, he deemed he had found the "leading" he had asked and followed it. For since he could do naught for Christ, whose humble humanity is merged in the majesty of the great King of heaven, he might do somewhat for man whom He died to save.

He did not know that his star remained for a time a faint telescopic object and interested the speculation of astronomers, whose outlook from their wisdom was also limited as his from his ignorance. They merely accounted it one of those mysterious, unwonted apparitions, a stranger to all the astral hierarchy, prettily called "guest-stars" in the ancient Chinese records, and they knew after a time that the "Ke-sing dissolved." They did not dream that this celestial visitant could be charged with a moral mission; for in all the discoveries and advances of science what mystic lens might serve to reveal the amaranthine wreath and the nearing pinion?

Charles Egbert Craddock.

SCOTT'S FAMILIAR LETTERS.

WHEN the Life of Sir Walter Scott was written by his son-in-law, John Gibson Lockhart, not quite two generations ago, he inserted a number of Scott's own letters and a few from his correspondents. A great mass of letters on both sides, however, was withheld from publication, and, as now appears, with good judgment. As time passed on, a sensible curiosity was more and more directed to the manuscript stores at Abbotsford, still in the possession of a granddaughter of Lockhart and Sophia Scott. This lady has kindly afforded access to her treasures, which have been consulted with great profit by the students of our ballad literature. From them the present editor published a few years ago the whole of Sir Walter Scott's journal, from which Lockhart had given copious extracts; and now we have two handsome volumes of letters,¹ which may be supposed to complete, for the present at least, our knowledge of Scott's private life.

These pages give us a very valuable and a very charming addition to our information about Scott and his times. The latter were so stirring, and Scott's acquaintance with great people was so extensive, that he could hardly write the most familiar letter without unconsciously writing history at the same time; and his own nature was so full of life and love that the simplest domestic details are full of universal interest.

It is, however, quite apparent why most of them could not be published in 1837. Besides the fact that many of Scott's correspondents and other persons alluded to were still alive, there is an obvious freedom about much of the writing that in those days kept itself close in the sanctity of private correspondence, and would have shrunk from any species

of publicity. In fact, the race and spirit of these letters, equal to the very liveliest of those in Lockhart's work, is really remarkable, bringing us into even closer contact with its subject than that very intimate and familiar book. This is in marked contrast to many supplementary correspondences, which, called out of their retirement by the success of some striking biography, are disappointing, because they show the subject in his duller, not his livelier moments. It is far otherwise with these. It might be hard to select any one passage more vivid and racy than some in Lockhart; but the staple strikes a constant reader of the biography as bringing Scott nearer to our hearts.

A good instance of what it would hardly have answered to give out in the lifetime of John and Charles Kemble is contained in this extract from a letter to Joanna Baillie:—

"I hear a rumor that Mrs. Siddons means to be solicited out on the stage again. Surely she is not such an absolute jackass: she might return with as much credit if she had been a year and a half in her winding-sheet. I should like, if it were possible, to anatomize Mrs. Siddons's intellect, that we might discover in what her unrivaled art consisted: she has not much sense, and still less sound taste, no reading but in her profession and with a view to the boards; and, on the whole, has always seemed to me a vain, foolish woman, spoiled (and no wonder) by unbounded adulation to a degree that deserved praise tasted faint on her palate. And yet, take her altogether, and where shall we see, I do not say her match, but anything within a hundred degrees of what she was in her zenith?" (Vol. ii. p. 42.)

¹ *Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott*. Edited by DAVID DOUGLAS. In two volumes.

Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

Plain speaking enough, in contrast to the fashionable cult of the theatre, which holds that a "great actor" must be intelligent and well informed even when his performance defies all common sense.

Hesitation to publish letters to and from living correspondents is particularly marked in the case of Francis Jeffrey. It was not wholly respect for the living that made Lockhart so sparing in his notices of this well-known man. The bitterness of party was still very strong in Edinburgh, and the sarcastic Tory did not dare to say all he would like to of the equally sarcastic Whig. But these letters show us, what Macaulay's correspondence had already done, that in spite of politics, in spite even of the review of *Marmion*, Scott truly loved Jeffrey, and was loved by him in turn, and that the editor of the *Edinburgh* was eager to renew the old coöperation years after Scott had indignantly parted with the "blue and yellow." He writes:—

"If you would allow me to inscribe you on the list of our contributors, I should place you at once in the rank of the original founders of the work, who are settled with on a different footing, and invested with a certain control, where they think it necessary, over the proceedings of the editor. I know nobody whom I should like so well to have viceroy over me as you, and I am sure there is no one to whose advice I should be so happy to resort in any case of perplexity." (Vol. ii. p. 32.) The entire letter is well worth quoting.

Another passage relating to Jeffrey is of peculiar though not very flattering interest to Americans. It describes an interview with President Madison in 1814, when it seems strange that a subject of George III. — although on an expedition for wooing an American bride — should have been welcome to Washington. The passage is too long to extract, but one may quote from Scott's report of Jeffrey's description that President Madison was "an exceedingly mean looking little

man, who met him with three little ducking bows, and then extended a yellow withered hand to him like a duck's foot." Surely, of all the Europeans presented to Mr. Madison in his days of state at Washington, with the single exception of Thomas Moore, Francis Jeffrey was the last to venture on criticising him for being small in stature.

It may be remarked that Scott's Toryism, fierce as it seems in many of Lockhart's pages, assumes a milder air in the course of these volumes, especially by contrast with some of his correspondents. His friend Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby, for instance, was far from being an active politician; his whole taste ran in the direction of classical investigation, wherein he almost made himself the forerunner of Schliemann in exploring the Troad. Yet he could bring himself to write thus of the gallant Lord Cochrane, afterwards Earl of Dundonald, whose conviction on a charge of conspiracy is now admitted to have been brought about by an unparalleled combination of private meanness and party bigotry:—

"We are pretty absurd in Westminster, for you will see that Lord Cochrane is again to be a senator, notwithstanding conviction, expulsion, and pillory. At least so the electors resolved on the day of nomination, and nobody appeared to oppose him, while Sir Francis Burdett proclaimed his wrongs and virtues to a mob. This worthy synod unanimously acquitted the noble lord of all sins, present, past, and future. Your Scotch aristocrats managed his forefather better at the bridge of Lauder, who I believe did not deserve a *tow* half as well." (Vol. i. p. 326.) This of what was beyond a doubt the most enlightened electorate in England, the constituency of Fox and Romilly.

Another copious correspondent of Sir Walter's, of whom we often crave to hear more in the *Life*, is Lockhart himself. To his son-in-law, the husband of his favorite daughter, Scott's relations were most interesting. He admired him

for his genius and his principles; he respected him, perhaps beyond what he deserved, for his superior education, and never seems to be conscious, as he well might have been, that his own character was the more elevated of the two. But he could not help being conscious that his own temper was far more generous and sweeter; that his knowledge of men and his appreciation of the varied excellences were a precious and useful possession, far beyond the pungent and repellent criticism of his somewhat moody and reserved son-in-law, who gauged everything by academic and literary standards. It is truly touching to see how he tried, by gentle and firm advice, to guide and control a spirit which he loved in spite of every fault, to restrain Lockhart from indulgence in that love of contests and triumphs of wit which were sure to leave a sting, and rarely brought away either honey or wax. That Lockhart responded to this kindly direction, and lost the sunshine from his life when his wife and her father died, these pages clearly reveal. One most painful story is recalled by them of a fatal duel arising out of a review incorrectly ascribed to Lockhart, which fairly makes us shudder to think that only seventy years ago a man of Sir Walter's benevolence could contemplate a duel, especially one arising from such a cause, as anything but an infamous crime. The incident referred to, which may be found in vol. ii. pp. 120, 121, occurred in 1821. Only seven years later, the Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister, thought it right to "go out" with Lord Winchelsea, the most foolish of all his colleagues in the House of Peers, — a bold word; shortly before, Scott himself was looking calmly forward to a duel with Gourgaud; and in 1838 Macaulay found himself in precisely the same situation with Wallace.

We have no great increase of Sir Walter's correspondence with other members of his own family, unless it be his

eldest son. Of the second Sir Walter we know little more than we knew before, and probably there was little more to know. Handsome and athletic, a keen rider and sportsman, a good son, brother, and husband, attached to his profession and respected in it, one never hears of his attaining any species of distinction beyond what might have been looked for in a descendant of Wat of Harden or William of Deloraine. He was his mother's true child, as none of her other children seem to have been; without one spark of romance, poetry, or literature in his nature. Yet to both of them Sir Walter's heart went out with a devoted and unchanged affection, instinct as he was with that undying homeliness which forms so essential an element in the singular checkerwork called the Scottish character, a character unappreciable, perhaps, by any other people — except the New Englanders.

There are some allusions in these letters to Scott's first love; but it seems very strange that the mystery about her name and lineage should be kept up. It is pretty plain that she was Williamina, daughter of Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn, and his wife, Lady Jane Leslie; she married Sir William Forbes, one of Sir Walter's most devoted and generous friends at the crash of his fortunes in 1825. It is sad to feel, as one must from the records of the journal, where Scott dwells on his interviews with Lady Jane Stuart, that pride of birth alone separated two persons who seem to have been made for each other.

The influence of this idea — the fact that Walter Scott's own family, though "sprung of Scotia's gentler blood," was still counted below the haughty ranks of her higher aristocracy, "high dames and mighty earls" — is not doubtfully shown in his most interesting correspondence with Lady Louisa Stuart and the Marchioness of Abercorn. Intimate, nay familiar, as many parts of these letters are, Scott seems to have been a little

afraid of these high-born ladies; and the feeling comes out still more plainly in his letters to his "chieftainess," Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch, whom he indeed looked up to as personally, and not by pedigree or position, a superior being, to be adored rather than admired. It is perhaps not easy for us exactly to understand Sir Walter's regard for rank, which the Edinburgh lawyer and son of a lawyer felt and showed. It is easy to fall into such phrases as "snobbery" and "toadyism," and thereby to miss the entire temper of the age. A lieutenant is not snobbish for deferring to his colonel, nor is a captain a toady because he shows peculiar respect to an admiral; and the feeling in respectable and cultivated society in Edinburgh in Scott's youth and manhood set feudal in the same category as military or naval rank. We should not forget that it was about the time of Sir Walter Scott's birth that Harvard College ceased to enroll its members in a list according to the social rank of their parents. The Marquis of Abercorn, a peer in three kingdoms, was a great personage in 1818, as his descendant, the Duke of Abercorn, is now. But the good manners of the former time exacted in such a case a certain deference from persons in legal and literary life which the present etiquette would equally condemn as servile from one gentleman to another. Certain it is that in writing to Lady Abercorn, although the correspondence grows easier, Scott never passes one point of reserve; namely, he evades the great secret of his authorship of the *Waverley* novels, at a time when he was talking freely of it to a dozen others. He even gravely discusses the improbability of their being the work of A, B, and C; and to do this he has to sail rather near the wind, and, without absolutely denying that he wrote the novels, uses language almost incompatible with the fact of the authorship of them.

One would imagine that there was no

more doubt of Sir Walter Scott's being the author of *Old Mortality* and the rest than of *The Lady of the Lake*. Yet in reading these letters there are passages which would almost make one think that there was some basis for the old rumor, started at the time, that his brother Thomas, in Canada, had at least an important share in their creation. It would seem as if Scott had encouraged this idea for the purpose of putting people off the scent. He must have had a natural love for mystification, or he never would have taken the elaborate pains he did to set up some alien authorship or other, he cared little whose, for the *Bridal of Triermain* and *Harold the Dauntless*; and it may be that even in his private correspondence with those who were in the secret he deliberately chose to keep up the delusion for the purpose of keeping his hand in.

The letters to Lady Louisa Stuart are especially interesting, as this venerable lady, who lived to be ninety-four, dying in 1851, was one of the most distinguished links between our own time, that of Scott himself, and a very different age. She was the daughter of John, Earl of Bute, the notorious minister of George III., and granddaughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. She had been brought from her very childhood into the most intimate association with the nobility at a time when the cultivation of literature was considered at once their duty and their privilege. No letters can show a pleasanter combination of wit, refinement, and sympathetic good nature than hers. A long passage from one of them (vol. ii. pp. 18-22) had already appeared in *Lockhart's Life* (vol. iv. p. 176 of the original edition), almost the only instance wherein Mr. Douglas has reprinted matter already before the world.

There opens before us, as we read page after page of these volumes, abundant scope for quotation or comment, but we must forbear. It is enough that, fifty years after the death of a great and

good man, we are given new and absolutely authentic memorials of his inmost life, his ways of writing and living, his hopes, fears, passions, doubts, successes, failures. We are brought again face to face with the friend of our childhood, our youth, our manhood; that admired and cherished master who led us through every pictured path of chivalric and domestic emotion and sentiment with the same fascination that endeared him to Washington Irving and Edward Everett, to George Canning and Lord Byron; loved for his writings, loved for himself.

He lives again for us, as he does in every page of his own works, simple and penetrating as the sun or the rain, free from the fantasticalities of later poets and novelists, all sufficiently described by the attributes of his own mediæval hero, Douglas, "tendir and trew." And let an ample share of the same sweet encomium be given to the namesake of that stern champion, David Douglas, of Edinburgh, who has edited these volumes with an affection and fidelity to the subject worthy of his ancient name, his honored calling, and his glorious city.

THE HISTORICAL SPIRIT.

IN a recent acute but somewhat unscientific and unphilosophical work,¹ Rhode Island is picturesquely characterized as "the dumping-ground for the surplus intellectual activity of New England. The born agitator, the controversialist, the generally 'otherwise-minded,'—every type of thinker, whether crude and half crazy like Samuel Gorton, or only advanced like Roger Williams,—there found refuge. Thus, what was a good and most necessary element in the economy of nature and the process of human development was in excess in Rhode Island; and the natural result followed,—a disordered community." This view of the community may be taken as having reference to the seventeenth century exclusively, and even to the former half of that century. If the historical critic chose to pursue an inquiry into the characteristics of the community as it proceeded to develop its resources after it had escaped from the conditions of its first settlement, a good

contention could be maintained that this otherwise-mindedness tended toward a sturdy independence of thought and action; an assertion of individualism in social relations; a disposition not only to insist upon personal freedom, but to grant the same rights to others. A score of years ago, a Rhode Islander of large attainments in history said to the writer that no one could come into the State to live, from Massachusetts for instance, where he had been living for a time, without noticing how very little social compulsion there was; there was not even any diminution of respect for a man who did not go to church. It was supposed that he knew his own mind, and his neighbor indulged in no criticism of him for such lapse of good form.

It is partly because of this quality in Rhode Island life that a special interest attaches to the study which Miss Caroline Hazard has made of one Rhode Island family,² and especially of a single

¹ *Massachusetts, its Historians and its History. An Object Lesson.* By CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

² *Thomas Hazard, Son of Robt, call'd Col-*

lege Tom. A Study of Life in Narragansett in the XVIIIth Century. By his Grandson's Granddaughter, CAROLINE HAZARD. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

notable figure in the family. The conditions of life in an agricultural community, where there was but the faintest shadow of serfdom to accentuate the pride of mastery, and where a certain geographical isolation aided in the development of local self-dependence, afforded an admirable opportunity for the cultivation of family society out of such materials of character as we have intimated prevailed in Rhode Island. Miss Hazard states that the first of her name in this country came to Newport from Boston, probably with Mrs. Hutchinson, and that his son, Robert Hazard, bought land in Narragansett in 1671, and thus laid the foundations of the family estate. "He left five sons," Miss Hazard writes, "the eldest named Thomas after his grandfather, — a custom which was continued for seven generations, each eldest son of an eldest son being named after his grandfather, making a succession of alternate Thomas and Robert Hazards. At first blush this would seem to lighten the labors of the student of heredity, but, unfortunately for his research, Robert Hazard had not only a Thomas for eldest son, but a Robert for third son. His second son, George, had an eldest son Robert, and also a son Thomas. Though the family rule was adhered to, each son, with characteristic individuality, founded a family of his own, using the names of the older branch whenever he chose. By the end of the eighteenth century there were, in this way, some thirty Thomas Hazards, of various degrees of kinship, all calling each other 'loving cousin.' " To distinguish these several Thomases nicknames were used, and the College Tom of this narrative was so called because he enjoyed the unusual distinction of a collegiate education which he received at Yale.

With that English passion for land which in persons has made great landlords, and in the state great colonial possessions, the Hazard family early acquired large tracts of the Narragansett

country. Land was indeed at once the sign and the cause of wealth. In the delightfully genealogical language of these annals it is told of Robert Hazard, great-grandson of the first immigrant, "by his great-grandson Isaac Peace Hazard, on the authority of his grandmother," that he had "twelve negro women as dairywomen, each of whom had a girl to assist her, making from twelve to twenty-four cheeses a day, . . . one hundred and fifty cows being about the number he generally kept. . . . He kept about four thousand sheep, manufacturing most of the clothing, both woolen and linen, for his household, which must have been very large, as I have heard my grandmother say that after he partially retired from his extensive farming operations, or curtailed them by giving up part of his lands to his children, he congratulated his family and friends on the small number to which he had reduced his household for the coming winter, being only seventy in parlor and kitchen." This patriarch was the father of College Tom, and the man whose career is recorded in these pages was the inheritor of the estate. He inherited also the religious opinions of his fathers, who since the coming of George Fox had been Friends, and it is clear that he derived from his forbears and fortified in his own experience a character upright and scrupulous, and a will strengthened by intellectual exercise. From the family papers preserved, but unopened since 1827, Miss Hazard has traced his life from his marriage in 1742 until his death in 1798.

It is the story of one American of what may fairly be called the better class living in the period which immediately preceded and immediately followed the disruption of political allegiance to England; and although Miss Hazard has little to say of political history, the silence of the records from which she draws is all the more expressive. That is to say, we are shown in

the minute details of country life how self-centred and independent that life was; and it is easy to see in the instance of this particular family, especially as it was unentangled in ecclesiastical affairs, how there had been growing up a community which realized in its own relations the conditions of a miniature state, and would be ready, without violence, to enter finally into the larger life of a new nation. We are apt to put in the foreground the political and ecclesiastical elements of American society in the latter half of the eighteenth century, just as now we emphasize politics; but then, as now, the industrial element had the greater significance, and in the dairy, the sheepfold, the farm, by the spinning-wheel and the loom, there was such real possession of the land as assured permanence and stability.

If politics in the way of the administration of government is lightly touched on, it must not be supposed that the records used by Miss Hazard are silent as regards the nobler estate of man. With great skill and insight she has drawn forth College Tom's awakening to the iniquity of slavery, his interest in common education, his religious life, and the peculiar trials which he and his family and neighbors were called upon to endure through the war for independence because of their principles as members of the Society of Friends. It is the intermingling of all these intimations of character and moral purpose with the homely details of a pastoral and agricultural life that serves most completely to explain the sturdy, independent, and self-sustained community upon which, as upon multitudes of others, rested the real hopes of the nascent Union.

Miss Hazard, therefore, in her admirable book, which seems at first glance merely the antiquarian record of a single family, has, without saying it in so many words, really contributed a valuable monograph to the better comprehension of American history. Her task,

fulfilled patiently and with scrupulous aim at accuracy, is one which might well be imitated by others. The life of the nation is in the integrity, first of its members, and then, scarcely less significantly, of those members in their family relation; and every contribution of the nature of Miss Hazard's book is a distinct aid toward that last, finest result of historical research, the grasp of the very consciousness of the nation.

In another field the historical spirit finds exercise of a lighter sort, but distinctly valuable. Documents and institutions form so very large a part of our resources in history in America that we scarcely consider how much we miss in that other great testimony, the witness of monuments. Old World history is written with great vividness, architecturally and epigraphically, but with us the earliest monuments are painfully near our own day, and the few that have any existence are rather illustrations of what we know from other sources than very illuminating themselves. Yet allied with the interpretation of monuments is that study which may be called the reconstruction of wholes from fragments; and as a German scholar could show the modern eye just how the Parthenon actually looked, so the student of American history, if he will scrutinize closely geographical features and examine relics, architectural or domestic, may still do much toward enabling the reader to make the narrative of history real and to modify traditional acceptations. Such a service in a light way has been rendered by Mr. Bliss in some of the papers in his agreeable book¹ of which *The Old Colony Town* is the leading number. He visits Plymouth with his mind well furnished with the historical incidents which have made the place famous, his knowledge covering an acquaintance with the town records, and

¹ *The Old Colony Town, and Other Sketches.* By WILLIAM ROOT BLISS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

in a simple, direct way, all the more effective that it does not seem to imply any very deliberate intention, he looks over the ground, examines the sites and the few relics in Pilgrim Hall, and proceeds to touch one fabric after another of merely traditional structure, with the result that they crumble into dust, and in a few easy sentences to reconstruct the ordinary life of the town. In this reconstruction he also effects a dissipation of illusions, and turns the hard, dry, rather unlovely, but clearly truthful side of that early life to the eye of the reader. Mr. Bliss's picture is without much atmosphere, and one instinctively feels that it is accurate in details so far as ordinary life goes, but takes no account of heroism, latent or expressed. Its value lies in its correction of false notions, its insistence upon actualities, its calling back the mind from vain imaginations. In another paper, *The Ambit of Buzzard's Bay*, he is equally successful in making the reader share with him the illustrative knowledge of history which comes from a familiarity with localities identified with historic life, and such a vivid acquaintance with that life that his eye scarcely sees the overlying growth of modern days. It is as if he swept the ground clear of whatever obstructed the view of a New England antiquity.

Such contributions as these by Mr. Bliss suggest how much may be done by the historic imagination under guidance of a well-trained memory. The test of sight and touch is applied, and a too exclusive absorption in records and documents corrected and adjusted. It is by such detailed investigation as Miss Hazard and Mr. Bliss carry on that the facts of history are made available and placed in a clear light. Yet the historical spirit, after all, is not content with these forms of assertion. Without depreciating these heaps of accurate fact, it demands still further the generalization of the facts, the association of them under laws, and that interpretation of

human life which is in itself a contribution toward the perfecting of life.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in his *Three Episodes of Massachusetts History*, has shown himself a master in the art of patient research resulting in a valuable aggregation of particulars. Nor is the book lacking in a strong sense of the laws which govern society; his very selection and grouping of materials bear witness to this, as well as his frequent impressive inferences. He has, however, in his latest book, to which we referred at the outset, more deliberately undertaken to set forth in brief the results of his study in this field. The contention of his forcible essay is that "so far as the principles of civil liberty and human rights are concerned, Massachusetts has always been at the front;" but that as respects religious toleration "not only has Massachusetts failed to make herself felt, but her record as a whole, and until a comparatively recent period, has been scarcely even creditable;" and finally, that from 1637 onward the historians of Massachusetts have had recourse to all manner of sophistry to evade the plain teachings of history on this point.

"To see history truly and correctly," Mr. Adams well says, "it must be viewed as a whole;" and when making his sweeping indictment of Massachusetts historians, he excepts one writer, Mr. Brooks Adams, who, in his *Emancipation of Massachusetts*, has perceived the contrast between the political independence and spiritual servitude of the people, just as in treating of historians generally he accords Mr. Buckle the position of being the one writer who has addressed himself in a comprehensive spirit to that subject which is the great theme of modern history, namely, Freedom of Conscience and the Equality of Man before the Law. These two exceptions throw some light on Mr. Adams's attitude toward Massachusetts history, and help to explain his general theory of historic writing. He educes from the

movements of modern history certain general laws, and proceeds to examine the particular history of a somewhat isolated community in the light of these laws. By this process of concentration, he simplifies the problem, narrows the field, and heightens the effect of the results secured. The general laws to be illustrated are large and cover great tracts of human endeavor; so that the inquiry is no mean one, and the historian, fascinated by his pursuit, grows constantly more bold and confident. Mr. Adams, with his masculine habit of mind, holds his conceptions so firmly that he makes a most telling argument in support of his position; so that the reader is forced almost to the conclusion that Massachusetts was built up for the purpose of demonstrating the possibility of a steady growth in political freedom all the while that she was suffering an atrophy of religion.

We do not purpose entering a defense of Massachusetts historians. A writer who sets up an exclusively truthful interpretation of history is himself on the defense when he is most aggressive. Nor are we disposed to quarrel greatly with Mr. Adams's general inference that religious toleration in Massachusetts under the leadership of her divines lagged far behind the advance of political liberty under the same leadership. Our inquiry turns rather upon the spirit in which Mr. Adams has illustrated his admirable saying, that "to see history truly and correctly, it must be viewed as a whole." If history may be resolved into the illustration of the development of political liberty and religious toleration, then Mr. Adams, in this little book, is both scientific and philosophical, for he confines himself to those facts which have immediate relation to the law of development, and he makes his theme comprehend the life of a community throughout its entire period of independent history.

In point of fact, Mr. Adams has availed himself of an interesting work-

ing hypothesis of historic development, and has applied it to a community somewhat integral in character and exceptional in circumstance. He has found abundant facts for the support of his theory, and in his triumphant display of them he has vehemently criticised all other historians who have been disposed to interpret the facts otherwise. He has, by the forcible presentation of his thesis, unquestionably aided in the cause of a truthful interpretation of Massachusetts history; his point of view will serve to correct the errors of other points of view; but we do not think he has demonstrated his claim to an exclusive explanation of the history of Massachusetts.

Mr. Adams, in a very striking passage, maintains that all modern history is the explication of a drama, the Emancipation of Man from Superstition and Caste; he treats the history of Massachusetts as one scene in that drama. The conception is a large and fascinating one, and in the light of it he finds an instructive parallel between Massachusetts and Spain, an equally instructive contrast between Massachusetts and Holland; ignoring the teaching of history which requires in the former instance that the ultimate fate of a nation, as of a person, shall determine the corruption of the will at any one period in the formation of character, and in the latter that national relations have a vast deal of influence in the determination of national policy, — Holland set in the network of European states was a very different body from Massachusetts in the wilderness. But when one is setting forth a drama, he must use high lights and strong situations.

It is very true that Massachusetts cannot be studied as an abstracted state. Nevertheless, we conceive that no study of its history can approach finality which does not lay hold with great tenacity of the proposition that it was a plantation in the wilderness by Englishmen who carried with them the seeds, but not the

mature stock of democracy; that its relation both with the mother country and with the neighboring colonies was far less an important factor in its development than its interior growth out of principles and ideals which were the moving cause of the plantation itself; and that to reach the consciousness of a state which is the last and finest result of historical research, one need not be unmindful of general laws, but he must be exceedingly watchful of those manifestations of personality which differ-

entiate the individual. In this view, those historians are not so far wrong as Mr. Adams would have us believe who see in the attitude which Massachusetts took toward dissidents an instinct of self-preservation. The leaders in the colony were not just then considering how they might emancipate man from caste and superstition, but they were very vitally interested in considering how they might preserve intact what they would very likely have called the Ark of the Covenant.

A NEW READING OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

THERE is a fascination in the incomplete. In art this is a commonplace; in life and history it is none the less true. Great men have more than once consciously increased their renown by enveloping themselves in a mystery. Petrarch confesses to have obliterated himself from the world in the hermitage of Vacluse not for the sake of solitary meditation, but that the world might wonder what he was up to. And the result was that in his own day Petrarch was, if possible, less talked of as the singer of Laura or as the humanist than as the man-of-mystery, the mage. None, however, have exerted upon the imaginations of contemporaries and of posterity this witchery of the half understood more than the painter of Mona Lisa. At first sight, one is tempted to exclaim of Leonardo da Vinci that he seems to be a veritable definition of the incomplete. His contemporaries never tired of bemoaning his wasted talents; and even so clear sighted a modern as Michelet speaks of him as "the Italian brother of Faust." Both saw only his incompleteness. Illegitimate in birth; slighted by his native Florence; favored only, it would seem, by such infamous tyrants as

Ludovico il Moro and Cesare Borgia, or his natural enemy France; his one masterpiece, the Cena, destined to become a total wreck from time and the swifter vandalism of monks, soldiers, and renovators; his other masterpiece, the equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, destined never to grow beyond his model; his encyclopædic labors in nearly all the sciences destined to rot for years, an undecipherable litter, in the garret of an unintelligent beneficiary, and then in no small part to perish utterly; and finally to die in exile, leaving behind him little but the shadow of a great name, — surely here is a life all the more pitifully a fragment just because it might have been, nay should have been, so grandly complete. Such has been the threnody over da Vinci up to our own day. Yet there has been always something ambiguous, something *troublant*, about this incompleteness of the enigmatic master. Just as the historical critic has comfortably housed him in the pigeonhole of the incomplete, there comes the same doubt, the same shake of the head, as must follow the attempt to interpret and catalogue that very same Mona Lisa of his with her bewildering smile. Hence it is that we

have more works upon this genius spoiled in the finishing, this living *torso*, than upon even the perfect Raphael or the sublime Michael Angelo.

Happily, there need be no longer this haphazard speculation, this baseless talk "about it and about." Genius and the productions of genius are not, as M. Séailles is fond of saying, to be estimated by weights and measures; the value of genius is qualitative, not quantitative. And the decipherment and publication of da Vinci's manuscripts, strangely written from right to left, like Hebrew, have put us into the possession of facts which entitle us to declare the artist-savant to be not merely no incomplete man, but perhaps the most grandly complete man the world has yet seen. To make clear to the average reader this somewhat disquieting readjustment of historical values is the task M. Séailles takes upon himself in the volume in hand.¹

The function of the artist as explained by da Vinci is essentially demiurgic: to make a new heavens and a new earth and new inhabitants thereof. Realism and Idealism are mere *idola tribus*: art is neither mere imitation nor mere fantasy; true art imitates nature's methods that it may surpass her results. Science, properly understood, is no end in itself, but the means to new creation by intelligent comprehension of the old; it is in all literalness the apple of the tree of wisdom, by eating which men become as gods. There is, therefore, in da Vinci's understanding not only no conflict between art and science, but indeed no art worthy the name without science.

"Comprendre pour créer," — such M. Séailles discovers to have been the maxim of da Vinci's multitudinous activity. Comprehension, science, not accompanied by creation is the most depressing of sterilities; for the mere knower the universe becomes a huge chaos of conflict-

ing atoms without purpose and without charm, for purpose and charm are discoverable in nature only by the creative imagination, never by the mere intellect. Creation, art, not guided by exact knowledge of the natural phenomena on which and through which the artist is compelled to work, is on the other hand crude and unsatisfying to the mature mind. It is with the conception of this childishly empirical art that M. Renan makes the depressing prophecy, "Il y aura un temps où le grand artiste sera une chose vieillie, presque inutile; le savant, au contraire, vaudra toujours de plus en plus." Leonardo knew better than that; and it is better for us, in this age of science for the sake of science, to listen to his wiser words, that since the aim of the artist is "to show what the subject has in his soul," not merely the painted face, but the hands as well, indeed the whole body, must speak. Now, as the human soul is the microcosm, how shall we know it unless we know the universe of which it is a mirror? How express in the rigidity or languor of a painted limb, the pallor or flush of painted flesh, the delicate gradations of emotional light and shadow which play across this infinitely reflective mirror? To those who, like Renan, reply that art is simply inadequate to the task, it is sufficient to point to the Mona Lisa, created not far from five hundred years ago, in the very dawn of the sciences which in the opinion of its creator alone made it possible.

It is in this spirit and with these premises that M. Séailles approaches the life and works of Leonardo da Vinci. Of the life itself he offers little new, unless indeed it be the broadly catholic spirit in which he interprets and justifies the scanty facts. Of the art works, also, of his subject he is reticent, evidently not wishing to put himself into competition with the special art critic. It is when he comes to the scientific methods and discoveries of da Vinci as revealed by his manuscripts that, if I may be allowed

¹ *Léonard de Vinci, l'Artiste et le Savant. Essai de Biographie Psychologique.* Par GABRIEL SÉAILLES. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1892.

the expression, the French scholar lets himself go. "La mise au jour des manuscrits de Léonard de Vinci recule les origines de la science moderne de plus d'un siècle" (p. 369). "Je vais plus loin: à prendre les choses strictement, Bacon et Descartes sont plus loin d'un savant moderne que Léonard de Vinci et Galilée" (p. 388). Truly Mr. Oscar Wilde seems here justified in his flippancy that "history exists only to be rewritten." But the list of supposed discoverers relegated to the second place by da Vinci is really something serious for the readers of standard textbooks. A century before Galileo, two before Bacon, Leonardo applies the method of experimental induction and mathematical verification and inference as fully and exactly as if he were an alumnus of John Stuart Mill. He compiles, nay originates, the materials for a complete encyclopædia of the sciences when the ancestors of the French *Encyclopédistes* to the tenth generation were still unborn. He anticipates Spencer in the postulate of the Unknowable (p. 213); Leibnitz in the doctrine of a preëstablished harmony between sense and reason (p. 216). He recreates the mathematical sciences by returning to the sound principles of Archimedes neglected throughout the whole Middle Ages. In special discoveries in those sciences, to him belongs the honor hitherto given to Guido Ubaldo and Galileo, Stevin, Commandin and Maurolycus, Gassendi, Amontons, Pascal, Castelli, Lavoisier, Bouguer, and Rumford, — yes, almost to Newton himself. Astronomy he frees from the shackles of a superstitious astrology; geology he may be said to create. In botany, he antedates Sir Thomas Browne's supposed discovery of the arrangement of leaves in "quin-cunxes" by exactly one hundred and fifty years, and Grew and Malpighi in the recognition of a tree's age by the rings on its trunk. In anatomy, he creates embryology, comparative anatomy, and

is the first to make anatomical charts of an exactitude sufficient to excite the admiration of the great English surgeon William Hunter. He strives all his life to effect a practicable flying, and in the course of his studies anticipates by more than two centuries the *De Motu Animalium* of Borelli. In optics he anticipates Cardan, and puts the theory of perspective clearly and fully. In the applied sciences, finally, da Vinci's ingenuity is inexhaustible; but the slightest indication of his endless inventions for the purposes of peace and war would take us beyond the limits here assigned.

Now add to these claims of Leonardo the more ornamental ones of having been reputed to be, besides the greatest painter and thinker and investigator of his day, also no inconsiderable architect, sculptor, engineer, musician, poet, conversationalist, athlete, and you will have ground for thinking him to be whatever else, but at least not *incomplete*. Of such a man hero-worship becomes less a choice than a necessity: not to prostrate ourselves before him is to emulate either the ignorant savage or the vulgar philistine, to whom marvels appear commonplace in proportion as these transcend their faculties. It is hard, therefore, to cavil at M. Séailles' eloquent and enthusiastic eulogy of his grand subject. Nevertheless, it is well to remember that, after all, the specific good sense of da Vinci was the *sense of fact*, and one feels now and then that M. Séailles is a little wanting in this sense of fact: in his fine desire to make his hero impeccable he almost makes him impossible. This vision of da Vinci as another Atlas bearing upon his unaided shoulders the whole fabric of the modern world is grandiose, sublime, yet we cannot but feel fixed upon us, as we regard it, that disquieting skeptical smile which seems so fitting an emblem of the master's own soul.

An *aperçu* is not the same thing as a discovery. M. Séailles confuses the two.

Leonardo writes: "The earth is not in the middle of the circle of the sun nor at the centre of the universe, but it is in the midst of its elements which accompany it and are united with it." "On songe," comments M. Séailles immediately, "on songe à l'hypothèse de la gravitation" (p. 253). Very likely "on songe;" but it would be a vain dream indeed therefore to declare da Vinci, and not Newton, to have formulated, we do not say the *law*, but even the "hypothesis" of gravitation. We should wish first to hear da Vinci elaborate and develop his *aperçu*, to know just what he means by the earth's elements, how they accompany the earth, in what sense they are united with it, and so on. And this criticism applies, I conceive, to not a few of M. Séailles' deductions from da Vinci's *aperçus*.

Undoubtedly, modern historical criticism is sound in its endeavor of de-

velopment by cataclysms in human nature as well as in nature. It is hardly too much to say that every Messiah has his John the Baptist making clear the path of the Lord; great discoveries are like great events in that they do not come unheralded, unprepared. "Natura non fecit saltum." Constantly, therefore, we may expect to find our supposed historical origins thrown further back, our supposed pioneers of thought dispossessed of their primacy, and neglected names restored to a more than pristine brilliancy; only it seems desirable that we should make haste slowly, and above all not be thrown off the line of fact by the facile sensationalism of most hero-worshipping criticism. A little more moderation, a little less obvious desire to take established history by storm, would have made M. Séailles' work, which by the way is delightful reading, a trifle more scientifically valuable than even now it is.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fiction. Miss Stuart's *Legacy*, by Mrs. F. A. Steel. (Macmillan.) Those who had read with a quickly awakened and constantly increasing interest certain anonymous short stories of Indian life, which were not Kipling's, and yet could be compared only with his, felt that they had discovered the author when Mrs. Steel's novel began to appear in the same magazine that had printed the earlier tales. Many so-called Indian stories are simply more or less commonplace English fictions with Eastern supernumeraries and stage-settings, but this book is of another sort. The reader at once feels the very atmosphere of the country, while the native portraits — such widely contrasting types as Shunker Dâs, the Hindu usurer, the brave old soldier, Mahomed Lateef, and the half-savage Pathan, Afzul — are as strongly, vividly, and we feel as truly drawn as are Belle Stuart's lovers, and the man whom she, in her youthful blindness and foolishness, marries, as her step-sister

aptly puts it, by mistake. Mrs. Steel's style is easy, graphic, and at need vigorous and forceful, and her book, though a first novel, shows in neither construction nor manner the usual marks of inexperience. The reader feels confidence not only in the author's exceptional knowledge of her subject, and in her originality and insight, but also in the literary skill without which the other good gifts would be of little avail. — *To Right the Wrong*, by Edna Lyall. (Harpers.) In a former novel Edna Lyall gave a carefully considered, and in some respects vivid study of Algernon Sidney, and in this book John Hampden is the most important figure, if not the nominal hero. The reader at once feels that no pains have been spared to present him reverently in his habit as he lived, though the author has hardly the strength to give full effectiveness to what is evidently a just conception of the man. The parliamentary party has usually fared so hardly at the hands of English novelists

that one is glad that so popular a writer is such an earnest champion of its cause, and so sensible of the great qualities of the noblest of its leaders. It should be added that she writes temperately, and studiously endeavors to weigh fairly the good and ill on each side. But the story, clever and interesting as it is, lacks the last touch which makes the true historical romance. It is a tale told *about* a certain epoch, not the narrative of one who is for the time being *of* it. This sometimes makes the movement seem labored, even though exciting incidents abound, and occasionally gives to seventeenth-century opinions and speech a flavor of the nineteenth. — The Delectable Duchy, Stories, Studies, and Sketches, by "Q." (Macmillan.) It is the Duchy of Cornwall that gives the author his delight, and provides him with stories for communicating it to others. Something of the sort that Mr. Barrie at his window has done for Thrums, "Q." running a slenderer thread of connection through his book, does here for his Cornish villagers and fishermen. It is surely to Mr. Couch's honor that the bits of romance, humor, tradition, and tragedy which he relates seem to be, not invented, but merely reported. Indeed, it appears yet again that if a man has the art to make the medium of himself practically transparent, and tells the true stories of elemental people, he can count upon an audience fit and not few. — The Handsome Humes, by William Black. (Harpers.) With the easy fluency of the teller of many tales, Mr. Black writes of the loves of a son of a squire of high degree, the youngest, brightest, and best of the nine "handsome Humes," and the beautiful, well-brought-up daughter of a retired prize-fighter. Naturally, the charming mother of the hero, herself one of "the handsome Hays," does her best to separate the pair, but her efforts are brought to naught by the devotion and self-abnegation of the ex-pugilist. The story may not linger long in the reader's memory, but it will pass the time spent in reading it agreeably enough. Though Mrs. Hume comes of a long-descended Border race with an old tower on Teviot-side, the scene of this history is Henley, with an occasional glimpse of Oxford; a pleasant environment, most pleasantly indicated. — Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have brought Thomas Nelson Page's books, with the exception of his ju-

veniles, into a group of four trim volumes: In Ole Virginia, a new title, we believe, given to Marse Chan and Other Stories, On New Found River, Elsket and Other Stories, and his volume of studies The Old South. Mr. Page has given in these books a taste of his quality. We hope he may draw a longbow yet and give us a novel which shall gather in a series of pictures the Virginian life which lies just on the horizon of his personal experience. — The Complaining Millions of Men, by Edward Fuller. (Harpers.) "The complaining millions! Oh yes, they had had reason enough to complain, Baretta was saying to himself." And so in very truth may the complaining scores of readers say of their fellow-men, if the specimens Mr. Fuller presents are in any large sense typical. A more common and unpleasant lot than the characters of this novel it would be very difficult to find. The principal person is bent upon "giving himself" to the people, but so consistently takes every opportunity of being a fool that he brings himself in the end to an insane condition in which he runs amuck with a revolver, and has the good fortune to kill nobody but himself. A familiarity with the less lovely sides of Boston life is evident throughout the story, which loses much more than it gains by the appearance under futilely veiled names of various persons tolerably well known. — Barabbas, a Dream of the World's Tragedy, by Marie Corelli. (Lippincott.) A book which hardly calls for serious criticism, but of which it may be said that its audacity is equaled only by its bad taste. One marvels that the juxtaposition of the Gospel narrative, and the sensational additions and elaborations in which it is embedded, did not make even the author conscious of the quality of her work. That she evidently fully believes in the supreme sacredness of her theme renders her self-confidence only the more surprising. — Novel Notes, by Jerome K. Jerome. (Holt.) If any one expects in this work a picture of Bookland corresponding to the author's Stageland, he is doomed to disappointment. Whatever was the original intention of the book, it resolves itself into a series of short stories, many of them mere anecdotes, told by four friends who meet for the ostensible purpose of writing a novel together, but find in the end that they have reached only "the

city of the things men meant to do." The serious and the humorous are mingled in about equal quantities. In the humor there is, with the modicum of fun, a predominating quality of cheapness; and though the serious tales never achieve greatness, they are, on the whole, the more satisfying after their kind. — Seven Christmas Eves, being the Romance of a Social Evolution, by Clo Graves, B. C. Farjeon, Florence Marryat, G. Manville Fenn, Mrs. Campbell Praed, Justin Huntly McCarthy, and Clement Scott. (Lippincott.) A composite tale, in which seven writers in turn carry on the story of the rise of two East End child-waifs to a position of honor and affluence. The authors' names indicate pretty definitely the literary quality of the work, which for the most part, when it is not indifferent Dickensesque, is after the manner of the popular melodrama. — Nibsy's Christmas, by Jacob A. Riis. (Scribners.) Three short sketches, reflecting scenes of poverty and squalor, with gleams of light from a higher sphere struggling through. Their value is in their sympathy with stricken lives rather than in any artistic power.

Social Science. The Psychic Factors of Civilization, by Lester F. Ward. (Ginn.) Mr. Ward laid the foundations of this work in his Dynamic Sociology. In it he proceeds to elaborate some of the propositions shadowed forth in that, and to determine, if possible, the precise rôle that mind plays in social phenomena. The result which he reaches is interesting and clearly put. As society has overthrown the rule of brute force by the establishment of government, as it has supplanted autoeracy by aristocracy, and that by democracy, and as democracy is giving way before plutocracy, so Mr. Ward sees a final triumph of sociocracy, a stronger power than any preceding it, by which the whole of society will think and act for the whole. It is not quite clear just how the application of scientific processes to government is to be brought about, but Mr. Ward contemplates the human mind as containing the potency of this authority. — Sub-Cælum, a Sky-Built Human World, by A. P. Russell. (Houghton.) When so many writers at the end of the century vie in describing what may be called Sub-Cellar, a Dug-Up Human World, it is a satisfaction to come upon so reasonable a plea as this for hypæthral existence. Mr. Russell, whose

books have shown him a close reader of human life in literature, here discloses himself as a student of human life in society. There is a mellowness, a wholesome belief in the possibilities of ideals and conformity to those ideals, which argues that Mr. Russell is not a young man. If he were a dismal, pessimistic writer, we should reasonably infer that he was still under age. For a thoroughgoing disbeliever commend us to the young man. Our poets in the minor key are all young.

History and Biography. Life and Art of Edwin Booth, by William Winter. (Macmillan.) The Life, which occupies somewhat more than half the volume, suffers, as most lives of actors do, from a profusion of incidents which are no longer of interest, mere recital of occasions of acting, but it contains also some interesting explanations of that side of Booth's life which was not wholly understood by the public: his attempt, that is, at business management. The section devoted to his art will be read with more attention since it consists of delineations of the great characters he impersonated. In spite of the somewhat fragmentary look of the book, it is probably as good a memorial as we are likely to get, and certainly gives delightful glimpses of Booth's personal relations. — Jenny Lind the Artist, 1820-1851, by H. S. Holland and W. S. Rockstro. (Scribners.) This is a condensation, with loss chiefly of the more technical portion, of the two-volume memoir by the same writers. A like affectionate strain pervades the book, and the reader never forgets that he is confronting a woman of exceptional emotions rather than a great artist. The book, nevertheless, gives a great many interesting glimpses of the musical world as well as of Jenny Lind's domestic circle, and may be regarded as a pretty faithful picture of her life, even if certain lights are greatly heightened. The American reader will be disappointed at the absence of details regarding her career in this country. — Seventy Years of Irish Life, being Anecdotes and Reminiscences, by W. R. Le Fanu. (Macmillan.) After the strenuous "earnestness" and the cynicism, real or sham, which are considered appropriate notes even in the lighter literature of the end of the century, it is refreshing to meet this gay, good-humored, and amusing volume. It is rather remarkable

that Mr. Le Fanu should have written his "first and only book" in his seventy-eighth year; but he has long enjoyed in private life a well-won reputation as an admirable teller of Irish stories, and he proves himself as good a *raconteur* here, whether of anecdotes or autobiographic reminiscences. The narrative is always easy in style; it touches many aspects of Irish life, showing everywhere keen observation and abundant humor, and it is steadily and agreeably readable from beginning to end. Happily, the book deals as little as may be with politics, though the son of a clergyman of the former Church of Ireland, in detailing the family experiences — some of them unpleasant enough — during the tithe war, cannot quite avoid the subject, and his last chapter rapidly but clearly sums up the public events and agitations in Ireland during his lifetime, closing with some eminently sane remarks on the present situation. — *Women of Versailles, The Last Years of Louis XV.*, by Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. (Scribners.) This volume, — in some respects one of the best of the Saint-Amand series, — though its subject is the close of the reign of Louis XV., is really the record of the first act in the tragedy of Marie Antoinette's life. The writer gives, with the usual admixture of moralizing, a brief and effective sketch of society in the court and city at this epoch, and traces the career of Madame Du Barry, thus showing very definitely what was the world into which the child archduchess was taken from the simple, natural, kindly life of the household of Maria Theresa, — as sad and ominous an exchange as marriage ever brought to a woman. Of course the author depends mainly on the invaluable letters of the Austrian ambassador, Mercy-Argenteau, to the Empress for his picture of the life of the Dauphiness, — letters which are a veritable journal of the daily existence of the frank, warm-hearted, impulsive young girl, already surrounded by enemies. — *William Blake, his Life, Character, and Genius*, by Alfred T. Story. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London; Macmillan, New York.) The materials for a life and study of Blake were made even scantier than need be by the burning of the manuscripts and other possessions bequeathed by Mrs. Blake to her husband's friend, Tatham, whose fellow-Irvingites per-

suaded him that, because Blake's works were inspired, the devil must have been their inspiration. There is perhaps, then, a certain appropriateness in the fact that this comprehensive book on the strangest of men is small in bulk. It is not ideal in arrangement or distinguished in style, and it lacks that Open Sesame of usefulness in modern books, an index; yet it would have to be poorly done indeed to make its subject uninteresting, and that the book surely is not. — *Some Further Recollections of a Happy Life*. Selected from the Journals of Marianne North. (Macmillan.) Readers of the two volumes which originally gave a record of Miss North's varied journeys and her enthusiasm for botany will not be sorry to see a third, which fills out the tale by entering upon more distinctly European experiences. The same bright, good-natured enjoyment of whatever turned up, which must have made Miss North an unfailingly enjoyable companion, characterizes this volume, which is edited by Miss North's sister, Mrs. John Addington Symonds. — *A Sketch of the History of the Apostolic Church*, by Oliver J. Thatcher. (Houghton.) There is no suggestion of the question of an apostolic succession in this book, for it is concerned merely with the beginnings of Christianity. A large portion of the work is devoted to St. Paul, whose career is followed with sympathy and illuminating knowledge. It is good to find the "scientific spirit" applied to labors such as Mr. Thatcher's without the extinction of all other spirit. — *The Athenian Constitution*, by George Willis Botsford, is Number IV. of Cornell Studies in Classical Philology. (Ginn.) The treatise may have been suggested by the recent discovery of Aristotle's Constitution of Athens, but it is a full and explicit study of the development of that constitution, and, incidentally, of the external conditions which finally wrought the downfall of the city. It bears the mark of close examination. — Messrs. Putnam's Sons have added to their Library of American Biography Irving's Life and Voyages of Columbus, as condensed by the author from his larger work. The book, which is produced from entirely new plates, is printed in large, clear type, and has a generous supply of well-selected illustrations which really illustrate, most of them being reproduced or redrawn from old prints.

Science. The Germ-Plasm, a Theory of Heredity, by August Weismann. Translated by W. Newton Parker and Harriet Rönnefeldt. (Seribners.) An important volume in the Contemporary Science Series. The author's preface is an ingenuous and effective bit of mental autobiography, and the caution of this great naturalist may be commended to those men of science who get their penny trumpets out and rush to the street corner the moment their little theory looks like an egg. The free use of italics in the book, to mark the emphatic sentences, will enable a superficial reader to catch at the course of argument and the specific conclusions; but superficial readers will hardly tackle the book, we think. Superficial reader, have *you* any notion what an *id* is? — Photography, Indoors and Out, by Alexander Black. (Houghton.) Mr. Black describes his book as one for amateurs; and he plainly respects that class, for he assumes an intelligent interest not only in the practical use of the camera, but in the history of the development of photography, and in the physical laws of optics which underlie the art. The book is a straightforward, agreeable history and handbook, the most practical and the most comprehensive one of its class that we have yet seen; free from confusing terminology, yet precise and explicit.

Poetry. If the question of annexation comes to be considered in the realm of verse, and if the matter of production goes on as it has been going of late, Canada will be in a fair way of annexing the States. An American magazine rarely appears nowadays without a stave from the Canadian singing-birds; and their songs so often have in them some quality, rugged or mystical, of the north that it is no wonder they are welcome. Now the books of Canadian verse are coming to us, one after another, with great frequency. Of recent volumes, Charles G. D. Roberts's *Songs of the Common Day* (Longmans) is one of the best. His themes, with the exception of that of *Ave!* an Ode for the Centenary of Shelley's Birth, are drawn mainly from simple aspects of life and nature about him, and in the sober manner of his Muse one feels a true interpretation of the dignity, not to say austerity of Canadian scenes. Even to Shelley analogies are effectively drawn from nature as it appears in Canada.

The many sonnets in the book present a body of work well above the average of its sort in merit. — Passion is hardly to be expected as a product of Canada, and no more than in Mr. Roberts's volume is it to be found in Duncan Campbell Scott's *The Magic House and Other Poems*. (J. Durie & Son, Ottawa.) These verses show considerably less of maturity and force, but many of them are agreeable in their simplicity of spirit and form. One would think of Wordsworth as Mr. Scott's favorite and model. And by the way, there is another and less serious suggestion of the Lake School in the young Canadians' fashion of feeling themselves bound together, and of dedicating and singing to one another. It is very pretty. Another word of Mr. Scott's book: its form, for which Edinburgh may be thanked, is charming. But is it a desirable innovation to print the verses which give a book its title in the middle of the volume? — Still another Canadian singer is William P. McKenzie, whose *Songs of the Human* (Hart & Co., Toronto) found in the "home talent" of its publishers far less skill in the manufacture of books. There is a good measure of vigor and feeling, largely religious, in what Mr. McKenzie has written. In mastery in the art of versemaking there is still something left to be desired. — *Contemporary Scottish Verse*, edited, with an Introduction, by Sir George Douglas, Bart. (Walter Scott, Limited, London.) By way of contrast, this new volume of the Canterbury Poets Series contains Alexander Anderson's delightful nursery lines, *Cuddle Doon*, and passages from James Thomson's *City of Dreadful Night*. But contrast is the world's fashion at present, and except for the dialect and rhythms of Burns scattered through this book it might indeed be a collection of the best contemporary verse of any English-speaking people. Men are thinking the same things in Australia and America, and saying them, too, in much the same way, as in Scotland. It raises the average of any anthology, however, to have among its sources such men as Mr. Lang and Mr. Stevenson. — *Italian Lyrists of Today*, Translations from Contemporary Italian Poetry, with Biographical Notices, by G. A. Greene. (Elkin Mathews & John Lane, London; Macmillan, New York.) A poor idea of the individual qualities of poets is to be gained

from scanty selections even in their original language. When they are all put into another language, and all by one man, it is best not to let one's expectations run high. To the biographical comments upon the thirty-four Italians treated in the book it owes its value, for it would be hard to say just where else a searcher after the truth about all these singers, especially the large number of younger ones, could find it in English. — Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, to whom we have been indebted for more than one carefully edited and well-printed piece of literature, brings out in a *Bibelot Series* two elongated books: *Songs of Adieu*, a *Little Book of Finalé* and *Farewell*, and *Old World Lyrics*, a *Little Book of Translations*. We cannot say that we greatly admire the *format* of these little books and the affectation of damaged old type on the title-page, but the selections — mainly from contemporaneous writers, at least so far as the English versions and the English songs go — are excellent, and give a very good notion of what may be called the latest mode rather than the latest fashion in verse. — *Orchard Songs*, by Norman Gale. (Elkin Mathews & John Lane, London; Putnams, New York.) One cannot quite get away from the feeling that Mr. Gale tries to sing himself into Arcadia, rather than that his songs issue from a pastoral land already existing even as a region made distinctly clear to the imagination. His *Chloes* and *Strephons*, in spite of his *Defence*, "written on being charged with undue frankness," do not appear as quite the guileless children of nature Mr. Gale would have men think them. Nevertheless, as a writer of verse of the fancy, and as a true lover of nature in her unforbidding moods, he is capable of many a pretty turn of phrase and thought, and in this volume well maintains the good name his *Country Muse* won him. — *Tanagra*, an *Idyl of Greece*, by Gottfried Kinkel. Translated by Frances Hellman. Illustrated with *Photogravures* from *Designs* by Edwin H. Blashfield. (Putnams.) Mrs. Hellman introduces this pretty book with a brief memorial sketch of the patriot Kinkel, whose escape from prison, it will be remembered, was effected through the resolution and adroitness of Carl Schurz. The sketch will make the poem even more interesting. It is a graceful piece, which has for its

purpose the imaginary explanation of how "the tree of art a fresh young shoot displayed" when the *Tanagra* figurines were devised. Mr. Blashfield's designs show simplicity and purity of line, though the *photogravures* themselves are not wholly satisfactory. — *Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads*, by Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.) The greater part of this book is familiar, and as a "new edition, with additional poems," has only to fill a little more completely the place it has made for itself. By the addition of such things as *The Ballad of the Bolivar* one's belief that Mr. Kipling's rhymes are never so much at home as with Tommy Atkins is shaken; for it would be hard to sing more truly than in the *Bolivar* verses the song of the common sailor. — *Nursery Lyrics*, by Mrs. Richard Strachey. (Bliss, Sands & Foster, London.) A little book, lightly illustrated, of genuine mother songs, simple, birdlike sometimes in their free, unconstrained ripple of melody, often delightfully humorous, and absolutely free from cheap sentiment. It is refreshing to find such hearty, spontaneous expression of domestic poetry, and the light touch is often laid upon a really poetic theme. Especially clever are the *Variations on Some Nursery Themes*; *My Pretty Maid*, for instance, being a charming little pastoral. There is a hint now and then of *Lear* and of *Lilliput Levee*, and the whole book is so joyous, breezy, and full of good nature that it will be dog-eared in appreciative families. — *Pictures from Nature and Life*, *Poems* by Kate Raworth Holmes. Illustrated by Helen E. Stevenson. (McClurg.) A quarto volume of script text, with decorative and other designs. Ten poems marked by simple sentiment are accompanied by sepia-printed pictures of flower, landscape, and figure. The faces seem sometimes to be photographic reproductions. — *The Loves of Paul Fenly*, by Anna M. Fitch. (Putnams.) Would it not be fairer to author, publisher, and public if some general means could be devised for letting the public know when the author, and when the publisher, assumes the responsibility and expense of bringing forth a book?

Dictionaries and Books of Reference. Murray's *A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles*. Part VIII. Sect. 1. Crouchmas-Czech completes the letter C and Volume II. (Macmillan.) The arti-

ele Crown is one of the fullest and most interesting ; indeed, in turning the leaves one is tempted to stop frequently and read the short stories which add much to the value of this remarkable work, as in the account of the limitation of the word "curate," the historical origin of "currant" and of "crown" as the name of a coin, the distinctive use of "culvert," and the analysis of "curmudgeon ;" but of course the special virtue of this dictionary is in its chronologically arranged quotations, minutely credited, by which the meaning of a word and its use may be traced with great accuracy. — The first volume, A-L, of *A Standard Dictionary of the English Language* (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) has appeared. Its descriptive title-page adds, Upon Original Plans designed to give in Complete and Accurate Statement, in the Light of the most recent Advances in Knowledge, and in the readiest Form for Popular Use, the Meaning, Orthography, Pronunciation and Etymology of all the Words and the Idiomatic Phrases in the Speech and Literature of the English-Speaking Peoples. The indefinite article just saves the title from conscious arrogance, and permits the book still to be called *The Standard* by the public. It is interesting to compare that portion of the dictionary which covers the same words with the part of Murray we have just noticed, inasmuch as neither editor could have availed himself of the other's labors. Of course Murray's plan calls for much greater fullness, so that his hundred and four pages against the eighteen of *A Standard* permit much more explicit treatment. The first word in Murray, "Crouchmas," is defined, "The festival of the Invention of the Cross, observed on May 3," and a paragraph gives quotations with dates from 1389 to 1891. In *A Standard* we read, "Rogation Sunday ; also Rogation week." But Rogation Sunday is not a fixed feast. The last entry in each under C is "Czech." Here *A Standard's* definition strikes us as more exact, though ill expressed : "A person belonging to that branch of the Slavic peoples now residing mainly in Bohemia, but also in Moravia and part of Hungary." Murray says, "The native name of the Bohemian people ; Bohemian." Under "Crown" Murray has thirty-four specific meanings, *A Standard* twenty-four. On the other hand,

A Standard, using cuts, is able to make more intelligible the various forms of royal crowns, and an architectural use. The illustrations in *A Standard* are often very effective, as the full-page grouping in color of gems and precious stones, and another page giving types of horses. There is also a double-page colored group of decorations of honor. It would be idle, in the brief space at our service, to undertake to characterize the work in detail, but it is unquestionably an addition to the library of American dictionaries. The student can dispense with no one of them ; the ordinary reader will be governed by his special needs and the contents of his purse. — *The Old Testament and its Contents*, by James Robertson. (Randolph.) A neat little handbook, by a competent writer who has made an analytical synopsis with running comment of the books of the Old Testament. The general temper is conservative, but by no means unprogressive, and the book ought to be of real service to those who wish to do what so seldom is done, go straight to the text itself with as little interpretation from commentators as may be. This kind of comment is most helpful, and leaves the reader most self-reliant. — *Congressional Manual of Parliamentary Practice*, deduced from the Rules and Rulings of the Congress of the United States, by J. Howard Gore. (Bardeen.) A diminutive manual, which does not err by giving the reader alternative judgments. All is positive and direct, and as the arrangement is alphabetical the book ought to be easy to consult.

Religion. *The Pilgrim in Old England*, by Amory H. Bradford. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) A sub-title shows this book to be a review of the history, present condition, and outlook of the Independent (Congregational) churches in England. The little company of Plymouth Pilgrims left behind them many who shared their religious beliefs and aspirations, and who continued in the old country the hard struggle for independency. A sympathetic study of their history, and an account of the present condition of the churches which grew out of their work, could not fail to be interesting. Dr. Bradford is a leader among American Congregationalists, and he not only writes in a spirit of brotherly love and admiration, but also adds value to his book by comparing the English and the

American churches in such a way as to bring out clearly the chief points of similarity and of difference. — The Dayspring from on High, Selections arranged by Emma Forbes Cary. (Houghton.) A day-book upon a well-accepted plan of a bit of Scripture, a poem, a passage in prose, none of them long, and the choice made with reference to preserving the character of the day or season when marked or special. The note of the book is that of a generous communicant of the Roman Church; the merit lies in the refinement, the thoughtfulness, the sense of delight in what is noble, high bred, and spiritually strong. It is not often that one finds a book of this class of so fine a temper. — The Child's Day-Book, with Helps toward the Joy of Living and the Beautiful Heaven above, Arranged and Compiled by Margaret Sidney. (D. Lothrop Co.) A quarto, with thirty-one selections in prose and verse, decorative designs, three or four colored prints, and blanks at the end for memoranda on thirty-one days.

Literature. The Birth Life and Acts of King Arthur of his Noble Knights of the Round Table their Marvellous Enquests and Adventures the Achieving of the San Greal and in the End Le Morte Darthur with the Dolourous Death and Departing out of this World of them all. So, without the impertinence of punctuation, runs the title of a new edition of Sir Thomas Malory's famous book, of which the first volume, in medium quarto, has reached us. The title-page adds, The Text as written by Sir Thomas Malory and imprinted by William Caxton at Westminster the year MCCCCLXXXV and now Spelled in Modern Style. With an Introduction by Professor Rhys and Embellished with Many Original Designs by Aubrey Beardsley. MDCCCXCIII. The publisher, in his zeal to put the book forward, and not himself, retires into a sort of cupboard, and drops the letters of his name about in a casual, negligent manner. They spell "Dent," and the reader of the day knows that Mr. J. M. Dent, of London, has an enthusiasm for the production of beautiful books, especially books which revive both old authors and the drooping spirits of people afflicted with the distemper of contemporaneity. The generous proportions of the page, the beauty of the type, the readableness of the English, the effectiveness of the initial letters and other decorations,

and the intellectual acrobaticism of the artist, who now throws himself into the fifteenth century, now lands on his feet in Japan, and now associates with the inhabitants of No Man's Land, all serve to render this edition of King Arthur a notable one. It is, by its furnishing, a real piece of ancient tapestry made over into a modern portière, and to what a beautiful room it admits one! The lightness of the book to the hand, by the bye, is a marvel. — Tales from Shakespeare, including those by Charles and Mary Lamb, with a continuation by Harrison S. Morris. In four volumes. (Lippincott.) A neat little edition, in which the twenty plays of the Lambs are supplemented by sixteen from the hand of Mr. Morris. This writer, in a very modest preface, recognizes the criticism likely to be passed upon him, and takes the very proper ground that as the Lambs performed their task from a desire to familiarize children with Shakespeare, so he fills out the measure for the same purpose. His work was not, after all, so difficult as might appear, for the work of the Lambs, though not perfunctory, by no means has the spirit of their best writing, and enjoys a somewhat factitious reputation. Mr. Morris is careful and workmanlike, though we think he produces an effect of anachronism by his free use of Mr. Page and Mr. Ford. — The third volume of Pepys's Diary, edited by H. B. Wheatley (George Bell & Sons, London; Macmillan, New York), covers the year 1663, and is most amusing for the passages between Pepys and his wife. The jealousy with which he is tormented, the self-humiliation he expresses, and his uneasiness over his own dallies with temptation offer a singular commentary on the morals and manners of the times. It seems as though the scandal of the court bewitched everybody, high and low. There are two photogravures, one of Sir Peter Lely's portrait of Pepys, the other a youthful one of Sir Samuel Morland. — The practice of making magazine volumes run from May to October, and November to April, may possibly offer some advantages commercially, though we doubt it, but it is inconvenient otherwise. The Christian world makes its resolutions and begins all over again on January 1; it has taken a long while to get rid of March 25, and even The Century Magazine will fail to introduce a new calendar beginning November 1. One must

find fault with something, but after this is said it is easy to praise New Series, Volume XXIV., which begins and ends reprehensibly with a ragged edge of 1893 on either side. The World's Fair, naturally, is reflected in it; there is ever so much poetry, one serial novel and one shorter serial tale, with more of Mr. La Farge's letters from Japan, and the interesting series of reproductions of paintings by American artists. — St. Nicholas divides its year into two parts, and has two corresponding volumes. (The Century Co.) A survey of these nearly one thousand pages leaves one with a strong impression of the very great variety of interests appealed to, and the range of subjects and writers drawn upon. Pictorially one is glad to find frequently a less complex and subtle treatment than in the companion magazine for mature readers, and sorry to see how large a part the photograph plays. The hopelessly unselective capability of the camera makes it specially unfit for use in producing pictures for the young. — A. C. McClurg & Co. publish neat editions of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* and Thackeray's *The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*. Both books are innocent of apparatus of any sort, save that Sartor has an index. — *Queechy*, by Elizabeth Wetherell. Illustrated by Frederick Dielman. (Lippincott.) Forty years and more since this book was published! A war has been fought since, and yet Fleda's tears are not yet dried. In spite of the defects of these old-fashioned stories, this and *The Wide, Wide World*, they are vastly more wholesome than much that passes for better fiction today, and they have certainly an inborn refinement. — *Our Village*, by Mary Russell Mitford. (Webster.) A neat little edition of a book which, itself derivative, has been the cause of many books, some more famous. Cranford, for example, is the more beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother.

Travel. To Gipsyland, written by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, and illustrated by Joseph Pennell. (The Century Co.) It is a far cry from Philadelphia to Hungary; but it is true Philadelphia that the author draws as the scene of the first firing of her imagination by the Romany folk; and it is true Hungary to which, with her sketching husband, she goes to see the gipsy at home. The book is written and the pictures are drawn with a genuine spirit of sympathy

with their subjects, as even a *gorgio* must feel. — *Riders of Many Lands*, by Theodore Ayrault Dodge. (Harpers.) Especially from the Far East and from our own West Colonel Dodge has drawn the materials for his papers on horses and horsemen, yet there is hardly a portion of the world that is left quite untouched. Indeed, the extensiveness of the author's knowledge of his subject is remarkable. The literary quality of the book, however, is not so enduring as to commend it permanently to readers not already curious in matters relating to the saddle. The pictures, mainly by Mr. Remington and from photographs, are capital. — In Harper's Black and White Series is published *Travels in America a Hundred Years Ago*, being Notes and Reminiscences by Thomas Twining, an Englishman, who lived in India, and afterward traveled in this country, where he saw Washington, Volney, and other public men, as well as society in Baltimore and Philadelphia. The book is moderately interesting, for Mr. Twining was a moderately interesting man.

Decoration and Typography. The Birth and Development of Ornament, by F. Edward Hulme (Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London; Macmillan, New York), is at once a valuable aid to the student of ornament and applied art, and a readable book for the amateur. It begins with a chapter on what ornament, in distinction from pictorial art, really is, carefully stating the principles, necessity, and utility of decoration, as well as the position of symbolism in ornament. Decoration and ornament are taken up historically, and followed with care and elaboration unusual in a volume comparatively so small. Stained glass, bookbinding, enameling, tattooing, metal work, illumination, and kindred subjects are touched upon. Many references to larger works are introduced, rendering the volume most useful as a textbook. — *Printers' Marks*, a Chapter in the History of Typography, by W. Roberts, editor of *The Bookworm*. (George Bell & Sons, London.) The chief value of this book is in its liberal exemplification of printers' marks, over two hundred examples being given. It is a pity that the editor did not avail himself of the effective papers on the subject which appeared in *The Bookbuyer* three years or so ago. He would have enriched one side of his subject by so doing.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

An Experiment in Levitation.

IN my somewhat isolated childhood, I enjoyed, in common with the four or five others necessary to the experiment, a secret and thrilling familiarity with those "very curious experiences of levitation" to which a Contributor of the Club invites investigation; and I still believe in those experiences, though in maintaining that belief I subject myself to the derision of superior minds by whom I am now adjudged old enough to know better. I do not pretend to account for the performance in which I have successfully assisted, and of which I have myself been the subject; I only know that, under certain conditions of respiration, it is possible to cause a person of no light weight, prone upon a table, to rise several feet in air, supported only by the tips of the forefingers of the — operators, shall I say?

I was made acquainted with the "tradition" by a cousin who had come to visit us on the old plantation. She was a girl of twelve, — a little older than myself, — with nerves of steel and a will of iron, whom to hear was to obey: therefore, when she whispered that she could teach us a mystery, we consented forthwith to be instructed. But she did not give to this mystery the learned term "levitation;" she called it "*hoisting by the spirit*," and she initiated us under circumstances that possibly aided the success of the experiment.

There were six of us, between the ages of eleven and thirteen, left to our own devices, one rainy autumn day. Our elders had gone to dine at a neighboring plantation, some miles away, and Mom Binah had us in charge. She was old and rheumatic, and loved ease and quiet; so she locked the outer doors to protect us against exposure to the weather, and sat down to doze by the nursery fire, while we stole away to the garret at the bidding of our irresistible cousin.

The garret, reached by a steep stair in a closet at the end of the second-story hall, occupied the entire space under the roof, and was dimly lighted by a small window in each gable. Like the generality of garrets, this one was a receptacle for dilapidated furniture, old trunks, and all such odds and ends. After some search we dis-

covered a table, which by a little tinkering was made to stand firmly upon its legs. This we placed in that part of the garret farthest from the entrance, and one of our number, a jolly, fat boy of thirteen, consented to stretch himself upon it straight out on his back, with his arms lightly crossed at the waist. (It will be observed that this is the easiest possible position to assume.) Then four of us took our places, two on each side, and followed directions. We were told to close the thumb and all the fingers of each hand except the forefinger; then, drawing a deep breath, to raise our hands simultaneously high above our heads; as we slowly "released" our breath, we were to bring our hands down so that the forefingers touched the table. This was to be done three times, with great solemnity and in perfect silence, save for the profound inspirations, in which the "patient" also took part; at the third descent of the clenched hands, the extended forefingers were thrust under the ankles or the shoulders — according as we stood — of the boy on the table, whereupon, by no conscious effort on our part beyond that required to retain the deep breath, the boy was lifted as *high as our heads*. I will not affirm that he was lifted as high as we had raised our hands during the initiatory process, but he was raised on the support of eight slender forefingers much higher than we four together could have lifted him in our arms, for he was a heavy boy. He did not fall when he "had gone as high as the spirit willed," to use our cousin's occult formula, but seemed to descend gently, and without any tax upon our strength.

Now this was done many times, until the experiment had been tried upon each one of us. We had been required to maintain the utmost solemnity, and indeed we were too earnestly interested for levity, until one of our number — I think it was that dreadful boy — burst a button, whereupon laughter took possession of us, just as we had "hoisted" the patient, who fell, in spite of our eight supporting fingers, and the table came to the floor with a crash that instantly hushed our ill-timed mirth. In the midst of the ominous silence that followed, and

through the dull drip, drip, of the rain outside, we heard a step, slow, measured, inevitable; I shiver even now as I recall that rhythmic sound of doom. It was dark in the garret, and we huddled together against the chimney, awaiting we knew not what horror of the invisible, with eyes staring at the garret entrance, where presently towered Mom Binah in judicial wrath.

"Mom Binah! Mom Binah!" we cried in shrill chorus, hoping to propitiate her by a frank confession, and eager to excite an interest in our strange experiment. "Mom Binah, sure as you live, we can lift people on the tips of our fingers as high as our heads. It is hoisting by the spirit. We could lift you. If you don't believe it, just let us try" —

"In cose I b'lieves hit," said Mom Binah, with stately displeasure. "Hit is plumb beginst natcher, — dat hukkom I'm boun' ter b'lieve hit. But you don't projie' on me. You all is tamperin' wid Satan unbeknownst," — we ourselves had thought as much when we heard those steps on the stairs, — "an' you all hustle outen yere," commanded Mom Binah; "hustle out, I tell you, an' say yo' prahs, every one on you, an' don't let me hear no mo' h'istin' by the sperrit."

That last injunction we strictly obeyed; but the dread thought of tampering with Satan could not withhold us from practicing in secret, and I know whereof I speak when I say the lifting can be done.

— The feigning of death by certain animals, for the purpose of deceiving their enemies, and thus securing immunity, is one of the greatest of the many evidences of their intelligent ratiocination. Letusimulation (from *letum*, death, and *simulare*, to feign) is not confined to any particular family, order, or species of animals, but exists in many, from the very lowest to the highest. It is found even in the vegetable kingdom, the well-known sensitive plant being an interesting example. The action of this plant is, however, purely reflex, as can be proved by observation and experiment, and is not, therefore, a process of intelligence. The habit of feigning death has introduced a figure of speech into the English language, and has done much to magnify and perpetuate the fame of the only marsupial found outside the limits of Australasia. "Playing 'possum"

is now a synonym for certain kinds of deception. Man himself has known this to be an efficacious stratagem on many occasions. I have only to recall the numerous instances related by hunters who have feigned death, and have then been abandoned by the animals attacking them. I have seen this habit in some of the lowest animals known to science. Some time ago, while examining the inhabitants of a drop of pond water under a high-power lens, I noticed several rhizopods busily feeding on the minute buds of an alga. These rhizopods suddenly drew in their hairlike filaria and sank to the bottom, to all appearances dead. I soon discovered the cause in the presence of a water-louse, an animal which feeds on these animalcules. It likewise sank to the bottom, and after looking at the rhizopods swam away, evidently regarding them as dead and unfit for food. The rhizopods remained quiet for several seconds, and then swam to the alga and resumed feeding. This was not an accidental occurrence, for twice since I have been fortunate enough to witness the same wonderful performance. There were other minute animals swimming in the drop of water, but the rhizopods fed on unconcernedly until the shark of this microscopic sea appeared. They then recognized their danger at once, and used the only means in their power to escape. Through the agency of what sense did these little creatures discover the approach of their enemy? Is it possible that they and other like microscopic animals have eyes and ears so exceedingly small that lenses of the very highest power cannot make them visible? Or are they possessors of senses utterly unknown to and incapable of being appreciated by man? Science can neither affirm nor deny either of these suppositions. The fact alone remains that, through some sense, they discovered the presence of the enemy, and feigned death in order to escape.

There is a small fresh-water annelid which practices letusimulation when approached by the giant water-beetle. This annelid, when swimming, is a slender, graceful little creature, about one eighth of an inch long and as thick as a human hair; but when a water-beetle draws near, it stops swimming, relaxes its body, and hangs in the water like a bit of cotton thread. It has a twofold object in this:

in the first place, it hopes that its enemy will think it a piece of wood fibre, bleached alga, or other non-edible substance; in the second place, if the beetle be not deceived, it will nevertheless consider it dead and unfit for food. This example of letusimulation I have repeatedly seen, and any one may observe it with a glass jar, clear water, a water-beetle, and several of these annelids. The annelid is able to distinguish the beetle when it is several inches distant, and the change from an animated worm to a lifeless thread is startling in its exceeding rapidity.

Many of the coleoptera are letusimulants. The common tumble-bug, which may be seen any day in August rolling its ball of manure, in which are its eggs, to some suitable place of interment, is a remarkable letusimulant. Touch it, and at once it falls over, apparently dead. Its limbs become stiff and rigid, and even its antennæ are relaxed and motionless. You may pick it up and examine it closely. It will not give the slightest sign of life. Place it on the ground and retire a little from it, and in a few moments you will see it erect one of its antennæ, and then the other. Its ears are in the antennæ, and it is listening for dangerous sounds. Move your foot or stamp upon the ground, and back they go, and the beetle again becomes moribund. This you may do once or twice, but the little animal, soon finding that the sounds you make are not dangerous, scrambles to its feet and resumes the rolling of its precious ball.

Some animals feign death only after exhausting all other means of defense. The bombardier beetle, or stink-bug, has on the lateral margins of its abdomen certain bladder-like glands which secrete an acrid, foul-smelling fluid. It has the power of ejecting this fluid at will. When approached by an enemy, the bombardier presents one side to the foe, crouching down on the opposite side, thus elevating its battery, and waits until its molester is within range. It then fires its broadside at the enemy. If the foe is not vanquished, as it generally is, but still continues the attack, the bombardier topples over, draws in its legs, and pretends to be dead. Many a man has acted in like manner. He has fought as long as he could; then, seeing the odds against him, he has feigned death, hoping that his opponent would abandon him and cease his

onslaughts. I have seen ants execute the same stratagem when overcome either by numbers or by stronger ants. They curl up their legs, draw down their antennæ, and drop to the ground. They will allow themselves to be pulled about by their foes without the slightest resistance, showing no signs of life whatever. The enemy soon leaves them, whereupon the cunning little creatures take to their feet and hurry away.

The most noted and best known letusimulant among mammals is the opossum. I have seen this animal look as if dead for hours at a time. It can be thrown down any way, and its body and limbs will remain in the position assigned to them by gravity. It presents a perfect picture of death. The hare will act in the same way on occasion. The cat has been seen to feign death for the purpose of enticing its prey within grasping distance of its paws. In the mountains of east Tennessee (Chilhowee) I once saw a hound that would "play dead" when attacked by a more powerful dog than itself. It would fall upon its back, close its eyes, open its mouth, and loll out its tongue. Its antagonist would appear nonplused at such strange conduct, and would soon leave it alone. Its master declared that it had not been taught the trick by man, but that the habit was inherited or learned from its mother, which practiced the same deception when hard pushed.

Most animals are slain for food by other animals. There is a continual struggle for existence. Most of the carnivora and insectivora prefer freshly killed food to carrion. They will not touch tainted meat when they can procure fresh. It is a mistake to suppose that carnivora prefer such food. The exigencies of their lives and their struggle for existence often compel them to eat it. Dogs will occasionally take it, but sparingly, and apparently as a relish, just as we eat certain odoriferous cheeses. But carnivora and insectivora would rather do their own butchery; hence, when they come upon their prey apparently dead, they will leave it alone and go in search of other quarry, unless they are very hungry. Tainted flesh is a dangerous substance to go into most stomachs. Certain ptomaines render it sometimes very poisonous. Long years of experience have taught this fact to animals, and therefore most of them let dead or seemingly dead creatures severely alone.

Running a
Quotation to
Earth.

— There are some compensations for a defective memory, and in the verification of an elusive quotation there is a zest which must be unknown to those who can turn immediately to volume and page when a fragment of verse comes into their mind. The pleasure may be worth describing, and the mild psychological interest which possibly attaches to the mental process may help the description out with those who would otherwise have short patience with the deplorable ignorance implied.

Part of a line of poetry often appears in my mind in connection with a certain allied train of thought. It may be, probably is, without proper beginning or ending, and commonly has enough words transposed to untune its measure and disfigure its beauty. But there it is, even in its fragmentary and perverted condition expressing the thought far better than any words of my own, and giving rise to a strong wish to find it in its correct and complete form and in its full context. If there were nothing more than this, the hunt for it among the poets would be a search in absolute darkness, with only chance for a guide, and with ultimate success a highly improbable outcome. The fragment, however, does not stand alone. There is hanging to it an alluring vista of associations guiding back with fascinating suggestiveness, but tantalizing vagueness, to the abode from which the random thought had seized it. Either the metre, however imperfect, sets in vibration with its music all the snatches of similar measure lying in the recesses of the memory; or it is the phrasing, which bears the mark of kinship with other children of the same mind, or, in more remote resemblance, with its cousins of the same epoch; or it may be the current of the thought, which sets in the familiar and limited trend of some one of the minor poets. Or perhaps the suggestion is some purely mechanical one, some dim vision of the line as it stands in its place on a half-familiar page of a well-known volume, some glimpse of its neighbors with whom in entirely unessential association it brushes elbows in a collection of the poets; or it wears a semblance given it by a casual judgment passed on it in book or conversation. But all these suggestions and associations are so blended as to lose their individuality, and

make only a vanishing composite, which loses its features altogether if we look too fixedly, and is only an uncertain clue to the abiding-place of the line which has called it up. Of course Bartlett would generally settle the matter at once; but to have recourse to him would be as tame as to shoot a deer while the guide holds his tail. In a search of this kind one can put up with assistance from those who start in as incomplete knowledge as one's self; but it is better to read through whole volumes of poetry than to resort to the mechanical means of looking up the solution in a book of quotations.

"Benefits forgot" seemed unmistakably Shakespearean, both from the character of the phrase and the other indefinable associations which, however I looked at them, led back only to the great dramatist. The sonnets came first to mind, but the

"Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,"

failed to show "benefits forgot" among the particular ills of the world from which he would just then be gone; and though the wavering divining-rod of the associations seemed still to point to the sonnets, a prolonged search among them—as those who are now marveling at my ignorance could have told me at the outset—was of no avail. Next came the plays; and here, too, the most reliable guide seemed to be the suggested context, though the scent grew cold and the chase lagged. Measure for Measure, with its

"If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep,"

was discouraging. Hamlet, with the "unweeded garden" and the "whips and scorns of time," seemed promising, but led to nothing. As *You Like It*, with its "churlish chiding of the winter's wind," brought me so near that I wonder I escaped it; but something led me astray again, and I read through nearly the whole of *Timon of Athens*. Failing here, I again had recourse to the sonnets, this time with the thought that I had seen the phrase in the *Golden Treasury*, and that it therefore could not be among the plays. This clue, however, had more ends to it than it occurred to my density to follow out; and I was finally indebted for the verification of the quotation to the accidental discovery

made by one of the family, to whom I had submitted the problem. Then at last I understood the association of faithless friendship which all the time had hovered about the original phrase, leaving me, nevertheless, unable to determine whether it was implied in the forgotten benefits, or had been thought worthy of separate mention in the context. I read the song through carefully, and tried to fix the whole in my mind, but possibly only succeeded in attaching to the phrase one more train of associations, which, the next time I want to find the quotation, may lead me on a wild-goose chase to the "Frog who would a-Wooing go, Heigh-ho!" or on some other equally fruitless expedition. It is not unlikely, either, that a different train still may take me another time on a hunt through Mr. Rudyard Kipling's ballads.

The same lucky young woman who found this quotation also read to me, one evening, part of a certain melancholy ode, some days after I had told her of a line running through my head about "clouds that give their motion to the stars." Led on by "waters on a starry night," I had hunted through Wordsworth, and under the influence of "stooping through a fleecy cloud" I had read a good part of Milton, but naturally without the success I desired. And I was dependent on another young woman — who, as it chanced, had but the day before read the poem — for the source of a line which spoke of well-meant groping "among the heart-strings of a friend." The line came into my mind one morning when I was thinking of the tragedy wrought in a life near me by a cruel silence, maintained from motives of pure kindness, and in the conviction of an apparently wise resolve. There was a suggestion of popularity about the line which sent me to Tennyson. I had looked through *In Memoriam*, because of some associations of idea or metre, and given up the search in Locksley Hall, when I came to the "chord of self."

Those readers of the Club whose memory is better than mine will recognize the quotation without any further suggestions from me; and those who get the same satisfaction out of their imperfect memory which I have undertaken to describe may be interested enough to care to follow up the quotation according to their own lights.

Critic and Academician. — Of the four elections made in 1893 to the French Academy, the latest gave the youngest member but one to that venerable body. This is M. Ferdinand Brunetière, who began his literary career in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of which he has at last been made director in chief; who, with none but a bachelor's degree, has become a leading professor of the *Ecole Normale*, and *conférencier* in vogue at the Sorbonne; and who, with all his youth, has given to publication a score or more of serious and noteworthy volumes in what Jules Lemaître, that smiling fellow-critic, has named "a series of paradoxes on French literature." It is only twenty years ago that Brunetière and Paul Bourget were teaching together in the same private boarding-school in Paris. Both have gone a long distance in a short space of time. Perhaps the new Academician will soon be called to receive the companion of his early struggles *in nostro docto corpore*. Both, too, in a way, are the disciples of the late philosopher Taine: as such they are clearly marked off from other writers of their age, like Jules Lemaître and Anatole France, who glory in the inconclusive heritage of Ernest Renan.

M. Brunetière was born at Toulon in 1849. The youngest Academician of all is that romancing child of the Huguenots, Pierre Loti (naval lieutenant Julien Viaud), who was born in 1850. It was in 1891 that a stampede of the elder Immortals, led by Taine before the spectre of his unruly disciple Zola's candidature, brought Loti into the chair of Octave Feuillet and Racine. The Vicomte de Vogüé, who holds the chair of Fénélon, was elected in 1888 at the still earlier age of forty. In 1884 François Coppée succeeded to the poet's place of Laprade and Alfred de Musset, at the age of forty-two. But these elections to the Academy are as exceptional on the side of youth as was, at the other extreme, the choice in 1884 of Ferdinand de Lesseps at the age of seventy-nine, and of the historian Duruy at seventy-three. Of the other elections of 1893, M. Thureau-Dangin, the clerical historian of the Monarchy of July who takes the chair of Bossuet, was fifty-six; the Vicomte de Bornier (scarcely immortal as the poet of Luther's Marriage and Mahomet) was sixty-eight; and M. Challemeil-Lacour, who was a red revolutionist and introducer of Schopenhauer's philosophy to

France before he became the present decorous president of the French Senate, and Renan's successor in the Academy, was near the average at sixty-six.

"Cani sunt sensus hominis;" and if the sense of M. Brunetière has not yet made his locks gray, they at least eke out his significant figure as he stands on the lecturer's platform. Brown and flat-lying, with the thin fringe of beard below, they frame in irregularly a worn face of strong, restless, well-nigh morbid vitality, from which keen and defiant eyes look out through glasses. The decent black redingote of the French professor terminates in spindle shanks that stand braced sturdily as if against a storm. It is the figure of a man who has thought in solitude, and expects little but combat from the world when he brings it his message. Years ago, when this man began commanding the world's attention, Jules Lemaitre, whose own philosophy is cheery and not troubled with deep things that disquiet, said of him, "It is not enough for M. Brunetière to be right; he is right with temper, and he is not sorry to be disagreeable in thinking rightly." Within the past year, M. Lemaitre has been again to hear the lecturer in his crowded course at the Sorbonne, where he speaks learnedly of Bossuet and that serious, dogmatic seventeenth century, which he knows as no other, to brilliant ladies in search of new ideas, and to thoughtful men anxious for old truth. The impression of the sympathetic fellow-critic has only deepened with time: "M. Brunetière makes me think, in spite of myself, of a theologian who is damned."

The new Academician takes the place of John Lemoinne, that English Frenchman who so long led thinking Anglomaniacs in France through his classical *Journal des Débats*. The chair had before been occupied by Sainte-Beuve, the father of all recent French criticism. But a greater than Sainte-Beuve is here, one whose omnivorous intellectual appetite has led him to graze in English and German pastures nearly as much as at home; one, too, who has studied all modern science for the due criticism of letters, just as Sainte-Beuve studied literature in the light of natural history. And the communicativeness of M. Brunetière is almost in a line with his receptivity. It would be difficult to sum up briefly the full amount of work which this critic, who

is at the same time philosopher, historian, moralist, and, above all, dialectician, has given to the world. It is but slowly that his books have impressed the public imagination, made up as they are of review articles and lectures, which seldom have the air of consecutive and closely bound chapters. Yet there is a triple sequence in all that he has written.

The first is historical, beginning with the seventeenth century, which Matthew Arnold would have agreed with him in ranking as the only modern age of a prose that is classic in the universal sense; that is, as the prose of the great Greeks and Latins is classic. M. Brunetière's own style has caught an archaic fragrance from the formal syntax and serious periods of the writers of Louis XIV.'s time. It was objected to his becoming director of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* that he would recognize no literary spirit later than that golden age of French letters. The objection did not reckon with the other and greater qualities of this philosophic intelligence.

The second sequence is tradition. Sainte-Beuve investigated the individual author and his surroundings, — as it were, the habitat of the particular literary animal he was studying. Taine took a wider view of environment and race. To Brunetière, literature and criticism itself are, like life, the result of tradition; and of any given author he first asks, At what historical moment does he appear? I suspect that he includes in the question some real reference to the momentum of tradition with which every writer, consciously or not, comes into his literary existence. "At each moment of its duration, humanity is made up of more dead men than living ones," said Auguste Comte; and I imagine M. Brunetière would say the literary consciousness is like humanity.

The last sequence is, naturally, that of evolution. This, by a gradual assimilation of the Darwinism in the air, has resulted in the *évolution des genres*. In his lectures of the last few years at the Ecole Normale, and, last of all, at the Sorbonne and at the *matinées* of the Odéon Theatre, M. Brunetière has explained the history of French literature by philosophizing on the development of its types, — on the evolution of criticism since the Renaissance, on the evolution of the French drama and

of lyric poetry in the nineteenth century. This smacks, perhaps, too much of the *vir systematicus*; but it has a well-based dogmatic seeming about it that is reassuring in these skeptical days.

François Coppée, who takes care to say that he is not often in agreement with M. Brunetière, has nothing but compliments for his study of the impersonal poetry and beauty-worship of Théophile Gautier, — and this at no great time after the Baudelaire incident, which, in French fashion, had all but terminated in a duel for the terrible critic. He had lectured the young men — in his usual way, as one having authority — on their somewhat affected veneration for the poet of the *Fleurs du Mal*, a corrupter of sound speech and sane ideas and morals. Youth loves not to be lectured; hence songs and sonnets and scurrility. But M. Coppée's assurance that the philosophy of Brunetière extends happily to these latter days is not needed by those who have observed his conduct of the great literary *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is he who drew from the *fin-de-siècle* offices of the *Echo de Paris* such young story-writers as Paul Margueritte and Marcel Schwob; and he opened the famous review to that latest chronicler of high life, Paul Hervieu, who has a right to entitle his book *Peints par Eux-mêmes*. Even *la jeune critique* seems willing to forgive. One of its representatives has written, "I believe that M. Brunetière is growing young daily; his last articles are more modern than his first."

An entire essay might be devoted to describing accurately the work of Ferdinand Brunetière in the field of morals. It has been written in a searching volume on the Moral Ideas of the Present Time, by one of the ablest of the younger French writers, Professor Edouard Rod, of the University of Geneva. He has given the critic his proper place in the semicircle of recent thought described by the swinging of the pendulum from the negative Renan to the positive Tolstoy. M. Brunetière is a *positif*, in full reaction by his constant turning back to the tradition of morals as of letters. His favorite seventeenth century, with Pascal, to whom he has given a book, was an age of earnest casuistry dividing the

soul from the spirit. It is he, also, who, with strange versatility, has shown in the pessimism of Schopenhauer a moral philosophy that ends as consistently in Christian beatitude as in Buddhist Nirvāna. His hatred of the Ego and of personal literature, his rehabilitation of "objective" criticism, his impatience of the mere observer of life, — the "idle dreamer of an empty day," — are as much a part of his morals as of his literature. Without belief himself, as he has just rather gratuitously taken it on himself to explain while speaking of Bossuet, he looks with frank sympathy on belief, because it is real and a fact in the evolution of man. And he holds with belief that "one single affirmation solves all pessimism, — that life is not its own end and aim." "From the dialectic marvel of his pages," adds Professor Rod, "we come forth with a crazy desire to throw ourselves on the Summa of St. Thomas, and to consecrate to theology the remnant of a penitent life."

It was long ago evident that a seat was reserved for Brunetière under the great dome of the Collège Mazarin, unless the French Academy were to belie all its history and traditions. There is but one outward distinction that remains for him to win in the world of letters. So far, he has only a *chaire libre* at the Sorbonne, which has been the head and centre of the University of Paris and of France for six hundred years. The venerable institution of learning could not receive among its regular professors one who was not a doctor nor even an *agrégé* in the studies of the university. Perhaps the Academician will be able to climb over the wall of curricula and degrees. At least, he is the intellectual father of the doctors of young France. It is hard to estimate at its real value the influence he has exerted over a nation and a literature, in spite of all reluctance and the opposition of minds forced by his very insistence to heed him. In his first book he gave fair warning to the world (and his words are as true now that he is the author of many volumes): "My studies are but the expression, differing according to subjects and to men, of a few fundamental ideas that are always the same."